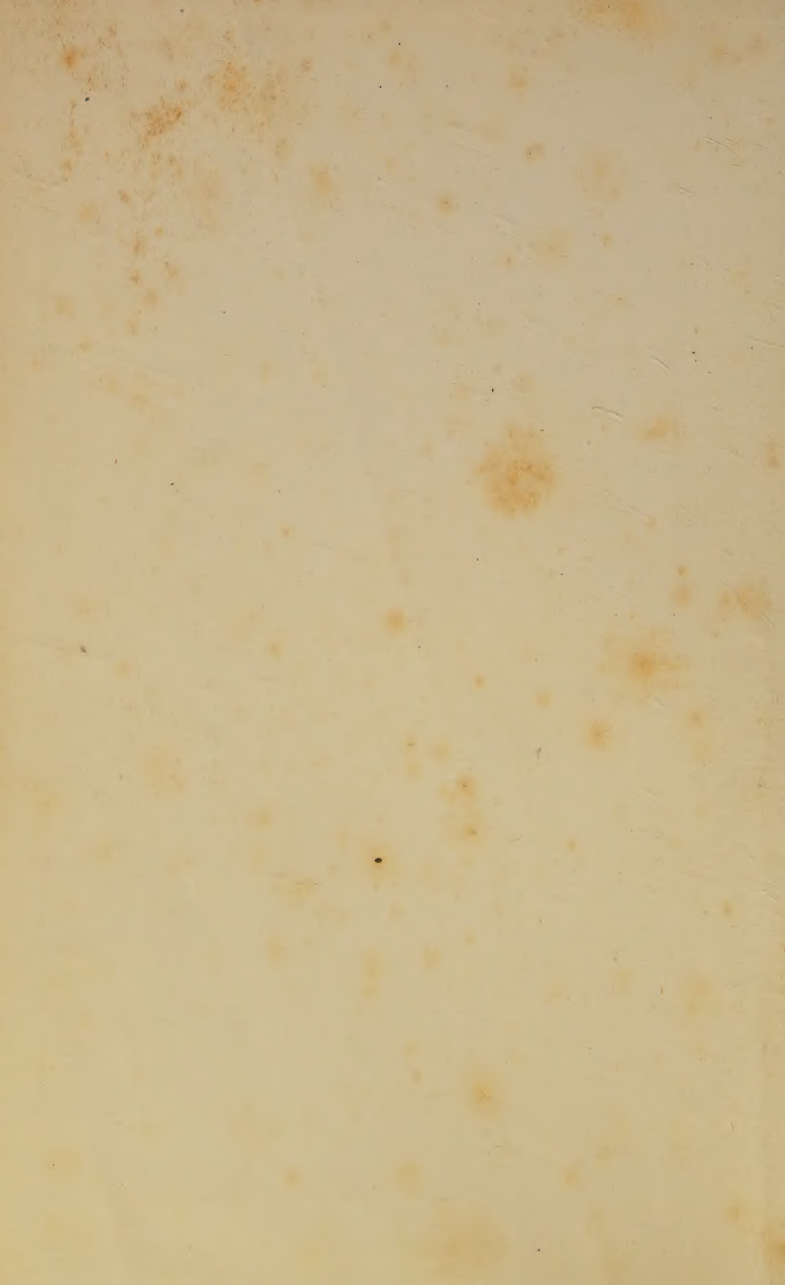


15.
Gladys H King



FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE
TO THEIR SOURCES

PASSAGES AND PHRASES IN
COMMON USE

By JOHN BARTLETT

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but
the thread that binds them is mine own."

MONTAIGNE, *Essays*, Book iii. ch. 12.

EIGHTH EDITION
REVISED BY THE AUTHOR

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TO THE EIGHTH EDITION.

THE first edition of "Familiar Quotations" was published in 1855, the seventh in 1875. The present edition contains quotations from one hundred and twenty-five authors who are not represented in any former edition; and more than six thousand lines have been added to the Index.

CAMBRIDGE, U.S.

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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328-1400.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.
*Canterbury Tales.*¹ *Prologue. Line 1.*

And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages ;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages. *Line 9.*

And of his port as meke as is a mayde. *Line 69.*

He was a veray parfit gentil knight. *Line 72.*

He coude songes make, and wel endite. *Line 95.*

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely ;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe. *Line 122.*

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also. *Line 287.*

For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre. *Line 295.*

¹ Text of Tyrwhitt.

- And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
Canterbury Tales. Prologue. Line 310.
- Nowher so besy a man as he ther n' as,
 And yet he semed besier than he was. *Line 323.*
- His studie was but litel on the Bible. *Line 440.*
- For gold in phisike is a cordial;
 Therefore he loved gold in special. *Line 445.*
- Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder. *Line 493.*
- This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught. *Line 498.*
- But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve. *Line 529.*
- And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.¹ *Line 565.*
- Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
 He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
 Everich word, if it be in his charge,
 All speke he never so rudely and so large;
 Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewē,
 Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe. *Line 733.*
- For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
 The seson priketh every gentil herte,
 And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.
The Knightes Tale. Line 1044.
- Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie. *Line 2275.*
- To maken vertue of necessite. *Line 3044.*
- And brought of mighty ale a large quart.
The Milleres Tale. Line 3497.

¹ In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.¹

Canterbury Tales. The Reves Prologue. Line 3880.

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.

The Reves Tale. Line 4153.

And for to see, and eek for to be seye.²

The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6134.

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.³

Line 6154.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6695.

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.

Line 6752.

This flour of wify patience.

The Clerkes Tale. Pars v. Line 8797.

They demen gladly to the badder end.

The Squieres Tale. Line 10538.

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.

The Frankeleines Prologue. Line 10998.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

The Frankeleines Tale. Line 11789.

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.⁴

The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.

¹ E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires. — Gray, *Elegy*, St. 23.

² Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.

Ovid, *Art of Love*, i. 99.

³ See Pope. Page 289.

⁴ Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

But all thing, which that shineth as the gold,
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.¹

Canterbury Tales. The Chanones Yemannes Tale. Line 16430.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.

The Manciples Tale. Line 17281.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.²

Troilus and Creseide. Book ii. Line 470.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is. *Book iii. Line 1625.*

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.

Book iv. Line 435.

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.

The Assembly of Foules. Line 1.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere. *Line 22.*

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord. *Line 379.*

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.

Prologue of the Legend of Good Women. Line 41.

That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all. *Line 183.*

¹ See *Appendix*, p. 635.

² See *Appendix*, p. 646.

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380-1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.¹

Imitation of Christ. Book i. Ch. 19.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out
of mind.²

Ch. 23.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.³

Book iii. Ch. 12.

THOMAS TUSSER. 1523-1580.

Time tries the troth in everything.

*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Author's
Epistle. Ch. 1.*

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.

Good Husbandry Lessons.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.⁴ *Ibid.*

¹ This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, p. 27 (Lower's translation), and in *Piers Ploughmans Vision*, line 13,994.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.
— *Proverbs* xvi. 9.

² Out of syght, out of mynd. — Googe's *Eglogs*. 1563.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

Lord Brooke, *Sonnet* lvi.

Fer from eze, fer from herte,

Quoth Hendyng. — Hendyng's *Proverbs*, MSS. Circa 1320.

³ Compare Chaucer. Page 4.

⁴ A rowling stone gathers no moss.

Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*.

Better late than never.¹

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. An Habitation Enforced.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

The Farmer's Daily Diet.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.²

A Description of the Properties of Winds.

All 's fish they get
That cometh to net.

February's Abstract.

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.³

April's Abstract.

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing.

June's Abstract.

'T is merry in hall

Where beards wag all.⁴

August's Abstract.

For buying or selling of pig in a poke.

September's Abstract.

Naught venture naught have.

October's Abstract.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.⁵

Of Wiving and Thriving.

Dry sun, dry wind,

Safe bind, safe find.⁶

Washing.

¹ Potius sero quam numquam. — Livy, iv. 2. 11.

² See *Appendix*, p. 642.

³ On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard, —

Tel maître, tel valet.

⁴ Merry swithe it is in halle,

When the beards waveth alle.

Attributed to Adam Davie (1312), *Life of Alexander*.

⁵ See *Appendix*, p. 643.

⁶ Fast bind, fast find. — Heywood's *Proverbs*. 1546.

RICHARD EDWARDS. *Circa* 1523–1566.

The fallynge out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.
The Paradise of Dainty Devices,¹

BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543–1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
Gammer Gurton's Needle,² Act ii.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old. Act ii.

THOMAS STERNHOLD. — — — 1549.

The Lord descended from above
 And bow'd the heavens high;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
 Full royally he rode;
 And on the wings of all the winds
 Came flying all abroad.

Collection of Hymns. 104th Psalm.

¹ *Amantium iræ amoris integratio*. — Terence, *Andria*, 555.

² Stated by Dyce to be from a MS. of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. — Skelton, *Works*, ed. Dyce, vol. i. pp. vii.–x., n.

EDWARD DYER. *Circa* 1540–1607.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss,
 That earth affords or grows by kind :
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.¹
 MS. Rawl. 85, p. 17. Hannah's *Courtly Poets*.

MATHEW ROYDON. *Circa* 1586.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
 A full assurance given by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes.
*Elegie, or a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.*²

¹ Mens regnum bona possidet.

Seneca, *Thyestes*, Act ii. Line 380.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
 That God and Nature hath assigned.
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonnets, &c.*, 1588.

My mind to me an empire is
 While grace affordeth health.

Robert Southwell (1560–1595), *Loo Home*.

² This piece (ascribed to Spenser) was printed in *The Phœnix Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon.

Was never eie did see that face,
 Was never eare did heare that tong,
 Was never minde did minde his grace,
 That ever thought the travell long;
 But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought
 Were with his sweete perfections caught.
Elegie, or a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.

LORD BROOKE. 1554–1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity!

Mustapha. Act v. Sc. 4.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.¹

Sonnet lvi.

SIR EDWARD COKE. 1549–1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence. *First Institute.*

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.² *Ibid.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.*³ *Third Institute. Page 162.*

¹ See Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, Book i. Ch. 23. Page 5.

² Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.—Sir John Powell, *Coggs vs. Bernard*, 2 Ld. Raym. 911.

³ *Pandects, Lib. ii. tit. iv. De in Jus vocando.*

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose. *Semayne's Case*, 5 Rep. 91.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls. *Case of Sutton's Hospital*, 10 Rep. 32.

Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign. *Debate in the Commons*, May 17, 1628.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.¹
Translation of lines quoted by Coke.

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553–1599.

Fierce warres, and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.² *Faerie Queene. Introduction. St. 1.*

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.
Book i. Canto i. St. 1.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
Book i. Canto i. St. 35.

A bold bad man.³ *Book i. Canto i. St. 37.*

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
Book i. Canto iii. St. 4.

¹ Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven. — Sir William Jones.

² Moralized my song. — Pope, *Epistle to Arbuthnot. Line 340.*

³ This bold bad man. — Shakespeare, *Henry VIII., Act ii. Sc. 2*;
Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.

Faerie Queene. Book i. Canto viii. St. 1.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

Book i. Canto viii. St. 40.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind.

Book i. Canto ix. St. 35.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

Book ii. Canto vi. St. 12.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these Creatures bace?

Book ii. Canto viii. St. 1.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!

Book ii. Canto viii. St. 2.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.

Book ii. Canto xii. St. 70.

Through thick and thin,¹ both over bank and bush,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook.²

Book iii. Canto i. St. 17.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,³
And her conception of the joyous Prime.

Book iii. Canto vi. St. 3.

¹ See *Appendix*, p. 649.

² See *Appendix*, p. 637.

³ The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. — *Common Prayer, Psalm cx. 3.*

Roses red and violets blew,
 And all the sweetest flowres that in the forrest grew.
Faerie Queene. Book iii. Canto vi. St. 6.

Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where, Be bold.
Book iii. Canto xi. St. 54.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
 On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
Book iv. Canto ii. St. 32.

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.
Book v. Canto ii. St. 43.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
 How can he mercy ever hope to have?
Book vi. Canto i. St. 42.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
 Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
 And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.
Muiopotmos: or The Fate of the Butterflie. Line 209.

I was promised on a time
 To have reason for my rhyme;
 From that time unto this season,
 I received nor rhyme nor reason.
Lines on his Promised Pension.¹

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.
An Hymne in Honour of Beautie. Line 132.

For all that faire is, is by nature good;
 That is a signe to know the gentle blood. *Line 139.*

¹ Fuller, *Worthies of England*.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide :
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.

.
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend !

Mother Hubberds Tale. Line 895.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552-1618.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Fain would I, but I dare not ; I dare, and yet I may not ;
 I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not.

Fain Would I.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams :
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.¹

The Silent Lover.

¹ Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labi.

Quintus Curtius, vii. 4. 13.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty :
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity. *The Silent Lover.*

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant :
 Fear not to touch the best ;
 The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie. *The Lie.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.
Verses to Edmund Spenser.

Cowards [may] fear to die ; but courage stout,
 Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

On the snuff of a candle the night before he died. — Raleigh's
Remains, p. 258, ed. 1661.

Even such is time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust ;
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days ;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust !

Written the night before his death. — Found in his
 Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster.

Shall I, like an hermit dwell
 On a rock or in a cell. *Poem.*

If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she be ? ¹ *Ibid.*

¹ If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

George Wither, *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be? *Poëm.*

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.¹

[History] hath triumphed over time, which besides
it nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.

Historie of the World. Preface.

O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none
could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath
dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath
flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and
despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre
stretchèd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambi-
tion of man, and covered it all over with these two
narrow words, *Hic jacet!* *Book v. Pt. 1, ad fin.*



GEORGE CHAPMAN. 1557-1634.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.²
Blind Beggar of Alexandria, ad fin.

Young men think old men are fools;
But old men know young men are fools.³
Al Fooles. (1605.)

¹ Written in a glass window obvious to the Queen's eye. "Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did under-write, 'If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.'" — Fuller, *Worthies of England*.

² Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
Marlowe, Hero and Leander.

³ Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many people's mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb. — Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 145, ed. Bohn.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554–1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

Defence of Poesy.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.

Ibid.

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

Ibid.

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

Arcadia. Book i.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Ibid.

Many-headed multitude.¹

Book ii.

My dear, my better half.

Book iii.

Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.²

Astrophel and Stella, i.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.³

Ibid. Second Song.



SIR RICHARD HOLLAND.

O Douglas, O Douglas

Tendir and trewe.

The Buke of the Howlat.⁴ Stanza xxxi.

¹ See Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 3. Page 76.

² Look, then, into thine heart, and write.

Longfellow, *Voices of the Night. Prelude.*

³ Quoted by Shakespeare in *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

⁴ The allegorical poem of *The Howlat* was composed about the middle of the fifteenth century. Of the personal history of the author no kind of information has been discovered. Printed by the Bannatyne Club, 1823.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565-1593.

Comparisons are odious.¹ *Lust's Dominion. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I'm armed with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel.² *Ibid.*

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?³
Hero and Leander.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. *Ibid.*

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies. *Ibid.*

Infinite riches in a little room. *The Jew of Malta. Act i.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness. *Act i.*

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent
than the dove; that is, more knave than fool. *Act ii.*

Love me little, love me long.⁴ *Act iv.*

¹ See *Appendix*, p. 638.

² See Shakespeare, 2 *Henry VI.*, Act iii. Sc. 2. Page 68.

³ Quoted by Shakespeare in *As You Like It*. Compare Chapman, p. 15.

⁴ See *Appendix*, p. 643.

When all the world dissolves,
 And every creature shall be purified,
 All places shall be hell that are not heaven. *Faustus.*

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
 Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! *Ibid.*

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ibid.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,¹
 That sometime grew within this learnèd man. *Ibid.*



RICHARD HOOKER. 1553–1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than
 that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the har-
 mony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do
 her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the
 greatest as not exempted from her power.

Ecclesiastical Polity. Book i.

That to live by one man's will became the cause of
 all men's misery. *Book i.*

O, withered is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen.

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 13.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.¹ 1564-1616.

I would fain die a dry death. *The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground. *Ibid.*

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? *Act i. Sc. 2.*
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind. *Ibid.*

Like one,
Who having, into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Ibid.*

My library
Was dukedom large enough. *Ibid.*

From the still-vexed Bermoothes. *Ibid.*

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently. *Ibid.*

Fill all thy bones with aches. *Ibid.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist. *Ibid.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. *Ibid.*

¹ Text of Clark and Wright.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 2.

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with 't. *Ibid.*

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True ; save means to live. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A very ancient and fish-like smell. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Ibid.*

Fer. Here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He that dies pays all debts. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A kind

Of excellent dumb discourse. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded. *Ibid.*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air :

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on ; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

With foreheads villanous low. *Ibid.*

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,

I' ll drown my book. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie. *The Tempest. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act i. Sc. 1.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day! *Act i. Sc. 3.*

She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

He makes sweet music with th' enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale. *Ibid.*

A man I am, crossed with adversity. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Is she not passing fair? *Act iv. Sc. 4.¹*

How use doth breed a habit in a man! *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Come not within the measure of my wrath. *Ibid.*

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.
The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. Sc. 1.

All his successors gone before him have done 't; and
all his ancestors that come after him may. *Ibid.*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. *Ibid.*

¹ *Act iv. Sc. 2, Dyce.*

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. Sc. 1.

Mine host of the Garter.

Ibid.

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Ibid.

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt. *Ibid.*

O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Act i. Sc. 3.

‘Convey,’ the wise it call. ‘Steal!’ foh! a fico for the phrase!

Ibid.

Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.

Ibid.

Tester I ’ll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Ibid.

Thou art the Mars of malcontents.

Ibid.

Here will be an old abusing of God’s patience and the king’s English.

Act i. Sc. 4.

We burn daylight.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

There ’s the humour of it.

Ibid.

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. *Ibid.*

Why, then the world ’s mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

This is the short and the long of it.

Ibid.

Unless experience be a jewel.

Ibid.

Like a fair house, built on another man’s ground. *Ibid.*

We have some salt of our youth in us.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act ii. Sc. 3.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

What a taking was he in when your husband asked
who was in the basket! *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
Act iii. Sc. 4.

Happy man be his dole! *Ibid.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

As good luck would have it. *Ibid.*

The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever
offended nostril. *Ibid.*

A man of my kidney. *Ibid.*

Think of that, Master Brook. *Ibid.*

In his old lunes again. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity,
chance, or death. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor,

Both thanks and use. *Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 1.*

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 2.

I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted. *Act i. Sc. 4.¹*

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense. *Ibid.¹*

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. *Ibid.¹*

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. *Ibid.*

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. *Ibid.*

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Ibid.*

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? *Ibid.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *Ibid.*

¹ *Act i. Sc. 5, White, Singer, Knight.*

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure. Act ii. Sc. 2.

That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ibid.*

Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than for accompt. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences. *Ibid.*

Palsied eld. *Ibid.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Ibid.*

The cunning livery of hell. *Ibid.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world. *Ibid.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *Ibid.*

O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Take, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again, bring again;
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.¹

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And rasure of oblivion. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Truth is truth
 To the end of reckoning. *Ibid.*

My business in this state
 Made me a looker on here in Vienna. *Ibid.*

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad. *Ibid.*

¹ This song occurs in *Act v. Sc. 2*, of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza:—

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears!
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

Measure for Measure. Act v. Sc. 1.

The pleasing punishment that women bear.

The Comedy of Errors. Act i. Sc. 1.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Every why hath a wherefore. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

One Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,

A mere anatomy. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,

A living-dead man. *Ibid.*

He hath indeed better bettered expectation.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act i. Sc. 1.

A very valiant trencher-man. *Ibid.*

There 's a skirmish of wit between them. *Ibid.*

The gentleman is not in your books. *Ibid.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? *Ibid.*

Benedick the married man. *Ibid.*

As merry as the day is long. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Speak low if you speak love. *Ibid.*

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love :

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself

And trust no agent. *Ibid.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but
little happy, if I could say how much. *Ibid.*

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.
Much Ado about Nothing. Act ii. Sc. 3.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never. *Ibid.*

Sits the wind in that corner? *Ibid.*

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. *Ibid.*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Are you good men and true? *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ;
 but to write and read comes by nature. *Ibid.*

The most senseless and fit man. *Ibid.*

You shall comprehend all vagrom men. *Ibid.*

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave. *Ibid.*

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured. *Ibid.*

I know that Deformed. *Ibid.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Ibid.*

I thank God I am as honest as any man living that
is an old man and no honestest than I.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Comparisons are odorous.

Act iii. Sc. 5.

If I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my
heart to bestow it all of your worship. *Ibid.*

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they
say, When the age is in, the wit is out. *Ibid.*

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men
daily do, not knowing what they do! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal! *Ibid.*

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity and comely love. *Ibid.*

I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes. *Ibid.*

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. *Ibid.*

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Ibid.*

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. *Much Ado about Nothing. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

The eitest way. *Ibid.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Ibid.*

Condemned into everlasting redemption. *Ibid.*

O that he were here to write me down an ass! *Ibid.*

A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. *Ibid.*

Patch grief with proverbs. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel. *Ibid.*

Charm ache with air and agony with words. *Ibid.*

'T is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. *Ibid.*

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Ibid.*

Some of us will smart for it. *Ibid.*

I was not born under a rhyming planet. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act i. Sc. 1.

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile. *Ibid.*

Small have continual plodders ever won

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights

That give a name to every fixed star

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act i. Sc. 1.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth. *Ibid.*

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain. *Ibid.*

A high hope for a low heaven. *Ibid.*

And men sit down to that nourishment which is
called supper. *Ibid.*

That unlettered small-knowing soul. *Ibid.*

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for
thy more sweet understanding, a woman. *Ibid.*

Affliction may one day smile again; and till then,
sit thee down, sorrow! *Ibid.*

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some
three ages since; but I think now 't is not to be
found. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

The rational hind Costard. *Ibid.*

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes
in folio. *Ibid.*

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal. *Ibid.*

Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act ii. Sc. 1.

By my penny of observation.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.

Ibid.

A very beadle to a humorous sigh.

Ibid.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

Ibid.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a
book.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Ibid.

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nour-
ished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the
mellowing of occasion.

Ibid.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.

Ibid.

As sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Ibid.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Ibid.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act v. Sc. 1.

Priscian! a little scratched, 't will serve. *Ibid.*

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. *Ibid.*

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon. *Ibid.*

They have measured many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Let me take you a button-hole lower. *Ibid.*

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion. *Ibid.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Ibid.*

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight. *Ibid.*

But earthlier happy¹ is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.
A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.

For aught that I could ever read,²
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ibid.*

¹ 'earthly happier,' Singer, Staunton, Knight.

² 'ever I could read,' Dyce, Knight, Singer, White.

O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion. *Ibid.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. *Ibid.*

Masters, spread yourselves. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

This is Ereles' vein. *Ibid.*

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I
will roar you, an 't were any nightingale. *Ibid.*

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Ibid.*

The human mortals. *Act ii. Sc. 1.¹*

The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Ibid.¹*

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness. *Ibid.¹*

I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. *Ibid.¹*

¹ *Act ii. Sc. 2, Singer, Knight.*

My heart

Is true as steel. *A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act ii. Sc. 1.*¹

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine. *Ibid.*¹

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *Ibid.*

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. *Ibid.*

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear! *Ibid.*

¹ *Act ii. Sc. 2, Singer, Knight.*

The true beginning of our end.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act v. Sc. 1.

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Ibid.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. *Ibid.*

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.

The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 1.

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Ibid.*

You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care. *Ibid.*

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one. *Ibid.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ? *Ibid.*

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond. *Ibid.*

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark ! *Ibid.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two
grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you shall
seek all day ere you find them, and when you have
them, they are not worth the search. *Ibid.*

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. *Ibid.*

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they
that starve with nothing.

The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 2.

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer. *Ibid.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to
do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages
princes' palaces. *Ibid.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Ibid.*

I dote on his very absence. *Ibid.*

Ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-
rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you,
walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat
with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What
news on the Rialto? *Ibid.*

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. *Ibid.*

Even there where merchants most do congregate. *Ibid.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Ibid.*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Ibid.*

Many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me. *Ibid.*

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Ibid.*

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine. *Ibid.*

In a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness. *Ibid.*

When did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?

The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 3.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

According to Fates and Destinies and such odd say-
ings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

The very staff of my age, my very prop. *Ibid.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Ibid.*

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife.

Act ii. Sc. 5.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

How like a younker or a prodigal,

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,

With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

Act ii. Sc. 6.

But love is blind and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit. *Ibid.*

If my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. *Ibid.*

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew
hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

Ibid.

The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it
shall go hard but I will better the instruction. *Ibid.*

Makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music. *The Merchant of Venice. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply. *Ibid.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? *Ibid.*

The kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies. *Ibid.*

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into
Charybdis, your mother.¹ *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Let it serve for table-talk. *Ibid.*

A harmless necessary cat. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? *Ibid.*

I am a tainted wether of the flock. *Ibid.*

I never knew so young a body with so old a head. *Ibid.*

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

¹ Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim. — Philippe Gualtier (about the thirteenth century), *Alexandreis*, Book v. Line 301.

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

The Merchant of Venice. Act iv. Sc. 1.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! *Ibid.*

Is it so nominated in the bond?¹ *Ibid.*

'T is not in the bond. *Ibid.*

Speak me fair in death. *Ibid.*

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
 Now, infidel, I have you on the hip. *Ibid.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Ibid.*

You take my house when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Ibid.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

¹ 'It is not nominated in the bond,' White.

There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The Merchant of Venice. Act v. Sc. 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Ibid.*

The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted. *Ibid.*

How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Ibid.*

How many things by season seasoned are
 To their right praise and true perfection ! *Ibid.*

This night methinks is but the daylight sick. *Ibid.*

These blessed candles of the night. *Ibid.*

Well said : that was laid on with a trowel.

As You Like It. Act i. Sc. 2.

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Ibid.*

Cel. Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

O, how full of briers is this working-day world ! *Ibid.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Ibid.*

We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish cowards have. *Ibid.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 1.

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

Ibid.

“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.”

Ibid.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.

Ibid.

And He that doth the ravens feed
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!

Act ii. Sc. 3.

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

Ibid.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

Ibid.

O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.

Ibid.

Travellers must be content.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Under the greenwood tree.

Act ii. Sc. 5.

I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. *As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.*

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."
Ibid.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale. *Ibid.*

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. *Ibid.*

Motley 's the only wear. *Ibid.*

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Ibid.*

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. *Ibid.*

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church. *Ibid.*

If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast. *Ibid.*

And wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered. *Ibid.*

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude.

Ibid.

The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

It goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *As You Like It. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends. *Ibid.*

With bag and baggage. *Ibid.*

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping! *Ibid.*

I do desire we may be better strangers. *Ibid.*

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. *Ibid.*

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. *Ibid.*

Neither rhyme nor reason. *Ibid.*

I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
Act iii. Sc. 5.

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad. *Ibid.*

Or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.
Ibid.

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.

As You Like It. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Ibid.*

Too much of a good thing. *Ibid.*

For ever and a day. *Ibid.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. *Ibid.*

Chewing the food ¹ of sweet and bitter fancy.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

It is meat and drink to me.

Act v. Sc. 1.

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. *Ibid.*

No sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy.

Act v. Sc. 2.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! *Ibid.*

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

The Retort Courteous; . . . the Quip Modest; . . . the Reply Churlish; . . . the Reproof Valiant; . . . the Countercheck Quarrelsome; . . . the Lie with Circumstance; . . . the Lie Direct. *Ibid.*

Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

Ibid.

Good wine needs no bush.

Epilogue.

¹ 'cud,' Dyce, Staunton.

Let the world slide. *The Taming of the Shrew. Induc. Sc. 1.*

I 'll not budge an inch. *Ibid.*

As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw. *Induc. Sc. 2.*

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

There's small choice in rotten apples. *Ibid.*

Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
Act i. Sc. 2.

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Ibid.*

And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. *Ibid.*

Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

And thereby hangs a tale.¹ *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

My cake is dough. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband. *Ibid.*

'T were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it.
All 's Well that Ends Well. Act i. Sc. 1.

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. *Ibid.*

¹ *Othello*, Act iii. Sc. 1; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 4;
As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 7.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven.

All 's Well that Ends Well. Act i. Sc. 1.

Service is no heritage.

Act i. Sc. 3.

He must needs go that the devil drives.

Ibid.

My friends were poor but honest.

Ibid.

Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and
ill together.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Whose words all ears took captive.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.

Ibid.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.

Ibid.

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

Ibid.

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Ibid.

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,¹
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !

Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 1.

¹ 'Like the sweet south,' Dyce and Singer.

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Twelfth Night: Act i. Sc. 3.

At my fingers' ends.

Ibid.

Wherefore are these things hid?

Ibid.

Is it a world to hide virtues in?

Ibid.

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Act i. Sc. 5.

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out.

Ibid.

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.

Ibid.

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more
natural.

Ibid.

Sir To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtu-
ous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Olo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot
i' the mouth too.

Ibid.

These most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Ibid.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

Twelfth Night. Act ii. Sc. 4.

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. *Ibid.*

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Ibid.*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too. *Ibid.*

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more
detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Act ii. Sc. 5.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and
some have greatness thrust upon 'em. *Ibid.*

The trick of singularity. *Ibid.*

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. *Ibid.*

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou
write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

This is very midsummer madness. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Twelfth Night. Act iii. Sc. 4.

More matter for a May morning. *Ibid.*

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Ibid.*

An I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. *Ibid.*¹

Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something. *Ibid.*¹

As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, That that is is. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. *Ibid.*

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

For the rain it raineth every day. *Ibid.*

What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. *The Winter's Tale. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*²

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Ibid.*

¹ *Act iii. Sc. 5, Dyce.*

² *Act iv. Sc. 2, Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, White.*

Daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath. *The Winter's Tale. Act iv. Sc. 4.*¹

When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that. *Ibid.*¹

To unpathed waters, undreamed shores. *Ibid.*¹

Lord of thy presence and no land beside.
King John. Act i. Sc. 1.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Ibid.*

For he is but a bastard to the time
 That doth not smack of observation. *Ibid.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Ibid.*

For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I would that I were low laid in my grave :
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me. *Ibid.*

Saint George, that swung the dragon, and e'er since
 Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door. *Ibid.*

He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as she. *Ibid.*

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs ! *Ibid.*²

Zounds ! I was never so bethumped with words
 Since I first called my brother's father dad. *Ibid.*²

¹ *Act iv. Sc. 3, Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, White.*

² *Act ii. Sc. 2, Singer, Staunton, Knight.*

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

King John. Act iii. Sc. 1.¹

Here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. *Ibid.¹*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! *Ibid.*

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *Ibid.*

That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions. *Ibid.*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Act iii. Sc. 4.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Ibid.*

When Fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye. *Ibid.*

And he that stands upon a slippery place
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Ibid.*

How now, foolish rheum ! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

¹ *Act ii. Sc. 2, White.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

King John. Act iv. Sc. 2.

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. *Ibid.*

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. *Ibid.*

Make haste; the better foot before. *Ibid.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news. *Ibid.*

Another lean unwashed artificer. *Ibid.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Make deeds ill done! *Ibid.*

Mocking the air with colours idly spread. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. *Act v. Sc. 7.*

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true. *Ibid.*

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.

King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1.

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. *Ibid.*

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Act i. Sc. 3.

Truth hath a quiet breast. *Ibid.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 3.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

Ibid.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past. *Ibid.*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Ibid.

The ripest fruit first falls. *Ibid.*

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines.

King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an anointed king. *Ibid.*

O, call back yesterday, bid time return.

Ibid.

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs.

Ibid.

And nothing can we call our own but death

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground

And tell sad stories of the death of kings. *Ibid.*

Comes at the last and with a little pin

Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king! *Ibid.*

He is come to open

The purple testament of bleeding war. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave. *Ibid.*

Gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,

Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

A mockery king of snow.

Ibid.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

Act v. Sc. 2.

As for a camel

To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.

Act v. Sc. 5.

In those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

King Henry IV., Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of
the moon.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Old father antic the law. *Ibid.*

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity
of good names were to be bought. *Ibid.*

Thou hast damnable iteration. *Ibid.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little
better than one of the wicked. *Ibid.*

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to la-
bour in his vocation. *Ibid.*

He will give the devil his due. *Ibid.*

There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellow-
ship in thee. *Ibid.*

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work. *Ibid.*

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reaped
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Ibid.*

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

King Henry IV., Part I. Act i. Sc. 3.

The blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare ! *Ibid.*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks. *Ibid.*

I know a trick worth two of that. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make
 me love him, I'll be hanged. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a
 month, and a good jest for ever. *Ibid.*

Falstaff sweats to death,
 And lards the lean earth as he walks along. *Ibid.*

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
Act ii. Sc. 3.

Brain him with his lady's fan. *Ibid.*

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

A plague of all cowards, I say. *Ibid.*

There live not three good men unchanged in Eng-
 land ; and one of them is fat and grows old. *Ibid.*

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! *King Henry IV., Part I. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. *Ibid.*

I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me— *Ibid.*

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green. *Ibid.*

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. *Ibid.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. *Ibid.*

I was now a coward on instinct. *Ibid.*

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me! *Ibid.*

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? *Ibid.*

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. *Ibid.*

In King Cambyeses' vein. *Ibid.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *Ibid.*

Play out the play. *Ibid.*

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! *Ibid.*

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I am not in the roll of common men. *Ibid.*

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;
But will they come when you do call for them ?

King Henry IV., Part I. Act iii. Sc. 1.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil ! *Ibid.*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers. *Ibid.*

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Ibid.*

A deal of skimble-skamble stuff. *Ibid.*

A good mouth-filling oath. *Ibid.*

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much. *Ibid.*

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church
is made of, I am a pepper-corn. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil
of me. *Ibid.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ? *Ibid.*

Rob me the exchequer. *Ibid.*

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

That daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass. *Ibid.*

All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May. *Ibid.*

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

King Henry IV., Part I. Act iv. Sc. 1.

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves.

Ibid.

Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.

Ibid.

I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'T is insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But

will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

King Henry IV., Part I. Act v. Sc. 1.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

Act v. Sc. 4.

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. *Ibid.*

I could have better spared a better man. *Ibid.*

The better part of valour is discretion. *Ibid.*

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword. *Ibid.*

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. *Ibid.*

I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly. *Ibid.*

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt.

King Henry IV., Part II. Act i. Sc. 1.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered tolling a departing friend. *Ibid.*

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the salt-ness of time. *Ibid.*

We that are in the vaward of our youth.

King Henry IV., Part II. Act i. Sc. 2.

For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. *Ibid.*

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. *Ibid.*

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. *Ibid.*

Past and to come seems best; things present worst.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

He hath eaten me out of house and home. *Ibid.*

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week.

Ibid.

I do now remember the poor creature, small beer.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Let the end try the man.

Ibid.

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. *Ibid.*

He was indeed the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down

And steep my senses in forgetfulness? *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

With all appliances and means to boot. *Ibid.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Ibid.*

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?
King Henry IV., Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.
Ibid.

Most forcible Feeble.
Ibid.

We have heard the chimes at midnight.
Ibid.

A man can die but once.
Ibid.

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.
Ibid.

I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'
Act iv. Sc. 3.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity.
Act iv. Sc. 4.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
Act iv. Sc. 5.¹

Commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.
Ibid.¹

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William cook.
Act v. Sc. 1.

A foutre for the world and worldlings base !
 I speak of Africa and golden joys.
Act v. Sc. 3.

Under which king, Bezonian ? speak, or die.
Ibid.

¹ *Act iv. Sc. 4, Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.*

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!

King Henry V. Prologue.

Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

Ibid.

Base is the slave that pays.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of
green fields.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

Ibid.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.

Ibid.

Men of few words are the best men.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.

Act iii. Sc. 6.

You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare
eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Act iii. Sc. 7.¹

¹ *Act iii. Sc. 6, Dyce.*

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face ;
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

King Henry V. Act iv. Prologue.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every sub-
 ject's soul is his own. *Ibid.*

That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun. *Ibid.*

Who with a body filled and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread. *Ibid.*

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep. *Ibid.*

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

This day is called the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Ibid.*

Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth ¹ as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. *Ibid.*

¹ 'in their mouths,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.

There is a river in Macedon; and there is also more-over a river at Monmouth; . . . and there is salmons in both. *King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 7.*

An arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! *Act iv. Sc. 8.*

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear. *Ibid.*

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
King Henry VI., Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Delays have dangerous ends. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
King Henry VI., Part II. Act i. Sc. 3.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.¹

King Henry VI., Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

He dies, and makes no sign. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
 And let us all to meditation. *Ibid.*

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves
 sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten
 hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an
 innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parch-
 ment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Ibid.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and
 the bricks are alive at this day to testify it. *Ibid.*

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of
 the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas,
 before, our forefathers had no other books but the
 score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be
 used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity,
 thou hast built a paper-mill. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
 Within whose circuit is Elysium
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

King Henry VI., Part III. Act i. Sc. 2.

¹ Compare Marlowe. Page 17.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.

King Henry VI., Part III. Act ii. Sc. 1.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

Ibid.

Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!

Act iii. Sc. 3.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Act iv. Sc. 8.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Act v. Sc. 6.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun.

King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 1.

To leave this keen encounter of our wits. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?

Was ever woman in this humour won? *Ibid.*

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Ibid.*

The world is grown so bad,
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Act i. Sc. 3.

And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends, stolen out of ¹ holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil. *Ibid.*

O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 't were to buy a world of happy days.
Act i. Sc. 4.

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
 What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

¹ 'stolen forth,' White, Knight.

Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.

King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 4.

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Off with his head ! ¹

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down.

Ibid.

Even in the afternoon of her best days. *Act iii. Sc. 7.*

Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. *Ibid.*

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Tetchy and wayward. *Ibid.*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Ibid.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we marched on without impediment. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Ibid.*

The king's name is a tower of strength. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Give me another horse : bind up my wounds. *Ibid.*

¹ Compare Cibber. Page 248.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

King Richard III. Act v. Sc. 3.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Ibid.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

Ibid.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.

Ibid.

The selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.
A thing devised by the enemy.¹

Ibid.

Ibid.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field.

Act v. Sc. 4.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Ibid.

Order gave each thing view.

King Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 1.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.

Ibid.

This bold bad man.²

Act ii. Sc. 2.

'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

¹ Compare Cibber. Page 248.

² Compare Spenser. Page 10.

And then to breakfast with
What appetite you have. *King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Ibid.*

Press not a falling man too far ! *Ibid.*

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Ibid.*

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. *Ibid.*

And sleep in dull cold marble.

King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. *Ibid.*

I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels. *Ibid.*

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! *Ibid.*

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Ibid.*

A royal train, believe me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. *Ibid.*

So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him ! *Ibid.*

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach. *Ibid.*

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. *Ibid.*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading .
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

King Henry VIII. Act iv. Sc. 2.

After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. *Ibid.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.
Act v. Sc. 2.

'T is a cruelty
 To load a falling man. *Act v. Sc. 3.¹*

You were ever good at sudden commendations. *Ibid.¹*

They are too thin and bare to hide offences. *Ibid.¹*

Those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.
Act v. Sc. 5.²

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. *Ibid.²*

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her. *Ibid.²*

I have had my labour for my travail.
Troilus and Cressida. Act i. Sc. 1.

The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. *Act iii. Sc. 3*

¹ *Act v. Sc. 2, Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.*

² *Act v. Sc. 4, Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Troilus and Cressida. Act iii. Sc. 3.

And give to dust that is a little guilt

More laud than guilt o'er-dusted.

Ibid.

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air.

Ibid.

His heart and hand both open and both free ;

For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows ;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.

Act iv. Sc. 5.

The end crowns all.

Ibid.

A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber
in 't.¹

Coriolanus. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Many-headed multitude.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

I thank you for your voices: thank you:

Your most sweet voices.

Ibid.

Hear you this Triton of the minnows?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder.

Ibid.

Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Act iv. Sc. 5.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Ibid.

Chaste as the icicle

That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow

And hangs on Dian's temple.

Act v. Sc. 3.

¹ See Richard Lovelace. Page 172.

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
 Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
 Alone I did it. Boy! *Coriolanus. Act v. Sc. 6.¹*

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Titus Andronicus. Act i. Sc. 2.

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The eagle suffers little birds to sing. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

The weakest goes to the wall.
Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 1.

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *Ibid.*

An hour before the worshipped sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the east. *Ibid.*

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Ibid.*

Saint-seducing gold. *Ibid.*

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. *Ibid.*

One fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessened by another's anguish. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

¹ *Act v. Sc. 5, Singer, Knight.*

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.

Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 4.

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers. *Ibid.*

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again. *Ibid.*

True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. *Ibid.*

For you and I are past our dancing days. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

It seems she hangs¹ upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear. *Ibid.*

Shall have the chinks. *Ibid.*

Too early seen unknown, and known too late! *Ibid.*

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!
Act ii. Sc. 1.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. *Act ii. Sc. 2.²*

¹ 'Her beauty hangs,' Dyce, Knight, White.

² *Act ii. Sc. 1.*, White.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 2.¹

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? *Ibid.¹*

What 's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet. *Ibid.¹*

For stony limits cannot hold love out. *Ibid.¹*

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords. *Ibid.¹*

At lovers' perjuries,²

They say, Jove laughs. *Ibid.¹*

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Ibid.¹*

The god of my idolatry. *Ibid.¹*

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say, 'It lightens.' *Ibid.¹*

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Ibid.¹*

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears! *Ibid.¹*

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Ibid.¹*

¹ Act ii. Sc. 1, White.

² Perjuria ridet amantum

Jupiter.

Tibullus, *Lib.* iii. *El.* 6, Line 49

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
 But to the earth some special good doth give,
 Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 3.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie. *Ibid.*

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Ibid.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

The courageous captain of complements. *Ibid.*

One, two, and the third in your bosom. *Ibid.*

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! *Ibid.*

I am the very pink of courtesy. *Ibid.*

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,
 and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to
 in a month. *Ibid.*

My man's as true as steel.¹ *Ibid.*

These violent delights have violent ends. *Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. *Ibid.*

Here comes the lady : O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. *Ibid.*

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
 meat. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

¹ 'true as steel,' Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, Book v.; Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

A word and a blow. *Romeo and Juliet. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A plague o' both your houses! *Ibid.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve. *Ibid.*

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! *Ibid.*

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! *Ibid.*

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. *Ibid.*

The damned use that word in hell. *Ibid.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. *Ibid.*

Taking the measure of an unmade grave. *Ibid.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. *Ibid.*

All these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come. *Ibid.*

Villain and he be many miles asunder.

Romeo and Juliet. Act iii. Sc. 5.

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I do remember an apothecary, —

And hereabouts he dwells. *Ibid.*

Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones. *Ibid.*

A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Ibid.*

Famine is in thy cheeks. *Ibid.*

The world is not thy friend nor the world's law. *Ibid.*

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. *Ibid.*

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light. *Ibid.*

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. *Ibid.*

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! *Ibid.*

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. *Timon of Athens.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Every room
Hath blazed with lights and brayed with minstrelsy.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

'T is lack of kindly warmth. *Ibid.*

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Timon of Athens. Act iii. Sc. 5.

We have seen better days.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

I'll example you with thievery :

The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea : the moon 's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :

The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears : the earth 's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement : each thing 's a thief. *Ibid.*

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.

Julius Cæsar. Act i. Sc. 1.

The live-long day.

Ibid.

Beware the ides of March.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself. *Ibid.*

‘Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?’ Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow. *Ibid.*

Help me, Cassius, or I sink !

Ibid.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone. *Ibid.*

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Julius Cæsar. Act i. Sc. 2

Conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! *Ibid.*

There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king. *Ibid.*

Let me have men about me that are fat ;
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
 He thinks too much : such men are dangerous. *Ibid.*

He reads much ;
 He is a great observer and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men. *Ibid.*

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
 That could be moved to smile at any thing. *Ibid.*

But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. *Ibid.*

'T is a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;

But when he once attains the upmost ¹ round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. *Julius Cæsar. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection. *Ibid.*

A dish fit for the gods. *Ibid.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flattered. *Ibid.*

With an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you. *Ibid.*

You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. *Ibid.*

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so fathered and so husbanded ? *Ibid.*

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

These things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them. *Ibid.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Ibid.

¹ 'utmost,' Singer.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come. *Julius Cæsar. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament. *Ibid.*

Et tu, Brute! *Ibid.*

The choice and master spirits of this age. *Ibid.*

Though last, not least in love. *Ibid.*

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times. *Ibid.*

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war. *Ibid.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
 cause, and be silent, that you may hear. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome
 more. *Ibid.*

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? *Ibid.*

If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause
 for a reply. *Ibid.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones. *Ibid.*

For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men.

Julius Cæsar. Act iii. Sc. 2.

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Ibid.*

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. *Ibid.*

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ibid.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. *Ibid.*

See what a rent the envious Casca made. *Ibid.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Ibid.*

Great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us. *Ibid.*

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not. *Ibid.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man. *Ibid.*

I only speak right on. *Ibid.*

Put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. *Ibid.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

You yourself

Are much condemned to have an itching palm.

Julius Cæsar. Act iv. Sc. 3.

The foremost man of all this world.

Ibid.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Ibid.

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say 'better' ?

Ibid.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

Ibid.

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Ibid.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Ibid.

All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote.

Ibid.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Ibid.

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Ibid.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.

Ibid.

Brutus. Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Julius Cæsar. Act iv. Sc. 3.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why then, this parting was well made. Act v. Sc. 1.

O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come! *Ibid.*

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! Act v. Sc. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all. Act v. Sc. 5.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' *Ibid.*

1 *W.* When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *W.* When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 1.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Ibid.

Banners flout the sky.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Dwindle, peak, and pine.

Ibid.

What are these

So withered and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on 't?

Ibid.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not. *Ibid.*

Stands not within the prospect of belief.

Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 3.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.

Ibid.

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner.

Ibid.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.

Ibid.

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.

Ibid.

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature. Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Ibid.

Nothing is
But what is not.

Ibid.

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown
me.

Ibid.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ibid.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.

Act i. Sc. 4.

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.

Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 5.

What thou wouldst highly,
'That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Ibid.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. *Ibid.*

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. *Ibid.*

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. *Ibid.*

This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. *Act i. Sc. 6.*

The heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate. *Ibid.*

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other. *Ibid.*

I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Ibid.*

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
 Like the poor cat i' the adage. *Ibid.*

I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none. *Ibid.*

Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere. *Ibid.*

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we 'll not fail. *Ibid.*

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

There 's husbandry in heaven
Their candles are all out. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Shut up
In measureless content. *Ibid.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Ibid.*

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going. *Ibid.*

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead. *Ibid.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts. *Ibid.*

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Ibid.*

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. *Act ii. Sc. 2.¹*

The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. *Ibid.¹*

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat. *Ibid.¹*

¹ *Act ii. Sc. 1, Dyce, Staunton, White.*

Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
 Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 2.*¹

Infirm of purpose! *Ibid.*¹

'T is the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. *Ibid.*¹

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red. *Ibid.*¹

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*²

Dire combustion and confused events
 New hatched to the woful time. *Ibid.*²

Tongue nor heart
 Cannot conceive nor name thee! *Ibid.*²

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
 The life o' the building! *Ibid.*²

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of. *Ibid.*²

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? *Ibid.*²

¹ *Act ii. Sc. 1, Dyce, Staunton, White.*

² *Act ii. Sc. 1, Dyce, White; Act ii. Sc. 2, Staunton.*

There's daggers in men's smiles. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 3.*¹

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*²

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! *Ibid.*²

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain. *Act iii. Sc. 1,*

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. *Ibid.*

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. *Ibid.*

Mur. We are men, my liege.
Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. *Ibid.*

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world. *Ibid.*

So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't. *Ibid.*

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

We have scotched the snake, not killed it. *Ibid.*

¹ *Act ii. Sc. 1, Dyce, White; Act ii. Sc. 2, Staunton.*

² *Act ii. Sc. 2, Dyce, White; Act ii. Sc. 3, Staunton.*

Better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

In them nature's copy 's not eterne. *Ibid.*

A deed of dreadful note. *Ibid.*

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. *Ibid.*

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
 To gain the timely inn. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
 To saucy doubts and fears. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both! *Ibid.*

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
 Thy gory locks at me. *Ibid.*

The air-drawn dagger. *Ibid.*

The times have been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end; but now they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools. *Ibid.*

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with! *Ibid.*

A thing of custom: 't is no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. *Ibid.*

What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 4.

Hence, horrible shadow !

Unreal mockery, hence !

Ibid.

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Ibid.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ?

Ibid.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Ibid.

Macb.

What is the night ?

L. Macb. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Ibid.

I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Ibid.

My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

Act iii. Sc. 5.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog.

Ibid.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,

Whoever knocks !

Ibid.

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

Macbeth. Act iv. Sc. 1.

A deed without a name.

Ibid.

I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.

Ibid.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

Ibid.

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Ibid.

The weird sisters.

Ibid.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

Ibid.

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Ibid.

Stands Scotland where it did?

Ibid.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Ibid.

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Ibid.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

Ibid.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue!

Ibid.

Out, damned spot! out, I say!

Act v. Sc. 1.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?

Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 1.

Yet who would have thought the old man to have
had so much blood in him? *Ibid.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little hand. *Ibid.*

My way of life

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Ibid.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.

Ibid.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come': our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn.

Act v. Sc. 5.

My fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors.

Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 5.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Ibid.

I pull in resolution, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
 That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane.'

Ibid.

I gin to be aweary of the sun.

Ibid.

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Ibid.

I bear a charmed life.

Act v. Sc. 8.¹

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
 That palter with us in a double sense;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope.

Ibid.¹

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

Ibid.¹

Lay on, Macduff,
 And damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Ibid.¹

¹ *Act v. Sc. 7, Singer, White.*

For this relief much thanks. *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1.*

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state. *Ibid.*

Whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week. *Ibid.*

This sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day. *Ibid.*

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. *Ibid.*

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. *Ibid.*

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. *Ibid.*

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir¹ abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time. *Ibid.*

So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.² *Ibid.*

The memory be green. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

¹ 'can walk,' White.

² 'eastern hill,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,¹
 With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.

The head is not more native to the heart. *Ibid.*

A little more than kin, and less than kind. *Ibid.*

All that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity. *Ibid.*

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.' *Ibid.*

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black. *Ibid.*

But I have that within which passeth show;
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe. *Ibid.*

'T is a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd. *Ibid.*

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world! *Ibid.*

That it should come to this! *Ibid.*

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. *Ibid.*

Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on. *Ibid.*

¹ 'one auspicious and one dropping eye,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton.

- Frailty, thy name is woman ! *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.*
- A little month. *Ibid.*
- Like Niobe, all tears. *Ibid.*
- A beast, that wants discourse of reason. *Ibid.*
- My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. *Ibid.*
- It is not nor it cannot come to good. *Ibid.*
- Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day. *Ibid.*
- In my mind's eye, Horatio. *Ibid.*
- He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Ibid.*
- Season your admiration for a while. *Ibid.*
- In the dead vast and middle of the night. *Ibid.*
- Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe.¹ *Ibid.*
- A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. *Ibid.*
- While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. *Ibid.*
- Ham.* His beard was grizzled, — no ?
- Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered. *Ibid.*
- Let it be tenable in your silence still. *Ibid.*
- Give it an understanding, but no tongue. *Ibid.*
- Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve. *Ibid.*

¹ ' Armed at all points,' Singer, White.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.

A violet in the youth of primy nature, .
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent. *Ibid.*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Ibid.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue. *Ibid.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops ¹ of steel. *Ibid.*

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Ibid.*

¹ 'hooks,' Singer.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all : to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 3.

Springes to catch woodcocks.

Ibid.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows.

Ibid.

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence.

Ibid.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Act i. Sc. 4.

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honoured in the breach than the observance. *Ibid.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou comest in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee : I 'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !

Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell

Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again. What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 4.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee. *Ibid.*

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. *Ibid.*

Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me! *Ibid.*

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. *Ibid.*

I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,¹
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:²
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

Act i. Sc. 5.

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself³ in ease on Lethe wharf. *Ibid.*

O my prophetic soul!
My uncle! *Ibid.*

¹ 'to lasting fires,' Singer.

² 'porcupine,' Singer, Staunton.

³ 'rots itself,' Staunton.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5.

But soft ! methinks I scent the morning air ;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon.

Ibid.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouselled, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ibid.

Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

Ibid.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Ibid.

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee !
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

Ibid.

Within the book and volume of my brain.

Ibid.

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
My tables, — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

Ibid.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

To tell us this.

Ibid.

Every man has business and desire,
Such as it is.

Ibid.

- Art thou there, truepenny?
 Come on — you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5.
- O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! *Ibid.*
- There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your ¹ philosophy. *Ibid.*
- Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ibid.*
- The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right! *Ibid.*
- The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*
- This is the very ecstasy of love. *Ibid.*
- Brevity is the soul of wit. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- More matter, with less art. *Ibid.*
- That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;
 And pity 't is 't is true. *Ibid.*
- Find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defective comes by cause. *Ibid.*
- Doubt thou the stars are fire;
 Doubt that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar;
 But never doubt I love. *Ibid.*
- Still harping on my daughter. *Ibid.*
- Pol.* What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words. *Ibid.*
- They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Ibid.*

¹ 'our,' Dyce, White.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.

On fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Ibid.*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Ibid.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Ibid.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! *Ibid.*

Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither. *Ibid.*

I know a hawk from a handsaw. *Ibid.*

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou! *Ibid.*

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well. *Ibid.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Ibid.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million;
't was caviare to the general. *Ibid.*

They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. *Ibid.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should
'scape whipping? *Ibid.*

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab. *Ibid.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.¹ *Ibid.*

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Ibid.*

Abuses me to damn me. *Ibid.*

The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. *Ibid.*

With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

To be, or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there 's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

¹ See Chaucer. Page 3.

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels¹ bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Nymph, in thy orisons

Be all my sins remembered. *Ibid.*

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. *Ibid.*

I am myself indifferent honest. *Ibid.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
 not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go. *Ibid.*

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough;
 God has given you one face, and you make yourselves
 another. *Ibid.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.
Ibid.

¹ 'who would these fardels,' White.

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers! *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. *Ibid.*

O, woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Ibid.*

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand,
 thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent,
 tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion,
 you must acquire and beget a temperance that may
 give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to
 hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion
 to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the ground-
 lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but
 inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such
 a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-
 herods Herod. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action;
 with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the
 modesty of nature. *Ibid.*

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature. *Ibid.*

The very age and body of the time his form and
 pressure. *Ibid.*

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but
 make the judicious grieve. *Ibid.*

Not to speak it profanely. *Ibid.*

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had
 made men and not made them well, they imitated
 humanity so abominably. *Ibid.*

First Play. We have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. *Ibid.*

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Ibid.*

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Ibid.*

They are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. — Something too much of this. *Ibid.*

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. *Ibid.*

Here 's metal more attractive. *Ibid.*

Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a
suit of sables. *Ibid.*

There 's hope a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year. *Ibid.*

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot. *Ibid.*

This is miching mallecho ; it means mischief. *Ibid.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love. *Ibid.*

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown. *Ibid.*

The lady protests ¹ too much, methinks.

Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Ibid.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play ;

For some must watch, while some must sleep :

So runs the world away.

Ibid.

'T is as easy as lying.

Ibid.

It will discourse most eloquent music.

Ibid.

Pluck out the heart of my mystery.

Ibid.

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ?

Ibid.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ibid.

They fool me to the top of my bent.

Ibid.

By and by is easily said.

Ibid.

'T is now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world.

Ibid.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Ibid.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,

A brother's murder.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

¹ 'doth protest,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton.

Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! *Ibid.*

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May. *Ibid.*

About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Ibid.*

Dead, for a ducat, dead! *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff. *Ibid.*

Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty. *Ibid.*
False as dicers' oaths. *Ibid.*

What act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? *Ibid.*

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. *Ibid.*

At your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble. *Ibid.*

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn
 And reason panders will. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket! *Ibid.*

A king of shreds and patches. *Ibid.*

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. *Ibid.*

How is 't with you,
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy? *Ibid.*

This is the very coinage of your brain:
 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 Is very cunning in. *Ibid.*

Bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Ibid.*

Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come. *Ibid.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this. *Ibid.*

Refrain to-night,
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature. *Ibid.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 4.

For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar. *Ibid.*

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a
king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. *Ibid.*

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake. *Ibid.*

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

We know what we are, but know not what we may be. *Ibid.*

Then up he rose, and donned his clothes. *Ibid.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Ibid.*

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would. *Ibid.*

Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves. *Ibid.*

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 5.

You must wear your rue with a difference. There's
a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they with-
ered. *Ibid.*

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll. *Ibid.*

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

That we would do,
We should do when we would. *Ibid.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. *Ibid.*

Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. *Ibid.*

1 *Clo.* Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death
shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it. *Ibid.*

Has this fellow no feeling of his business? *Ibid.*

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.
Ibid.

A politician, one that would circumvent God.
Ibid.

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's
dead. *Ibid.*

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the
card, or equivocation will undo us. *Ibid.*

The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.

Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. *Ibid.*

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? *Ibid.*

'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so. *Ibid.*

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ibid.*

Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! *Ibid.*

A ministering angel shall my sister be. *Ibid.*

Sweets to the sweet: farewell! *Ibid.*

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave. *Ibid.*

Though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous. *Ibid.*

Forty thousand brothers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
 I 'll rant as well as thou. *Ibid.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew and dog will have his day. *Ibid.*

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

I once did hold it, as our statistes do,
 A baseness to write fair. *Ibid.*

It did me yeoman's service. *Ibid.*

The bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a towering passion. *Ibid.*

What imports the nomination of this gentleman? *Ibid.*

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if
 we could carry cannon by our sides. *Ibid.*

'T is the breathing time of day with me. *Ibid.*

There 's a special providence in the fall of a spar-
 row. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to
 come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come:
 the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what
 he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? *Ibid.*

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother. *Ibid.*

Now the king drinks to Hamlet. *Ibid.*

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Ibid.*

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 2.*

Report me and my cause aright. *Ibid.*

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane. *Ibid.*

Absent thee from felicity awhile. *Ibid.*

The rest is silence. *Ibid.*

Although the last, not least. *King Lear. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Nothing will come of nothing. *Ibid.*

Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes. *Ibid.*

I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not. *Ibid.*

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not. *Ibid.*

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides. *Ibid.*

As if we were villains by necessity ; fools by heav-
enly compulsion. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified
in ; and the best of me is diligence. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend ! *Ibid.*

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child ! *Ibid.*

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. *Ibid.*

Down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below ! *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. *King Lear. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Necessity's sharp pinch! *Ibid.*

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! *Ibid.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Act iii. Sc. 2.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness. *Ibid.*

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man. *Ibid.*

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice. *Ibid.*

I am a man
More sinned against than sinning. *Ibid.*

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.
Act iii. Sc. 4.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Ibid.*

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. *Ibid.*

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Ibid.*

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Ibid.*

The green mantle of the standing pool. *Ibid.*

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. *Ibid.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.

King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 4.

Poor Tom 's a-cold.

Ibid.

I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Ibid.*

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. *Ibid.*

The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Act iii. Sc. 6.

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail. *Ibid.*

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Act iii. Sc. 7.

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

The worst is not

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.' *Ibid.*

Patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Nature 's above art in that respect. *Ibid.*

Ay, every inch a king. *Ibid.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination. *Ibid.*

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.
Look with thine ears : see how yond justice rails upon
yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : change places ;
and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
thief ? *King Lear. Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. *Ibid.*

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us. *Ibid.*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. *Ibid.*

Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer. *Ibid.*

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The bookish theoric. *Ibid.*

'T is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. *Ibid.*

Whip me such honest knaves. *Ibid.*

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. *Ibid.*

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.

Othello. Act i. Sc. 2.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,¹
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious pa-
tience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,

¹ Though I be rude in speech. — 2 *Cor.* xi. 6.

Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, — such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear¹
Would Desdemona seriously incline. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.*

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
strange,

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked
me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used. *Ibid*

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Ibid.*

The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief. *Ibid.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. *Ibid.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Ibid.*

Put money in thy purse. *Ibid.*

¹ 'These things to hear,' Singer.

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.

Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.

Framed to make women false.

Ibid.

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Ibid.

I am not merry ; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Ibid.

She was a wight, if ever such wight were, —

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion ! *Ibid.*

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the
scholar. *Ibid.*

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death ! *Ibid.*

Egregiously an ass. *Ibid.*

Potations pottle-deep. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown ;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he called the tailor lown.¹ *Ibid.*

Silence that dreadful bell : it frights the isle
From her propriety. *Ibid.*

Your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. *Ibid.*

¹ Though these lines are from an old ballad given in *Percy's Reliques*, they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine. *Othello. Act ii. Sc. 3*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. *Ibid.*

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. *Ibid.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! *Ibid.*

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! *Ibid.*

Cas. Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. *Ibid.*

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.¹ *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words. *Ibid.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed. *Ibid.*

¹ For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again. — *Venus and Adonis.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. *Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly ¹ loves !
Ibid.
 Poor and content is rich and rich enough. *Ibid.*

To be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolved. *Ibid.*

If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. *Ibid.*

I am declined
 Into the vale of years. *Ibid.*

O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites ! *Ibid.*

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. *Ibid.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou owedst yesterday. *Ibid.*

I swear 't is better to be much abused
 Than but to know 't a little. *Ibid.*

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know 't, and he 's not robbed at all. *Ibid.*

¹ 'fondly,' Singer, White; 'soundly,' Staunton.

O, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof. *Ibid.*

No hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on. *Ibid.*

On horror's head horrors accumulate. *Ibid.*

Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest is not safe. *Ibid.*

But this denoted a foregone conclusion. *Ibid.*

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
 For 't is of aspics' tongues! *Ibid.*

Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

To beguile many, and be beguiled by one. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

They laugh that win. *Ibid.*

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of
 it, Iago! *Ibid.*

I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips. *Ibid.*

But, alas, to make me
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger¹ at!

Othello. Act iv. Sc. 2.

O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,
 And put in every honest hand a whip
 To lash the rascals naked through the world! *Ibid.*

'T is neither here nor there. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

This is the night
 That either makes me or fordoes me quite. *Ibid.*

And smooth as monumental alabaster. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. *Ibid.*

One entire and perfect chrysolite. *Ibid.*

I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
 No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely but too well:
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
 Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

¹ 'his slow and moving finger,' Knight, Staunton.

Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. *Othello. Act v. Sc. 2.*

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus. *Ibid.*

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Antony and Cleopatra. Act i. Sc. 1.
 Give me to drink mandragora. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

My salad days,
 When I was green in judgment. *Ibid.*

Epicurean cooks
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*
 Small to greater matters must give way. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them. *Ibid.*

For her own person,
 It beggared all description. *Ibid.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety. *Ibid.*

I have not kept my square ; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

'T was merry when
 You wagered on your angling ; when your diver
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
 With fervency drew up. *Act ii. Sc. 4*

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne ! *Act ii. Sc. 7*

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain which darkens him.

Antony and Cleopatra. Act iii. Sc. 1.

He wears the rose
 Of youth upon him. *Act iii. Sc. 13.*

Men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes. *Ibid.*

To business that we love we rise betime,
 And go to 't with delight. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes. *Ibid.*

The shirt of Nessus is upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 12.*

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish ;
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
 A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon 't. *Act iv. Sc. 14.*

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
 The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water. *Ibid.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying. *Act iv. Sc. 15.*

O, withered is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen. *Ibid.*

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion. *Ibid.*

For his bounty,
 There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 't was
 That grew the more by reaping. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

If there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming.

Antony and Cleopatra. Act v. Sc. 2.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers. *Ibid.*

I have
Immortal longings in me. *Ibid.*

Lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.
Cymbeline. Act i. Sc. 4.

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

The most patient man in loss, the most coldest that
ever turned up ace. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise. *Ibid.*

As chaste as unsunned snow. *Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Some griefs are medicinal. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

The game is up. *Ibid.*

No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Act iii. Sc. 6.*

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Cymbeline. Act iv. Sc. 2.

Like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at.

Pericles. Act i. Sc. 1.

3 *Fish.* Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.

Poems. Venus and Adonis. Line 145.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Line 1019.

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

Lucrece. Line 1006.

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

The Passionate Pilgrim, iii.

Crabbed age and youth

Cannot live together.

Ibid. viii.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

Ibid. xiv.

She in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

Sonnet iii.

And stretched metre of an antique song.

Sonnet xvii.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.

Sonnet xviii.

The painful warrior, famed for fight,
After a thousand victories, once foiled,
Is from the books of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Sonnet xxv.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past. *Sonnet xxx.*

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet lii.*

And art made tongue-tied by authority. *Sonnet lxvi.*

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ibid.*

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. *Sonnet lxx.*

Do not drop in for an after-loss.

Ah, do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow. *Sonnet xc.*

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. *Sonnet xcvi.*

Still constant in a wondrous excellence. *Sonnet cv.*

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme. *Sonnet cvi.*

My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Sonnet cxi.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet cxvi.*

That full star that ushers in the even. *Sonnet cxxxii.*

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

A Lover's Complaint, St. xlii.

FRANCIS BACON. 1561-1626.

WORKS (SPEDDING AND ELLIS).

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto. *Maxims of the Law. Preface.*

Come home to men's business and bosoms.
Dedication to the Essays. Ed. 1625.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth. *Essay i. Of Truth.*

Revenge is a kind of civil justice.
Essay iv. Of Revenge.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament;
Adversity is the blessing of the New.
Essay v. Of Adversity.

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.¹ *Ibid.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.
Essay viii. Of Marriage and Single Life.

¹ As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Goldsmith, *The Captivity*, Act i.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still. — Rogers, *Jacqueline*, St. 3.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.¹

Essay xvi. Atheism.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.²

Essay xix. Empire.

God Almighty first planted a garden.³

Essay xlv. Of Gardens.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

Essay i. Of Studies.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

Ibid.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

Ibid.

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books.

Proposition touching Amendment of Laws.

Knowledge is power. — *Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*⁴

Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.

¹ Who are a little wise the best fools be. — Donne, *Triple Fool*.

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion. — Fuller, *The Holy State. The True Church Antiquary*.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Pope, *Essay on Criticism, Part ii. Line 15.*

² Kings are like stars — they rise and set — they have The worship of the world, but no repose. — Shelley, *Hellas*.

³ God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

Cowley, *The Garden, Essay v.*

God made the country, and man made the town.

Cowper, *The Task, Book i. Line 749.*

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.

Varro, *De Re Rustica, iii. 1.*

⁴ A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. — *Proverbs xxiv. 5.*

Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants entombed and preserved for ever in amber, a more than royal tomb.¹

Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva Sylvarum, Cent. i. Exper. 100.

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded.

Letter of Expostulation to Coke.

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.²

Apothegm No. 17.

“Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi.” These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.³

Advancement of Learning. Book i. (1605.)

- ¹ The bee enclosed and through the amber shown,
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.

Martial, *Book iv. 31.* Hay’s Translation.

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.

Herrick, *On a Fly buried in Amber.*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Line 169.*

- ² Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high. — Fuller, *Andronicus, Sect. vi. Par. 18. 1.*

³ As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end. The times

For the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. *Advancement of Learning. Book i.*

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.¹ *Book ii.*

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind. *Ibid.*

Sacred and inspired divinity, the sabaoth and port of all men's labours and peregrinations. *Ibid.*

wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation. — George Hakewill, *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.* London, 1627.

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it? — Pascal, *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's *Cena di Cenere*, published in 1584; I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier. — Whewell, *Philos. of the Inductive Sciences*, Vol. ii. p. 198. London, 1847.

We are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.

Tennyson, *The Day Dream.* (*L'Envoi.*)

¹ The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before. — *Adv. of Learning*, ed. Dewey.

The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted. — Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* vi. § 63.

Spiritualis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur. — St. Augustine, *Works*, Vol. iii., In *Johannis Evang.* Cap. I. Tr. v. § 15.

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is not corrupted. — Lyly's *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit.* Arber's reprint, p. 43.

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam. — Taylor, *Holy Living*, Ch. i. 3.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. — Milton, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from
a due reverence to God.¹

Advancement of Learning. Book ii.

States as great engines move slowly. *Ibid.*

The world 's a bubble, and the life of man

Less than a span.² *The World.*

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's char-
itable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next
ages. *Will.*



JOHN HEYWOOD. — — — 1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,

As sages in all times assert;

The happy man 's without a shirt. *Be Merry Friends.*

Let the world slide, let the world go:

A fig for care, and a fig for woe!

If I can't pay, why I can owe,

And death makes equal the high and low. *Ibid.*



SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. 1561-1612.

Treason doth never prosper, what 's the reason?

Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.³

Epigrams. Book iv. Ep. 5.

¹ See Wesley. Page 309.

² Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.

Browne, Pastoral ii.

Our life is but a span. — *New England Primer.*

³ Prosperum ac felix scelus

Virtus vocatur. — Seneca, *Herc. Furens*, ii. 250.

RICHARD ALISON.

There is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies show;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow.
 There cherries hang, that none may buy,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

An Howres Recreation in Musike. 1606.¹

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row;
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow. *Ibid.*



GEORGE PEELE. 1552-1598.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
 O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain; youth waneth by encreasing.

Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
 A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms. *Ibid.*

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
 Concludes with Cupid's curse:
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray gods, they change for worse! *Cupid's Curse.*

¹ Oliphant's *La Musa Madrigalesca*, p. 229.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568-1639.

How happy is he born or taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

The Character of a Happy Life.

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend.

Ibid.

Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Ibid.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies ;
 What are you when the moon ¹ shall rise ?

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.²

He first deceased ; she for a little tried
 To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.
Preface to the Elements of Architecture.

Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.
The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.

¹ 'sun' in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, Eds. 1651, 1672, 1685.

² This was printed with music as early as 1624, in Est's *Sixth Set of Books*, &c., and is found in many MSS. — Hannah, *The Courtly Poets*.

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad
for the commonwealth.¹ *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.*

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.²
A Panegyric to King Charles.



DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573–1631.

He was the Word, that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.³

Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury.

She and comparisons are odious.⁴
Elegy 8. The Comparison.

Who are a little wise the best fools be.⁵ *The Triple Fool.*

¹ In a letter to Velserus, 1612, Wotton says, "This merry definition of an ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album."

² He directed the stone over his grave to be inscribed:—

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author:
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESiarUM SCABIES.
Nomen alias quære.

Walton's Life of Wotton.

³ Attributed by many writers to the Princess Elizabeth. It is not in the original edition of Donne, but first appears in the edition of 1654, p. 352.

⁴ See *Appendix*, p. 638.

⁵ Compare Bacon. Page 138.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. *Born circa 1570.*

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.

*Address to the Nightingale.*¹



SIR JOHN DAVIES. 1570–1626.

Much like a subtle spider which doth sit,
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide ;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.²

The Immortality of the Soul.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.³

Contention betwixt a Wife, &c.

¹ This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of Poems in *Divers Humours*, published in 1598.—Ellis's *Specimens*, Vol. ii. p. 316.

² Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

Dryden, *Mariage à la Mode*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Pope, *Epistle i. Line 217.*

³ See Webster. Page 167.

SAMUEL DANIEL. 1562-1619.

Unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
To the Countess of Cumberland. Stanza 12.

MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563-1631.

Had in him those brave translunary things,
 That the first poets had.
 (Of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*
 For that fine madness still he did retain,
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain. *Ibid.*

BISHOP HALL. 1574-1656.

Moderation is the silken string running through the
 pearl chain of all virtues. *Christian Moderation. Introduc.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands
 in the grave.¹ *Epistles. Dec. iii. Ep. 2.*

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels
 of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of
 the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be.²
Contemplations. Book iv. The Veil of Moses.

¹ And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. Line 718.

² Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

Gray's *Elegy*, Stanza 14.

BEN JONSON.¹ 1574–1637.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.² *The Forest. To Celia.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast.³
The Silent Woman. Act i. Sc. 1.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace.
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all the adulteries of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart. *Ibid.*

In small proportion we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.
Good Life, Long Life.

Preserving the sweetness of proportion and expressing
 itself beyond expression. *The Masque of Hymen.*

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
 And almost every vice, almighty gold.⁴
Epistle to Elizabeth.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die;
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live. *Epitaph on Elizabeth.*

¹ O rare Ben Jonson. — *Epitaph* by Sir John Young.

² Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὕμνασιν. . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χεῖλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου. Philostratus, *Letter* xxiv.

³ A translation from Bonnefonius.

⁴ Almighty dollar. — Irving, *The Creole Village*.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.¹

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
 Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?²

Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.

Soul of the age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room.³

To the Memory of Shakespeare.

Small Latin, and less Greek. *Ibid.*

He was not of an age, but for all time. *Ibid.*

Sweet swan of Avon! *Ibid.*

Marlowe's mighty line. *Ibid.*

For a good poet's made as well as born. *Ibid.*

¹ This epitaph is generally ascribed to Ben Jonson. It appears in the editions of his works; but in a MS. collection of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MS. No. 777, in the British Museum, it is ascribed to Browne, and awarded to him by Sir Egerton Brydges in his edition of Browne's poems.

² What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?

Pope, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

³ Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
 To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

Basse, *On Shakespeare.*

Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.¹

Every Man in his Humour. Act ii. Sc. 3.



PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584–1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. Act v. Sc. 1.

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life.²

A Very Woman. Act v. Sc. 4.

This many-headed monster.³

The Roman Actor. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Grim death.⁴

Act iv. Sc. 2.



CYRIL TOURNEUR. Circa 1600.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.⁵

The Revenger's Tragedy. Act iii. Sc. 1.

- ¹ Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

Pope, *Horace*, Book i. Ep. i. Line 103.

- ² Death hath so many doors to let out life.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Custom of the Courts*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

I know death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their exits.

John Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

- ³ See *Appendix*, p. 644.

- ⁴ Grim death, my son and foe.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book ii. Line 804.

- ⁵ Distilled damnation.—Robert Hall. Page 397.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581-1613.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride :
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.¹
A Wife. Stanza 36.

JOHN FLETCHER. 1576-1625.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

All things that are
Made for our general uses are at war, —
Even we among ourselves. *Ibid.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.² *Ibid.*

And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.³
Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Act ii. Sc. 2.

¹ Compare Lady Montague. Page 296.

² An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. Line 248.

³ The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song:—

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
 And three merry boys are we,¹
 As ever did sing in a hempen string
 Under the gallows-tree.

Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears!
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly!
 There 's naught in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy;
 O sweetest Melancholy!

The Nice Valour. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves! *Ibid.*

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that 's gone:
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again.²
The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. Sc. 2.

¹ See Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595; "Three merry men be we," quoted in *Westward Hoe*, by Dekker and Webster, 1607.

² Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
 Thy sorrow is in vain;

For violets plucked the sweetest showers
 Will ne'er make grow again.

Percy's Reliques, The Friar of Orders Gray.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1586-1616.

What things have we seen
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
 So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life.

Letter to Ben Jonson.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

(FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.)

A soul as white as heaven.

The Maid's Tragedy. Act iv. Sc. 1.

There is a method in man's wickedness,

It grows up by degrees.¹ *A King and no King. Act v. Sc. 4.*

Calamity is man's true touchstone.²

Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honour. Sc. 1.

It would talk,

Lord! how it talked! *The Scornful Lady. Act v. Sc. 1.*

One foot in the grave.

The Little French Lawyer. Act i. Sc. 1.

Go to grass.

Act iv. Sc. 7.

The fit 's upon me now!

Come quickly, gentle lady;

The fit 's upon me now! *Wit without Money. Act v. Sc. 4.*

¹ Nemo repente venit turpissimus. — Juvenal, ii. 83.

² Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros.

Seneca, *De Prov.* v. 9.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity's the straightest.¹ *The Knight of Malta. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. *The False One. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.²
Love's Cure. Act ii. Sc. 2.

What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger.
The Two Noble Kinsmen. Act i. Sc. 1.

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the pleurisy of people. *Act v. Sc. 1.*



JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596–1666.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Sc. 3.

Only the actions of the just³
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.⁴ *Ibid.*

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
Cupid and Death.

¹ Compare Southerne. Page 243. Also Young. Page 264.

² Compare Cowper. Page 366.

³ Compare Tate and Brady. Page 619.

⁴ 'their dust.' — *Works*, ed. Dyce, Vol. vi.

JOHN KEPLER. 1571-1630.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.

Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*, p. 197.



THOMAS CAREW. 1589-1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

Disdain Returned.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love, that run away.

Conquest by Flight.

An untimely grave.¹

On the Duke of Buckingham.

The magic of a face.

Epitaph on the Lady S—.



WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590-1645.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.²

Britannia's Pastorals. Book i. Song 2.

Did therewith bury in oblivion.

Book ii. Song 2.

Well-languaged Daniel.

Ibid.

¹ Untimely grave. — Tate and Brady, *Psalm vii.*

² Compare Bacon. Page 141.

GEORGE WITHER. 1588-1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman 's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?¹

The Shepherd's Resolution.

Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance.

Poem on Christmas.

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let 's be merry.

Ibid.

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
 On the wings of borrowed wit.

The Shepherd's Hunting.

And I oft have heard defended
 Little said is soonest mended.

Ibid.

And he that gives us in these days
 New Lords may give us new laws.

Contented Man's Morrice.



THOMAS HOBBS. 1588-1679.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but
 reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

The Leviathan. Part i. Ch. 4.

And the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish,
 and short.

Ch. 13.

¹ Compare Raleigh. Page 14.

JOHN SELDEN. 1584-1654.

Equity is a roguish thing: for Law we have a measure, know what to trust to; Equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'T is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a Foot a Chancellor's Foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has a long Foot, another a short Foot, a third an indifferent Foot. 'T is the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.

Table Talk. Equity.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet. *Friends.*

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. *Humility.*

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. *Judgments.*

No man is the wiser for his learning; . . . wit and wisdom are born with a man. *Learning.*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is. *Libels.*

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.¹ *Pope.*

Syllables govern the world. *Power.*

¹ Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed. — Oxenstiern (1583-1654).

IZAAK WALTON. 1593-1683.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. *The Complete Angler. Author's Preface.*

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt. *Ibid.*

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler. *Ibid.*

I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing. *Ibid.*

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle. *Part i. Ch. 1.*

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so. *Ibid.*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, That which is everybody's business is nobody's business. *Part i. Ch. 2.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. *Part i. Ch. 4.*

No man can lose what he never had. *Part i. Ch. 5.*

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler¹ said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a

¹ William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies* (Suffolk) the "Æsculapius of our age." He died in 1621. This first appeared in the second edition of *The Angler*, 1655. Roger Williams, in his *Key into the Language of America*, 1643, p. 98, says: "One of the chiefest doctors of England was wont to say, that God could have made, but God never did make, a better berry."

better berry, but doubtless God never did": and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

The Complete Angler. Part i. Ch. 5.

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him.

Part i. Ch. 8.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men.

Ibid.

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy.

Part i. Ch. 21.

All that are lovers of virtue, . . . be quiet, and go a-Angling.

Ibid.

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; marked him for his own.¹

Life of Donne.

Oh! the gallant fisher's life

It is the best of any;

'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,

And 't is beloved by many.²

The Angler. (John Chalkhill)

¹ Melancholy marked him for his own. — Gray, *The Epitaph*.

² In 1683, the year in which he died, Walton prefixed a Preface to a work edited by him: "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse; written long since by John Chalkhill Esq. an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser."

"Chalkhill, — a name unappropriated, a verbal phantom, a shadow of a shade. Chalkhill is no other than our old piscatory friend incognito." — Zouch's *Life of Walton*.

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592-1644.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.¹ *Divine Poems. Ed. 1669.*

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Emblems. Book i. 14.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Book ii. 2.*

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone. *Book ii. 10, Ep. 10.*

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,²
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.
Book ii. 13.

The next way home's the farthest way about.
Book iv. 2, Ep. 2.

It is the lot of man but once to die. *Book v. 7.*

¹ Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. Line 1011.

² To die is a debt we must all of us discharge.
Euripides, *Alcestis*, Line 418.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593-1632.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky. *Virtue.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ibid.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives. *Ibid.*

Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunneshine. *The Answer.*

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine. *The Elixir.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice. *The Church Porch.*

Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.¹ *Ibid.*

Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world. *Ibid.*

Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
'T is angels' music. *Ibid.*

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence. *Ibid.*

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

¹ And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two. — Watts, *Song xv.*

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.

The Church Militant.

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Man.

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

The Pulley.

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords. *A True Hymn.*

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it? *The Size.*

Do well and right, and let the world sink.¹

Country Parson. Ch. 29.

His bark is worse than his bite. *Jacula Prudentum*

After death the doctor.² *Ibid.*

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings. *Ibid.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil
builds a chapel hard by.³ *Ibid.*

God's mill grinds slow, but sure. *Ibid.*

The offender never pardons.⁴ *Ibid.*

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle. *Ibid.*

To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.⁵
Ibid.

¹ Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua. — Sir T. Browne, *Relig. Med.*, Part 2, Sec. xi.

² After the war, aid. — Greek Proverb. After me the deluge. — Madame de Pompadour.

³ See *Appendix*, p. 651.

⁴ Compare Dryden. Page 229.

⁵ God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Sterne, *Sentimental Journey*.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.¹

Jacula Prudentum.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Ibid.

Words are women, deeds are men.²

Ibid.

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.³

Ibid.

A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two.⁴

Ibid.



MARTYN PARKER. *Circa* 1630.

Ye gentlemen of England

That live at home at ease,

Ah! little do you think upon

The dangers of the seas.

Song.

When the stormy winds do blow.⁵

Ibid.



SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609–1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat

Like little mice stole in and out,⁶

As if they feared the light;

But O, she dances such a way!

No sun upon an Easter-day

Is half so fine a sight. *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

¹ The lion is not so fierce as painted.

Fuller, *Of expecting Preferment.*

² Compare Johnson. Page 314.

³ Compare Pope. Page 289.

⁴ A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on.—Coleridge, *The Friend*, Sec. i. Essay 8.

⁵ See Campbell. Page 443.

⁶ Compare Herrick. Page 164.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compared with that was next her chin;
 Some bee had stung it newly.

Ballad upon a Wedding.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Song.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
 Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

Against Fruition.

She is pretty to walk with,
 And witty to talk with,
 And pleasant, too, to think on.

Brennoralt. Act ii.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
 A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Act iii.

But, as when an authentic watch is shown,
 Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
 So in our very judgments.¹

Aglaura. Epilogue.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.²

The Goblins.

Nick of time.

Ibid.

"High characters," cries one, and he would see
 Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.³

The Goblins. Epilogue.

¹ 'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, Part i. Line 9.

² See Shakespeare, *King Lear*. Page 123.

³ Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, Part ii. Line 53.

ROBERT HERRICK. 1591-1674.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,
 And nothing I did say;
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.

Some asked how Pearls did grow, and where?
 Then spoke I to my Girl,
 To part her lips, and showed them there
 The quarelets of Pearl.

Ibid.

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
 A little out, and then,¹
 As if they played at bo-peep,
 Did soon draw in again.

On Her Feet.

I saw a flie within a beade
 Of amber cleanly buried.² *On a Fly buried in Amber.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying,
 And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.³

To the Virgins to make much of Time.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting-stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

Night Piece to Julia.

¹ Compare Suckling. Page 162.

² Compare Bacon. Page 139.

³ Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered.
 —*Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 8.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, — come and buy;
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer, there,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,
 There 's the land, or cherry-isle.

Cherry Ripe.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showers,
 Which, by the peep of day, do strew
 A baptism o'er the flowers.

To Music, to becalm his Fever.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon:
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.

To Daffadills.

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness.

Delight in Disorder.

A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat, —
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility, —
 Do more bewitch me, than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

Ibid.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.¹

Sorrows Succeed.

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.²

Love me Little, Love me Long.

¹ See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*. Page 118. Young's *Night Thoughts*. Page 263.

² Compare Marlowe. Page 17.

But ne'er the rose without the thorn.¹ *The Rose.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.²
Seek and Find.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.
Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.



THOMAS DEKKER. — — — 1641.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.
Old Fortunatus.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.³
The Honest Whore. Part i. Act i. Sc. 12.

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.
Patient Grissell. Act i. Sc. 1.

Honest labour bears a lovely face. *Ibid.*

¹ Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. Line 256.

² Nil tam difficilest quin quærendo investigari possiet.

Terence, *Heauton-timoroumenos*, iv. 2. 8.

³ Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne. — Juliana Berners, *Heraldic Blazonry*.

JOHN WEBSTER. ———1638.

'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.¹

The White Devil. Act i. Sc. 2.

Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?

So may you blame some fair and crystal river,

For that some melancholic, distracted man

Hath drowned himself in 't.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,

But looked to near have neither heat nor light.²

Act iv. Sc. 4.

¹ Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir. — Un proverbe Arabe. Quitard, *Études sur les Proverbes Français*, p. 102.

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. — Montaigne, *Essays*, Ch. v. *Book iii.*

Compare Sir John Davies. Page 145.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? — Emerson, *Representative Men: Montaigne.*

² Love is like a landscape which doth stand

Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

Robert Hegge, *On Love.*

We 're charmed with distant views of happiness,

But near approaches make the prospect less.

Yalden, *Against Enjoyment.*

As distant prospects please us, but when near

We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

Garth, *The Dispensatory*, Canto iii. Line 27.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,

And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, Part i. Line 7.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.

The White Devil. Act v. Sc. 2.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest,
 old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest?
 Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are
 soundest.¹

Westward Hoe. Act ii. Sc. 2.



WILLIAM BASSE. 1613-1648.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
 To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.²

On Shakespeare.



EDWARD HYDE CLARENDON. 1608-1674.

He [Sir John Hambden] had a head to contrive, a
 tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mis-
 chief.³

History of the Rebellion. Vol. iii. Book vii. § 84.

¹ See *Appendix*, p. 630.

² Compare Jonson. Page 148.

³ In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. — Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Ch. xlviii.

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. — Junius, *Letter xxxvii.*, Feb. 14, 1770.

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa 1616-1650.*

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.¹

Epigram.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.

Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.

Ibid.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Ibid.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

Ibid.

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Ibid.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can, —
“Here lies a truly honest man!”

Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.

¹ *Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.*

Epig. Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ, p. 299.

THOMAS HEYWOOD. ————1649.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.

Apology for Actors. 1612.

I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.

Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels. Ed. 1635. Page 206.

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no rooffe to shrowd his head.¹ Page 207.

Her that ruled the roost in the kitchen.²

History of Women. Ed. 1624. Page 286.



SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. 1605–1668.

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

Gondibert. Book ii. Canto v. St. 37.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,

It is not safe to know.³ *The Just Italian.* Act v. Sc. 1.



JOHN WINTHROP. 1588–1649.

A liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest.

Life and Letters. ii. 341.

¹ Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame.

Thomas Seward, *On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread. *Anon.*

² See *Appendix*, p. 647.

³ Compare Prior. Page 241.

SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615-1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.

Cooper's Hill. Line 165.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full. *Line 189.*

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last
year.

The Sophy. A Tragedy.

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built;
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.¹

On Mr. John Fletcher's Works.

WILLIAM STOUGHTON. 1631-1701.

God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice
grain over into this wilderness.²

Election Sermon at Boston, April 29, 1669.

- ¹ Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill.

Orrery, "in one of his Prologues," says Johnson.

Compare Pope, *Prologue to the Satires*, Line 197.

- ² God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.
Longfellow, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, iv.

RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618-1658.

Oh! could you view the melody
 Of every grace,
 And music of her face,¹
 You 'd drop a tear ;
 Seeing more harmony
 In her bright eye,
 Than now you hear. *Orpheus to Beasts.*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames.²
To Althea from Prison, ii.

Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
 Know no such liberty. *Ibid.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage ;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty. *Ibid. iv.*

¹ There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. — Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, Part ii. Sec. ix.

The mind, the music breathing from her face.

Byron, *Bride of Abydos*, Canto i. St. 6.

² See Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*. Page 76.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618-1667.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto.*

His time is for ever, everywhere his place.
Friendship in Absence.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.¹
On the Death of Crashaw.

We grieved, we sighed, we wept: we never blushed
before.
Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
From Anacreon. Drinking.

Why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain. *Gold.*

¹ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iii. Line 306.

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure. *For Hope.*

The adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'T is like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.¹
Dauides. Book i. Line 361.

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.²
Book ii. Line 102.

The monster London

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost. *Of Solitude.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.³
The Garden. Essay v.

Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small.
Horace. Book iii. Ode 1.

Charmed with the foolish whistling of a name.⁴
Virgil, Georgics. Book ii. Line 72.

Words that weep and tears that speak.⁵ *The Prophet.*

¹ One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an *everlasting now*.—
Southey, *The Doctor*, ch. xxv. p. 1.

² Compare Gray, *The Bard*. Page 327.

³ Compare Bacon, *Of Gardens*. Page 138.

⁴ Ravished with the whistling of a name.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. Line 283.

⁵ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, iii. 3, 4.

EDMUND WALLER. 1605-1687.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.¹
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.

Verses upon his Divine Poesy.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On a Girdle.

And keeps that palace of the soul.²

Of Tea.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Go, lovely Rose.

How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Ibid.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And every conqueror creates a muse.

Panegyric on Cromwell.

¹ Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body. — Fuller, *Holy and Profane State*, Book i. Ch. 2.

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made. — Rogers, *Pæstum*.

² The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.

Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto ii. St. 6.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
 Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
Upon Roscommon's Trans. of Horace, De Arte Poetica.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
 We should agree as angels do above.
Divine Love. Canto iii.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,
 Espied a feather of his own,
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.¹
To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.

For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.
While I listen to thy Voice.

So in the Libyan fable it is told
 That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
 Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
 "With our own feathers, not by other's hands,
 Are we now smitten."
Æschylus, Fragm. 123, Plumptre's Translation.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Byron, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Line 826.

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart.
Thomas Moore, Corruption.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1605-1682.

Too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain
as trophies unto the enemies of truth.

Religio Medici. Part i. Sec. vi.

Rich with the spoils of nature.¹ *Part i. Sec. xiii.*

Nature is the art of God.² *Part i. Sec. xvi.*

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note
which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an
instrument.³ *Part ii. Sec. ix.*

Sleep is a death ; O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed ! *Part ii. Sec. xii.*

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.⁴ *Ibid.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pom-
pous in the grave. *Urn Burial, Ch. v.*

Quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of
three conquests. *Ibid.*

Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he
is almost lost that built it.⁵ *Ibid.*

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles
assumed when he hid himself among women. *Ibid.*

¹ Rich with the spoils of time. — Gray, *Elegy, St. 13.*

² The course of nature is the art of God.

Young, *Night Thoughts, ix. Line 1267.*

³ Compare Lovelace. Page 172.

⁴ Compare Herbert. Page 161.

⁵ Compare Cibber. Page 247.

JOHN MILTON. 1608-1674.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 1.

Or if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God. *Line 10.*

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. *Line 16.*

What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.¹ *Line 22.*

As far as angels' ken. *Line 59.*

Yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible. *Line 62.*

Where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all. *Line 65.*

What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield. *Line 105.*

To be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering. *Line 157.*

¹ But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. i. Line 16.

And out of good still to find means of evil.

Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 165.

Farewell happy fields,

Where joy for ever dwells : hail, horrors ! *Line 249.*

A mind not to be changed by place or time.

The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.¹ *Line 253*

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :

Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven. *Line 261.*

Heard so oft

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge

Of battle. *Line 275*

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,

He walked with to support uneasy steps

Over the burning marle. *Line 292.*

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades

High over-arched imbower. *Line 302.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen !

Line 330.

Spirits when they please

Can either sex assume, or both.

Line 423.

Execute their airy purposes.

Line 430.

When night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. *Line 500.*

¹ Compare *Book iv. Line 75.*

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.¹

Paradise Lost, Book i. Line 536.

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night. *Line 540.*

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Line 550.*

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured. *Line 591.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *Line 597.*

Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth. *Line 619.*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Line 648.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. *Line 679.*

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell : that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. *Line 690.*

¹ Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air.

Gray, *The Bard*, i. 2, *Line 6.*

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. *Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 710.*

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star. *Line 742.*

Faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress. *Line 781.*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence. *Book ii. Line 1.*

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us. *Line 39.*

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair. *Line 44.*

Rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all. *Line 47.*

My sentence is for open war. *Line 51.*

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. *Line 75.*

When the scourge
Inexorable and the torturing hour
Call us to penance. *Line 90.*

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 105.

But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

Line 112.

The ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair.

Line 139.

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night ?

Line 146.

His red right hand.¹

Line 174.

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.

Line 185.

The never-ending flight
Of future days.

Line 221.

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements.

Line 274.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care ;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look

¹ Rubente dextera. — Horace, *Od.* i. 2. 2.

Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air. *Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 300.*

The palpable obscure. *Line 406.*

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. *Line 432.*

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. *Line 476.*

The lowering element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape. *Line 490.*

Oh, shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational. *Line 496.*

In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost. *Line 555.*
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy. *Line 565.*

Arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel. *Line 568.*

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
 Periods of time ; thence hurried back to fire.

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 592.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of
 death. *Line 620.*

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire. *Line 628.*

The other shape,
 If shape it might be called, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
 For each seemed either ; black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart. *Line 666.*

Satan was now at hand. *Line 674.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape? *Line 681.*

Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. *Line 699.*

So spake the grisly Terror. *Line 704.*

Incensed with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. *Line 707.*

Their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend. *Line 712.*

Hell
 Grew darker at their frown. *Line 719.*

I fled, and cried out, DEATH!

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH!

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 787.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death, my son and foe.

Line 803.

Death

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

His famine should be filled.

Line 845.

On a sudden open fly,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh thunder.

Line 879.

Where eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eternal anarchy amidst the noise

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,

Strive hère for mastery.

Line 894.

Into this wild abyss,

The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave. *Line 910.*

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Line 948.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded.

Line 995.

So he with difficulty and labour hard

Moved on, with difficulty and labour he.

Line 1021.

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain.

This pendant world, in bigness as a star

Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.

Line 1051.

Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born :
Paradise Lost. Book iii. Line 1.

The rising world of waters dark and deep. *Line 11.*

Thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers. *Line 37.*

Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. *Line 40.*
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall. *Line 99.*
 Dark with excessive bright. *Line 380.*

Eremites and friars,
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery. *Line 474.*

Since called
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown. *Line 495.*

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems. *Line 686.*

The hell within him. *Book iv. Line 20.*

Now conscience wakes despair
 That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be. *Line 23.*

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.¹

Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 34.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged. *Line 55.*

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. *Line 73.*

Such joy ambition finds. *Line 92.*

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good. *Line 108.*

That practised falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge. *Line 122.*

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest. *Line 162.*

And on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant. *Line 194.*

A heaven on earth. *Line 208.*

Flowers worthy of paradise. *Line 241.*

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.²
Line 256.

¹ Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.

Pope, *Moral Essays, Epistle iii. Line 282.*

² Compare Herrick. Page 166.

For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 297.

Implied

Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. *Line 307.*

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve. *Line 323.*

And with necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds. *Line 393.*

As Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
 That shed May flowers. *Line 499.*

Imparadised in one another's arms. *Line 506.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *Line 598.*

The timely dew of sleep. *Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 614.*

With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet. *Line 639.*

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
Line 677.

In naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely than Pandora.¹ *Line 713.*

Eased the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear. *Line 739.*

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring. *Line 750.*

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve. *Line 800.*

¹ When unadorned, adorned the most.

Thomson, *Autumn*, *Line 204.*

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper.

Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 810.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng. *Line 830.*

Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely. *Line 846.*

All hell broke loose. *Line 918.*

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved. *Line 987.*

The starry cope
Of heaven. *Line 992.*

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.
Line 1014.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred.
Book v. Line 1.

Hung over her enamoured, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. *Line 13.*

My latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight. *Line 18.*

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows. *Line 71.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !
Line 153.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn. *Line 166.*

A wilderness of sweets. *Paradise Lost. Book v. Line 294.*

Another morn

Risen on mid-noon. *Line 310.*

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. *Line 331.*

Nor jealousy

Was understood, the injured lover's hell. *Line 449.*

The bright consummate flower. *Line 481.*

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.
Line 601.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy. *Line 637.*

Satan ; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven. *Line 658.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence. *Line 667.*

Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower. *Line 745.*

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he. *Line 896.*

Morn,

Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light. *Book vi. Line 2.*

Servant of God, well done. *Line 29.*

Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise
Of conflict, *Line 209.*

Vital in every part

Cannot but by annihilating die.

Paradise Lost. Book vi. Line 345.

Far off his coming shone.

Line 768.

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged

To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,

On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

Book vii. Line 24.

Still govern thou my song,

Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

Line 30.

Heaven opened wide

Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!

On golden hinges moving.

Line 205.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars

Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

Line 364.

Now half appeared

The tawny lion, pawing to get free

His hinder parts.

Line 463.

Indued

With sanctity of reason.

Line 507.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,

And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear

Seen in the galaxy, that milky way

Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest

Powdered with stars.

Line 577.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear

So charming left his voice, that he awhile

Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.

Book viii. Line 1.

There swift return

Diurnal, merely to officiate light

Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot.

Line 21.

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.

Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 43.

And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.

Line 47.

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,

Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

Line 83.

Her silent course advance

With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps

On her soft axle.

Line 163.

Be lowly wise.

Line 173.

To know

That which before us lies in daily life,

Is the prime wisdom.

Line 192.

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams.

Line 263.

And feel that I am happier than I know.

Line 282.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.

Line 488.

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,

That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

Line 502.

She what was honour knew,

And with obsequious majesty approved

My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower

I led her blushing like the morn: all heaven

And happy constellations on that hour

Shed their selectest influence; the earth

Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;

Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs

Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Line 508.

The sum of earthly bliss.

Line 522.

So well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 548.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine. *Line 561.*

Those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
 From all her words and actions. *Line 600.*

With a smile that glowed
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. *Line 618.*

My unpremeditated verse. *Book ix. Line 24.*

Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late. *Line 26.*

Unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing. *Line 44.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils. *Line 171.*

The work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint. *Line 208.*

Smiles from reason flow,
 To brute denied, and are of love the food. *Line 239.*

For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return. *Line 249.*

At shut of evening flowers. *Line 278.*

As one who long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air. *Line 445.*

So glozed the tempter. *Line 549.*

Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest. *Line 633.*

Left that command
Sole daughter of his voice.¹

Paradise Lost. Book ix. Line 652.

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. *Line 782.*

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt. *Line 853.*

A pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between. *Line 1106.*

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease. *Book x. Line 77.*

So scented the grim Feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far. *Line 279.*

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! *Line 775.*

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?
Book xi. Line 269.

Then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see. *Line 414.*

Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness. *Line 485.*

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked.
Line 491.

¹ Stern daughter of the voice of God. — Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty*.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap. *Paradise Lost. Book xi. Line 535.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
 Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.¹
Line 553.

A bevy of fair women. *Line 582.*

The brazen throat of war. *Line 713.*

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

Book xii. Line 645.

Beauty stands

In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive. *Paradise Regained. Book ii. Line 220.*

Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked.
Line 228.

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.
Book iii. Line 56.

Elephants endorsed with towers. *Line 329.*

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle. *Book iv. Line 70.*

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed. *Line 76.*

The childhood shows the man,

• As morning shows the day.² *Line 220.*

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence. *Line 240.*

¹ Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes. — Martial, *Lib. x. 47. 13.*

² The child is father of the man.

Wordsworth, *My Heart Leaps Up.*

The olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.

Paradise Regained. Book iv. Line 244.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wièlded at will that fierce democratie,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
 To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne. *Line 267.*

Socrates

Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men. *Line 274.*

Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself. *Line 327.*

As children gathering pebbles on the shore. *Line 330.*

Till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray. *Line 426.*

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day! *Samson Agonistes. Line 80.*

The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Line 86.*

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron. *Line 129.*

Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men;
 Unless there be who think not God at all. *Line 293.*

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
 And at another to let in the foe? *Line 560.*

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,

That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,

Comes this way sailing

Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for the isles

Of Javan or Gadire,

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails filled, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,

An amber scent of odorous perfume

Her harbinger.

Samson Agonistes. Line 710.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,

After offence returning, to regain

Love once possessed.

Line 1003.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Line 1350.

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

Line 1538.

And as an evening dragon came,

Assailant on the perched roosts

And nests in order ranged

Of tame villatic fowl.

Line 1692.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail

Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,

Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,

And what may quiet us in a death so noble. *Line 1721.*

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,

Which men call Earth.

Comus. Line 5.

That golden key

That opes the palace of eternity.

Line 13.

The nodding horror of whose shady brows.

Line 38.

From out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine.

Comus. Line 46.

These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof. *Line 83.*

The star that bids the shepherd fold. *Line 93.*

Midnight shout and revelry
Tipsy dance and jollity. *Line 103.*

Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabined loop-hole peep. *Line 138.*

When the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. *Line 188.*

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. *Line 205.*

O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings ! *Line 213.*

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ? *Line 221.*

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ? *Line 244.*

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled ! *Line 249.*

Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium. *Line 256.*

Such sober certainty of waking bliss. *Comus. Line 263.*

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. *Line 298.*

It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them. *Line 303.*

With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light. *Line 340.*

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired. *Line 373.*

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun. *Line 381.*

The unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure. *Line 388.*

'T is chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel. *Line 420.*

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. *Line 432.*

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape.

Comus. Line 453.

How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose ;
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,¹
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Line 476.

And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale. *Line 496.*

Filled the air with barbarous dissonance. *Line 550.*

I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death. *Line 560.*

That power
 Which erring men call Chance. *Line 587.*

If this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. *Line 597.*

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil :
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon. *Line 631.*

¹ As sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute.
 Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. *Comus. Line 646.*

 This cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds. *Line 672.*

Budge doctors of the Stoic fur. *Line 707.*

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons. *Line 727.*

It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool. *Line 748.*

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn? *Line 752.*

 Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *Line 776.*

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
Line 790.

 His rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power. *Line 816.*

Sabrina fair,

 Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. *Line 859.*

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run. *Line 1012.*

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Line 1022.*

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Lycidas. Line 3.

He knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. *Line 10.*

Without the meed of some melodious tear. *Line 14.*

Under the opening eyelids of the morn. *Line 26.*

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone and never must return! *Line 37.*

The gadding vine. *Line 40.*

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. *Line 66.*

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. *Line 68.*

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise¹
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. *Line 70.*

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. *Line 78.*

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.
Line 100.

The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain). *Line 109.*

¹ *Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur. — Tacitus, Histor., iv. 6.*

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Lycidas. Line 130.

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears. *Line 139.*

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. *Line 168.*

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new. *Line 193.*

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles.
L' Allegro. Line 25.

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Line 31.*

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty. *Line 36.*

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. *Line 67.*

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. *L' Allegro. Line 75.*

Herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses. *Line 85.*

To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequered shade. *Line 95.*

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. *Line 100.*

Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men. *Line 117.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize. *Line 121.*

Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Line 129.*

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,¹
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out. *Line 135.*

Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony. *Line 143.*

The gay notes that people the sunbeams.
Il Penseroso. Line 8.

¹ Wisdom married to immortal verse.

Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, Book vii.

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Il Penseroso. Line 39.*

Forget thyself to marble. *Line 42.*

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet. *Line 45.*

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. *Line 49.*

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy ! *Line 61.*

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud. *Line 67.*

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Line 79.*

Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line 82.*

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line 97.*

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line 105.*

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line 109.*

Where more is meant than meets the ear. *Line 120.*

Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

Il Penseroso. Line 129.

Hide me from day's garish eye.

Line 141.

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

Line 159.

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

Line 173.

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

Arcades. Line 68.

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

Line 88.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around.

Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53.

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold.

Line 135.

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

Line 172.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Line 173.

From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent.

Line 184.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim.

Line 197.

What needs my Shakespeare, for his honoured bones,
 The labour of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.

Epitaph on Shakespeare. Line 1.

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. *Line 15.*

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.

Sonnet to the Nightingale.

As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-three.

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground. *When the Assault was intended to the City.*

That old man eloquent.

To the Lady Margaret Ley.

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

On the Detraction which followed upon my writing Certain Treatises.

License they mean when they cry liberty. *On the Same.*

Peace hath her victories

No less renowned than war. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.

On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

Thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait. *On his Blindness.*

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste? *To Mr. Lawrence.*

In mirth, that after no repenting draws. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner.

Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward.

Ibid.

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

Ibid.

But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

On his Deceased Wife.

— O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly.

Ode on the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.

Have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern god of sea.

Translation of Horace. Book i. Ode 5.

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not
 bettered by the borrower, among good authors is
 accounted Plagiare.

Iconoclastes, xxiii.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward
 touch as the sunbeam.¹

Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies,
 with his garland and singing robes about him.

The Reason of Church Government. Int. Book ii.

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my
 portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity

¹ See Bacon. Page 140.

of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

The Reason of Church Government. Int. Book ii.

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. *Ibid.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.

Apology for Smectymnus.

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command. *Ibid.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.

Tractate of Education.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. *Ibid.*

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. *Ibid.*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. *Ibid.*

Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument. *Ibid.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

Areopagitica.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

Areopagitica.

Seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books.

Ibid.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

Ibid.

Who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers?

Ibid.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.

Ibid.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?

Ibid.

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law.

Tetrachordon.

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth or idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at a far distance, true colours and shapes.

History of England. Book i.

THOMAS FULLER. 1608-1661.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.¹ *Holy and Profane State. Life of Monica.*

But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory. *Good Sea-Captain.*

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room. *Of Natural Fools.*

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. *Of Tombs.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. *Of Books.*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter. *Of Marriage.*

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. *Court Lady.*

The lion is not so fierce as painted.² *Of Preferment.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion. *True Church Antiquary.*

Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.³ *Andronicus, Sect. vi. Par. 18. 1.*

¹ Compare Waller. Page 175.

² Compare Herbert. Page 162.

³ Compare Bacon, *Apothegm No. 17.* Page 139.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it. *Life of Duke of Alva.*



JOHN BUNYAN. 1628–1688.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.
Pilgrim's Progress. Apology for his Book.

Some said, 'John, print it,' others said, 'Not so,'
Some said, 'It might do good,' others said, 'No.' *Ibid.*

The name of the slough was Despond. *Part i.*

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the
town where 't is kept is lighter than vanity. *Ibid.*

The house Beautiful. *Ibid.*

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.

He that is down needs fear no fall.¹ *Ibid. Part ii.*



RICHARD BAXTER. 1615–1691.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
Love breathing Thanks and Praise.

¹ Compare Butler, *Hudibras*. Page 217.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612-1650.

He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch
 To gain or lose it all. *My Dear and only Love.*¹
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword.² *Ibid.*



HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621-1695.

I see them walking in an air of glory
 Whose light doth trample on my days;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays. *They are all gone.*
 Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just!
 Shining nowhere but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark! *Ibid.*
 And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep. *Ibid.*

¹ Napier's *Memoir of Montrose*, Vol. i. App. xxxiv.

That puts it not unto the touch

To win or lose it all.

Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, Vol. ii. p. 566.

² The more popular reading is given by Scott, *Legend of Montrose*, Ch. xv.:—

I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.

SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600-1680.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 11.

We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it. *Line 45.*

Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle. *Line 51.*

He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and southwest side. *Line 67.*

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope. *Line 81.*

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools. *Line 89.*

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale. *Line 121.*

And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike, by Algebra. *Line 125.*

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.¹ *Line 131.*

Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly. *Line 145.*

He knew what 's what, and that 's as high²
As metaphysic wit can fly. *Line 149.*

¹ Compare Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*. Page 27.

² See *Appendix*, p. 639.

Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.¹

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 161.

'T was Presbyterian true blue. *Line 191.*

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Line 199.*

As if religion was intended
For nothing else but to be mended. *Line 205.*

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to. *Line 215.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Line 359.*

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses. *Line 463.*

And force them, though it was in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write. *Line 647.*

Quoth Hudibras, 'I smell a rat;²
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.' *Line 821.*

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.³ *Line 852.*

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. *Canto ii. Line 831.*

Like feather bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon ball. *Line 872.*

¹ Compare Fuller, *Andronicus*. Page 212.

² See *Appendix*, p. 648.

³ And so his Highness schal have thereof, but as had the man
that scheryd his Hogge, moche Crye and no Wull.—Fortescue,
(1395–1485), *Treatise on Absolute and Limited Monarchy*, Ch. x.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!¹

Hudibras. Part i. Canto iii. Line 1.

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome. *Line 263.*

He had got a hurt
O' the inside, of a deadlier sort. *Line 309.*

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinquate an end. *Line 589.*

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' the enemy.² *Line 609.*

I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.³ *Line 877.*

Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers. *Line 1011.*

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. *Line 1047.*

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts. *Line 1145.*

Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last. *Line 1367.*

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after;

¹ Compare Spenser, *Faerie Queene*. Page 11.

² Compare Goldsmith. Page 345.

³ Compare Bunyan. Page 213.

But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think 's sufficient at one time.

Hudibras. Part ii. Canto i. Line 23.

Some have been beaten till they know
 What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow ;
 Some kicked until they can feel whether
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. *Line 221.*

No Indian prince has to his palace
 More followers than a thief to the gallows. *Line 273.*

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning stagers
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers. *Line 297.*

Love in your hearts as idly burns
 As fire in antique Roman urns.¹ *Line 309.*

For what is worth in anything,
 But so much money as 't will bring? *Line 465.*

Love is a boy by poets styled ;
 Then spare the rod and spoil the child.² *Line 843.*

The sun had long since in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
 And like a lobster boiled, the morn
 From black to red began to turn. *Canto ii. Line 29.*

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing. *Line 79.*

For truth is precious and divine,
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Line 257.*

¹ Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

Cowper, Conversation, Line 357.

² He that spareth his rod hateth his son. — *Proverbs xiii. 24.*

Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' the nation?

Hudibras. Part ii. Canto ii. Line 317.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?

Line 377.

As the ancients

Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,¹
And look before you ere you leap;¹
For as you sow, ye are like to reap.²

Line 501.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.

Canto iii. Line 1.

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no.

Line 261.

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through nailed by the ears. *Line 391.*

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're caught,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatched. *Line 923.*

There 's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.

Line 957.

As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour 's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. *Line 1066.*

As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't. *Part iii. Canto i. Line 481.*

¹ See *Appendix*, pp. 643, 644. Compare Tusser. Page 6.

² Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. — *Galatians* vi. 7.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

Hudibras. Part iii. Canto i. Line 687.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

Line 1277.

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffered to espouse.

Line 1293.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick.

Line 1313.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation.

Line 1495.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.¹

Canto ii. Line 175.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

Line 443.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.

Canto iii. Line 243.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

Line 547.

With books and money placed for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.

Line 624.

¹ True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun. — Barton Booth, *Song*.

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631-1701.

Above any Greek or Roman name.¹

Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. Line 76.

And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please.

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 27.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.²

A daring pilot in extremity ;

Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high

He sought the storms. *Line 156.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.³ *Line 163.*

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son. *Line 169.*

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state. *Line 174.*

And heaven had wanted one immortal song. *Line 197.*

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.⁴ *Line 198.*

¹ Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.

Pope, Epistle i. Book ii. Line 26.

² Compare Fuller, *Life of Duke of Alva.* Page 213.

³ What thin partitions sense from thought divide!

Pope, Essay on Man, Ep. 1, Line 226.

⁴ Greatnesse on Goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.

Knolles's History (under a portrait of Mustapha I.).

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!¹

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 238.

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.² *Line 268.*

Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark. *Line 301.*

Not only hating David, but the king. *Line 512.*

Who think too little, and who talk too much. *Line 534.*

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.³ *Line 545.*

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil. *Line 557.*

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.⁴ *Line 645.*

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. *Line 868.*

Beware the fury of a patient man.⁵ *Line 1005.*

¹ Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. — *Joel ii. 28.*

² Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. 661.

³ Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.

Juvenal, *Sat. iii. Line 76.*

⁴ A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.

Hare, *Guesses at Truth.*

⁵ Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia. — Publius Syrus.

Made still a blundering kind of melody ;
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.

Absalom and Achitophel. Part ii. Line 413.

For every inch that is not fool is rogue. *Line 463.*

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste ;
And long inveterate foes saluted as they passed.

Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.¹

The Hind and Panther. Line 33.

And kind as kings upon their coronation day. *Line 271.*

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways. *Line 208.*

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.

Epistle to Congreve. Line 19.

Be kind to my remains ; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend ! *Line 72.*

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his work for man to mend.

Epistle to John Dryden, of Chesterton. Line 92.

Wit will shine

Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham. Line 15.

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

Eleonora. Line 315.

¹ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep. ii. Line 217.*

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. Line 15.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?

Line 56.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.¹

Line 70.

He was exhaled; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.²

On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.³

Under Mr. Milton's Picture.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. Line 11.

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Alexander's Feast. Line 15.

With ravished ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

Line 37.

¹ Of manners gentle, of affections mild;

In wit a man, simplicity a child. — Pope, *Epitaph on Gay*.

² Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

Young, Night Thoughts, v. Line 600.

³ Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi, Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.

Alexander's Feast. Line 54.

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Line 58.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew
the slain.

Line 66.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

Line 77.

For pity melts the mind to love.

Line 96.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;

Honour, but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying.

If all the world be worth the winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying :

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

Take the good the gods provide thee.

Line 97.

Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

Line 120.

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Line 154.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

Line 160.

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Alexander's Feast. Line 169.*

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
The Secular Masque. Line 40.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.¹
Palamon and Arcite. Book ii. Line 758.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
The Cock and the Fox. Line 452.

And that one hunting, which the Devil designed
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.
Theodore and Honoria.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 1.

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.
Line 41.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. *Line 84.*

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Line 107.*

Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life. *Line 133.*

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.² *Line 367.*

¹ This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon*, Act i. Sc. 2. See Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Perjuria ridet amantum

Jupiter. — Tibullus, *Lib. iii. El. 6, Line 49.*

² And love the offender, yet detest the offence.

Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard, Line 192.*

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;
Mouths without hands ; maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence ;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.

Cymion and Iphigenia. Line 400.

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

Line 407.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.¹

The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own ;

He who, secure within, can say,

To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.²

Imitation of Horace. Book iii. Ode 29, Line 65.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power ;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Line 71.

I can enjoy her while she 's kind ;

But when she dances in the wind,

And shakes the wings, and will not stay,

I puff the prostitute away.

Line 81.

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

Line 87.

¹ Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Pope, Essay on Man, Ep. iv. Line 379.

Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère

Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

Boileau, L'Art Poétique, Chant 1^{er}.

² Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

Sydney Smith, Recipe for Salad.

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.

Virgil, Æneid. Line 1.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

Ovid, Metamorphoses. Book xv. Line 155.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear
Can draw you to her with a single hair.¹

Persius. Satire v. Line 246.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!

Juvenal. Satire x.

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.²

Mariage à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.

Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

All for Love. Prologue.

Men are but children of a larger growth. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.³

The Maiden Queen. Act i. Sc. 2.

¹ And from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair
Has led and turned me by a single hair.

Bland's Anthology, p. 20, ed. 1813.

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Pope, The Rape of the Lock, Canto ii. Line 27.

Those curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.

Carew, Think not 'cause men flattering say.

² Compare Sir John Davies. Page 145.

³ You have been often told and have heard that ignorance is the mother of devotion. — Jeremy Taylor, *Letter to a Person newly*

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be ;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The Tempest. Prologue.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

The Conquest of Granada. Part i. Act i. Sc. 1.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.¹

Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.

What precious drops are those,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew ?

Part ii. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped
And they have kept it since, by being dead. *Epilogue.*

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit ;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :
To-morrow 's falser than the former day,
Lies worse, and, while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;²
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

Aurengzebe. Act iv. Sc. 1.

converted. 1657. This is said to have been the utterance of Dr. Cole, at a convocation of Westminster.

¹ Quos læserunt et oderunt. — Seneca, *De Ira*, Lib. ii. c. 33.

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris. — Tacitus, *Agricola*, 42. 4.

The offender never pardons. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai. — *Italian Proverb*.

² There are not eight finer lines in Lucretius. — Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, Ch. xviii.

All delays are dangerous in war.
Tyrannic Love. Act 1. Sc. 1.

Pains of love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Whatever is, is in its causes just.¹ *Ædipus. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

His hair just grizzled,
 As in a green old age. *Ibid.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
 But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
 Even wondered at, because he dropped no sooner.
 Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
 Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
 Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
 Grows cold, even in the summer of her age. *Ibid.*

There is a pleasure sure
 In being mad which none but madmen know.²
The Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Lord of humankind.³ *Ibid.*

Bless the hand that gave the blow.⁴ *Ibid.*

Second thoughts, they say, are best.⁵ *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

He 's a sure card. *Ibid.*

As sure as a gun.⁶ *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

¹ Whatever is, is right. — Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. i. Line 289.

² There is a pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only poets know. — Cowper, *The Timepiece*, Line 285.

³ Lords of humankind. — Goldsmith, *The Traveller*, Line 327.

⁴ Adore the hand that gives the blow.

Pomfret, *Verses to his Friend*.

⁵ Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest.

Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 438.

⁶ As certain as a gun. — Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto iii. The first edition of Butler reads, 'sure as a gun.'

Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest.

The Spanish Friar. Act v. Sc. 2.

This is the porcelain clay of humankind.¹

Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1.

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.² *Ibid.*

A knock-down argument: 't is but a word and a blow.
Amphitryon. Act i. Sc. 1.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.³ *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The true Amphitryon.⁴ *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The spectacles of books. *Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*



EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1633–1684.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
Essay on Translated Verse. Line 87.

And choose an author as you choose a friend. *Line 96.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense. *Line 113.*

The multitude is always in the wrong. *Line 184.*

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end. *Translation of Dies Iræ.*

¹ The precious porcelain of human clay.

Byron, Don Juan, Canto iv. St. 11.

² Give ample room and verge enough. — Gray, *The Bard*, ii. 1.

³ Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.

Blair, The Grave, Line 58.

⁴ Le véritable Amphitryon

Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne.

Molière, Amphitryon, Acte iii. Sc. 5.

ANDREW MARVELL. 1620-1678.

Orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night. *Bermudas.*

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time. *Ibid.*

In busy companies of men. *The Garden.* (Translated.)

Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.
The Loyal Scot.

The inglorious arts of peace.
Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. *Ibid.*

To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
The Character of Holland.

JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630-1694.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he
might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit
of men.¹ *Sermon 93. 1712.*

¹ Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer. — Voltaire (1694-1778), *À l'Auteur du Livre des trois Imposteurs*, Epit. cxi.

MATTHEW HENRY.¹ 1662-1714.

To their own second and sober thoughts.²

Commentaries. (London, 1710.) *Job* vi. 23.

He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel.

Psalm xxxvi.

Our creature comforts.

Psalm xxxvii.

None so deaf as those that will not hear.

Psalm lviii.

They that die by famine die by inches.

Psalm lix.

To fish in troubled waters.

Psalm lx.

Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and therefore called the staff of life.³

Psalm civ.

None so blind as those that will not see.

Jeremiah xx.

Not lost, but gone before.⁴

Matthew ii.



SIR JOHN POWELL. — — — 1713.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.⁵

Coggs vs. Bernard, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 911.

¹ Matthew Henry says of his father, Rev. Philip Henry (1631-1691), "He would say sometimes, when he was in the midst of the comforts of this life, 'All this and heaven too!'" — *Life of Rev. Philip Henry*, p. 70. London, 1830.

² I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober second thought of the people shall be law. — Fisher Ames, *Speech on Biennial Elections*, 1788.

³ Bread is the staff of life. — Swift, *Tale of a Tub*.

Corne which is the staffe of life. — *Winslow's Good Neues from New England*, p. 47. London, 1624.

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread. — *Isaiah* iii. 1.

⁴ Literally from Seneca, *Ep.* 63. 16. See Rogers. Page 400.

⁵ Compare Coke. Page 9.

STEPHEN HARVEY. *Circa* 1627.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

*Juvenal. Satire ix.*¹

WILLIAM WALKER. 1623-1684.

Learn to read slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.² *The Art of Reading.*

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 1628-1699.

Books like proverbs receive their chief value from
the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have
passed.

Ancient and Modern Learning.

DR. WALTER POPE. 1630-1714.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.

The Old Man's Wish.

¹ From Anderson's *British Poets*, Vol. xii. p. 697.

² Take time enough; all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.

Byrom, Advice to Preach Slow.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647–1680.

Angels listen when she speaks :

She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Song.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on ;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

And ever since the Conquest have been fools.

Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.

An Allusion to Satire x. Horace, Book 1.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor. *On the King.*

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.

Attributed to Rochester.

THOMAS KEN. 1637–1711.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Morning and Evening Hymn.

RICHARD RUMBOLD. ———1685.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

When on the Scaffold (1685). Macaulay, *Hist. of England*.



ROGER L'ESTRANGE. 1616–1704.

Though this may be play to you,

'T is death to us. *Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.*



SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM-
SHIRE. 1649–1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

Essay on Poetry.

There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.¹ *Ibid.*

Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need. *Ibid.*

¹ Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
Pope, *Essay on Criticism, Part ii. Line 53.*

THOMAS OTWAY. 1651-1685.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
 To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
 There 's in you all that we believe of heaven;
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
 Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.¹

Act v. Sc. 1.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
 Who was 't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!
 Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
 Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

The Orphan. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let us embrace, and from this very moment vow an
 eternal misery together.²

Act iv. Sc. 2.



SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639-1701.

When change itself can give no more,

'T is easy to be true.

Reasons for Constancy.

- 1 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

Gray, The Bard, Part i. St. 3.

See Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*. Page 85.

- 2 Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Frere, The Rovers, Act i. Sc. 1.

NATHANIEL LEE. 1655-1692.

Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk!¹

Alexander the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him. *Ibid.*

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.² *Ibid.*

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.

Theodosius. Act iii. Sc. 2.

 JOHN NORRIS. 1657-1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,³
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long. *The Parting.*

¹ Compare Beaumont and Fletcher. Page 152.

² 'leads the way,' in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them

See the conquering hero comes,

Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,

which was first used by Handel in *Joshua*, afterwards transferred to *Judas Maccabæus*. The text of both oratorios was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman.

³ Like those of angels, short and far between.

Blair, *The Grave*, Line 588.

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, Part ii. Line 378.

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

1653–1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.



ISAAC NEWTON. 1642–1727.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.¹

Brewster's Memoirs of Newton. Vol. ii. Ch. 27.



DANIEL DEFOE. 1663–1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;²
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

The True-Born Englishman. Part i. Line 1.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

Ibid. ad fin.'

¹ Compare Milton. Page 197.

² See *Appendix*, p. 650.

JOHN DENNIS. 1657-1734.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.¹

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.²



TOM BROWN. 1663-1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.³

¹ *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. li. p. 324.

² Our author, for the advantage of this play (*Appius and Virginia*), had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy, however, was coldly received, notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis, being in the pit at the representation of *Macbeth*, heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder." — *Biog. Britannica*, Vol. v. p. 103.

³ A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and published after his death.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te. — *Martial, Ep. i. 33.*
Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement une chose;
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Bussy, *Comte de Rabutin*, Book i. *Epistle 33.*

MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664-1721.

All jargon of the schools.¹ *I am that I am. An Ode.*

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim

At objects in an airy height;

The little pleasure of the game

Is from afar to view the flight.²

To the Hon. Charles Montague.

From ignorance our comfort flows.

The only wretched are the wise.³ *Ibid.*

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

A Better Answer.

Be to her virtues very kind;

Be to her faults a little blind.

An English Padlock.

That, if weak women went astray,

Their stars were more in fault than they. *Hans Carvel.*

The end must justify the means.

Ibid.

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive

Till all the whores were burnt alive. *Paulo Purganti.*

They never taste who always drink;

They always talk who never think.

Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.

That air and harmony of shape express,

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.⁴ *Henry and Emma.*

¹ Noisy jargon of the schools. — Pomfret, *Reason*.

The sounding jargon of the schools. — Cowper, *Truth*, Line 367.

² But all the pleasure of the game

Is afar off to view the flight. — *Variations in a copy dated 1692.*

³ Where ignorance is bliss,

'T is folly to be wise. — Gray, *Eton College*, St. 10.

⁴ Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

Pope, *Moral Essays*, *Epistle ii. Line 43.*

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.¹

The Thief and the Cordelier.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:

Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?²

Epitaph. Extempore.

His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach. *Alma. Canto ii. Line 7.*

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em. *Canto iii. Line 13.*

Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came.
Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. Line 364.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.³
Book iii. Line 102.

¹ As men that be lothe to departe do often take their leff. John Clerk to Wolsey. — Ellis's *Letters, Third Series, Vol. i. p. 262.*

A loth to depart was the common term for a song, or a tune played, on taking leave of friends. See Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, (about 1689); Chapman's *Widow's Tears*; Middleton's *The Old Law*, Act iv. Sc. 1; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

² The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior:—

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer.
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing give him leve.

³ This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius, *Lib. v. § 18.* Ἐρωτηθεὶς τί ἐστὶν ἐλπίς; Ἐγγηγορότος, εἶπεν, ἐνύπνιον.

Menage, in his *Observations upon Laertius*, says that Stobæus (*Serm. cix.*) ascribes it to Pindar, whilst Ælian (*Var. Hist. xiii. 29*)

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book iii. Line 240.

JOHN POMFRET. 1667–1703.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.²

Verses to his Friend under Affliction.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes. *Ibid.*

RICHARD BENTLEY. 1662–1742.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written
out of reputation but by himself.

Monk's Life of Bentley. Page 90.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1660–1746.

Pity 's akin to love.³ *Oroonoka. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

refers it to Plato: "Ελεγεγ ὁ Πλάτων, τὰς ἐλπίδας ἐγρηγορότων
ἀνθρώπων ὀνείρους εἶναι.

Et spes inanes, et velut somnia quandam, vigilantium.

Quintilian, vi. 2.

² Compare Dryden, *The Spanish Friar. Page 230.*

³ Compare Beaumont and Fletcher. Page 153.

HENRY CAREY. 1663-1743.

God save our gracious king,

Long live our noble king,

God save the king.

God save the King.

Aldeborontiphoscophornio !

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos ?

Chrononhotonthologos. Act i. Sc. 1.

His cogitative faculties immersed

In cogibundity of cogitation.

Ibid.

Let the singing singers

With vocal voices, most vociferous,

In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize

Even sound itself.

Ibid.

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,

Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,

And let the man who calleth be the caller ;

And in his calling let him nothing call,

But Coach ! Coach ! Coach ! O for a coach, ye gods !

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Genteel in personage,

Conduct, and equipage ;

Noble by heritage,

Generous and free.

The Contrivances. Act i. Sc. 2.

What a monstrous tail our cat has got !

The Dragon of Wantley. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Of all the girls that are so smart,

There 's none like pretty Sally.¹

Sally in our Alley.

¹ Of all the girls that e'er was seen,

There 's none so fine as Nelly.

Swift, Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.

Of all the days that 's in the week
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that 's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday. *Sally in our Alley.*



JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667–1745.

I've often wished that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end.
Imitation of Horace. Book ii. Sat. 6.

So geographers, in Afric maps,¹
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns. *Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

Where Young must torture his invention
 To flatter knaves, or lose his pension. *Ibid.*

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature. *Ibid.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea
 Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*. *Ibid.*

Libertas et natale solum;
 Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach.

¹ As geographers crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs.—Plutarch, *Theseus*.

A college joke to cure the dumps. *Cassinus and Peter.*

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit. *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

Gulliver's Travels. Part ii. Ch. 7. Voyage to Brobdingnag.

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

Part iii. Ch. 5. Voyage to Laputa.

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.¹

Tale of a Tub. (Preface.)

Bread is the staff of life.² *Ibid.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

¹ In Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship, to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the *Ship of Fools*. — Sir James Mackintosh, *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More*.

² See Matthew Henry. Page 233.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.
Thoughts on Various Subjects.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. *Ibid.*

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.
Battle of the Books.

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.
Letter to Bolingbroke, March 21, 1729.

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.
*Scott's Life of Swift.*¹



COLLEY CIBBER. 1671-1757.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III. (altered). Act ii. Sc. 1.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.² *Ibid.*

I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes.
Now though thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.
Act iv. Sc. 3.

¹ When the poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa* was the general topic of conversation, some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered, that "she thought that point not quite so clear, for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." — *Johnson's Life of Swift.*

² Compare Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*, Ch. v. Page 177.

Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!

Richard III. (altered). Act iv. Sc. 3.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay

Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

With clink of hammers closing rivets up.¹

Ibid.

Perish that thought! No, never be it said

That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.

Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;

Conscience, avaunt, Richard's himself again!

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,

My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray. *Ibid.*

A weak invention of the enemy.²

Ibid.

As good be out of the world as out of the fashion.

Love's Last Shift. Act ii.

We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of
a disappointed woman, — scorned! slighted! dismissed
without a parting pang.³

Act iv.

This business will never hold water.

She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not. Act iv.

Losers must have leave to speak. *The Rival Fools. Act i.*

Stolen sweets are best.

Ibid.

Possession is eleven points in the law.

Woman's Wit. Act i.

Words are but empty thanks.

Act v.

¹ With busy hammers closing rivets up. — Shakespeare, *Henry V.*,
Act iv. Prologue.

² A thing devised by the enemy. — Shakespeare, *Richard III.*,
Act v. Sc. 3.

³ Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672-1719.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, the important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato, and of Rome. *Cato. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Thy steady temper, Portius,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Ibid.*

'T is not in mortals to command success,
 But we 'll do more, Sempronius ; we 'll deserve it.
Act i. Sc. 2.
 Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

'T is pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul ;
 I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Ibid.*

Were you with these, my prince, you 'd soon forget
 The pale, unripened beauties of the north. *Ibid.*

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex. *Ibid.*

My voice is still for war.
 Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ?
Act ii. Sc. 1.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Ibid.*

The woman that deliberates is lost. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Curse all his virtues ! they 've undone his country.
Act iv. Sc. 4.

What a pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country!
Cato. Act iv. Sc. 4.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station. *Ibid.*

It must be so, — Plato, thou reasonest well! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,¹
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. *Ibid.*

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

¹ Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance, and flourishing in an immortal youth. — Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), *Duty of Thanksgiving, Works, Vol. i. p. 66.*

For whereso'er I turn my ravished eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground.¹

A Letter from Italy.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
 Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,
 And make the hero and the man complete.

The Campaign. Line 219.

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.² *Line 291.*

And those that paint them truest praise them most.³
Line ult.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim. *Ode.*

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole. *Ibid.*

For ever singing, as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine. *Ibid.*

¹ Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

² This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the *Dunciad*, Book iii. *Line 264.*

³ He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, *Line ult.*

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee.¹

Spectator. No. 68.

Much may be said on both sides.²

No. 122.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye.

No. 444.

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671–1729.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than
 command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose
 behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.³

Tatler. No. 49.

Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the
 outrageously virtuous.

Spectator. No. 266.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE. 1667–1723.

The real Simon Pure.

A Bold Stroke for a Wife. Act v. Sc. 1.

¹ A translation of Martial, xii. 47, who imitated Ovid, *Amor.* iii. 11. 39.

² See Fielding, *The Covent Garden Tragedy.* Page 308.

³ Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1676–1745.

The balance of power.

Speech, 1741.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, All those men have their price.¹

Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Vol. iv. p. 369.

Anything but history, for history must be false.

Walpoliana. No. 141.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.²

AMBROSE PHILIPS. 1671–1749.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.

From Holland to a Friend in England.

SIR SAMUEL TUKE. — — — 1673.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

Adventures of Five Hours. Act v. Sc. 3.

¹ The political axiom, "All men have their price," is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

² Hazlitt, in his *Wit and Humour*, says, "This is Walpole's phrase."

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefit. — Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 298.

ISAAC WATTS. 1674-1748.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me? *Divine Songs. Song iv.*

A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice. *Song xii.*

And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.¹ *Song xv.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 't is their nature too. *Song xvi.*

But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes. *Ibid.*

Birds in their little nests agree;
 And 't is a shameful sight
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight. *Song xvii.*

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower! *Song xx.*

✓ For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

¹ Compare Herbert, *The Church Porch*. Page 160.

In books, or work, or healthful play.

Divine Songs. Song xx.

I have been there, and still would go ;

'T is like a little heaven below.

Song xxviii.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber !

Holy angels guard thy bed !

Heavenly blessings without number

Gently falling on thy head.

A Cradle Hymn.

'T is the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,

' You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'

The Sluggard.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear

My voice ascending high.

Psalm v.

From all who dwell below the skies,

Let the Creator's praise arise ;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung

Through every land, by every tongue.

Psalm cxvii.

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,

Over the hills where spices grow.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 79.

And while the lamp holds out to burn,

The vilest sinner may return.

Hymn 88.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings

Should keep in tune so long !

Book ii. Hymn 19.

Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound.

Hymn 63.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head

Must lie as low as ours.

Ibid.

When I can read my title clear

To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear,

And wipe my weeping eyes.

Hymn 65.

There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book ii. Hymn 66.

So, when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns;
 And 't is a poor relief we gain
 To change the place, but keep the pain.

Hymn 146.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measured by my soul:
 The mind 's the standard of the man.¹

Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. False Greatness.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Doxology.



SAMUEL GARTH. 1670–1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.

The Dispensary.² Canto iii. Line 225.

¹ I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.—Seneca, *On a Happy Life*, Ch. 1. (L'Estrange's Abstract.)

² Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
 Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Christopher Codrington, *On Garth's Dispensary*.

WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670-1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

The Mourning Bride. Act i. Sc. 1.

By magic numbers and persuasive sound. *Ibid.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.¹ Act iii. Sc. 8.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds. Act v. Sc. 12.

If there 's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart which others bleed for bleed for me.
The Way of the World. Act iii. Sc. 12.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee,
thou liar of the first magnitude.

Love for Love. Act ii. Sc. 5.

I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a
cellar. Act ii. Sc. 7.

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.
The Old Bachelor. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.² Act v. Sc. 1.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.³
Letter to Cobham.

¹ Compare Cibber, *Love's Last Shift*, Act iv. Page 248.

² Compare Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*. Page 47.

³ Be wise to-day, 't is madness to defer.—Young, *Night Thoughts*, i. Line 390. See also Martial, *Book v. Ep.* 59.

NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673–1718.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.¹

The Fair Penitent. Prologue.

At length the morn, and cold indifference came.²

Act i. Sc. 1.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love? *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario? *Act v. Sc. 1.*



THOMAS PARNELL. 1679–1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you. *When thy Beauty appears.*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
The Hermit. Line 5.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.
Translation of the Pervigilium Veneris.³

¹ None think the great unhappy, but the great.

Young, *The Love of Fame, Satire i. Line 238.*

² But with the morning cool reflection came. — Scott, *Chronicles of the Canongate*, Ch. iv., also quoted in the notes to the *Monastery*, Ch. iii. n. 11, and with 'calm' substituted for 'cool' in the *Anti-quary*, Ch. v., and 'repentance' for 'reflection' in *Rob Roy*, Ch. xii.

³ Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus: —

Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
Quique amavit, cras amet.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLING-
BROKE. 1678–1751.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.¹

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.

GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678–1707.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

The Recruiting Officer. Act i. Sc. 1.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

The Beaux Stratagem. Act iii. Sc. 1.

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.²

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Necessity, the mother of invention.³

The Twin Rivals. Act i.

¹ Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.* xi. 2 (p. 398, *R.*), says: Παιδεία ἔρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἐντευξίς τῶν ἡθῶν· τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης εἰκε λέγειν, περὶ ἱστορίας λέγων· ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων, quoting Thucydides, I. 22.

² Compare Barrington, *New South Wales*. Page 391.

³ Art imitates nature, and necessity is the mother of invention.—Richard Franck, *Northern Memoirs* (written in 1658, printed in 1694). See *Appendix*, p. 645.

Magister artis ingenique largitor

Venter. — Persius, *Prolog.*, Line 10.

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684–1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;¹

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

Our youth we can have but to-day,

We may always find time to grow old.

*Can Love be controlled by Advice?*²

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.³

Siris. Par. 217.



JANE BRERETON. 1685–1740.

The picture, placed the busts between,

Adds to the thought much strength ;

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly 's at full length.

*On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.*⁴

¹ Westward the star of empire takes its way.

Epigraph to Bancroft's *History of the United States*.

² From Aikin's *Vocal Poetry*, London, 1810.

³ Cups

That cheer but not inebriate. — Cowper, *The Task*, Book iv.

⁴ From Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*. This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield. See Campbell's *Specimens*, note, p. 521.

AARON HILL. 1685-1750.

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on 't;
 If she will do 't, she will; and there 's an end on 't.
 But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
 Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.¹ *Zara. Epilogue.*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

Verses written on a Window in Scotland.

'T is the same with common natures:
 Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
 But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
 And the rogues obey you well.

Ibid.



ALLAN RAMSAY. 1686-1758.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony days been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We 'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

Lochaber no More.

¹ The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury:—

Where is the man who has the power and skill
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
 And if she won't, she won't; so there 's an end on 't.

Examiner, May 31, 1829.

EDWARD YOUNG. 1684-1765.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

Night Thoughts. Night i. Line 1.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. *Line 18.*

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the general pulse

Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;

An awful pause! prophetic of her end. *Line 23.*

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,

But from its loss. *Line 55.*

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour. *Line 67.*

To waft a feather or to drown a fly. *Line 154.*

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

Line 212.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.¹ *Line 390.*

Procrastination is the thief of time. *Line 393.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;

Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan. *Line 417.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves. *Line 424.*

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

Night ii. Line 24.

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Line 51.

¹ Compare Congreve, *Letter to Cobham*. Page 257.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed :

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

Night Thoughts. Night ii. Line 90.

'I've lost a day !' — the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.¹ *Line 99.*

Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man. *Line 112.*

The spirit walks of every day deceased. *Line 180.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens. *Line 292.*

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile. *Line 334.*

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven. *Line 376.*

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun. *Line 466.*

How blessings brighten as they take their flight !
Line 602.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. *Line 633.*

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart. *Line 641.*

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.²
Night iii. Line 63.

¹ Suetonius says of the Emperor Titus, "Once at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying, 'My friends, I have lost a day.'" — Suetonius, *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*. Translation by Alexander Thomson.

² Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*. Page 118. Also Herrick, *Sorrows Succeed*. Page 165.

Beautiful as sweet!

And young as beautiful! and soft as young!

And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!

Night Thoughts. Night iii. Line 81.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;

And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;

Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love. *Line 104.*

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself

That hideous sight, a naked human heart. *Line 226.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,

The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.

Night iv. Line 10.

Man makes a death which nature never made. *Line 15.*

And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one. *Line 17.*

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. *Line 71.*

Man wants but little, nor that little long.¹ *Line 118.*

A God all mercy is a God unjust. *Line 233.*

'T is impious in a good man to be sad. *Line 676.*

A Christian is the highest style of man. *Line 738.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Line 843.*

By night an atheist half believes a God. *Night v. Line 177.*

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,

She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.² *Line 600.*

We see time's furrows on another's brow,

And death intrenched, preparing his assault;

How few themselves in that just mirror see! *Line 627.*

¹ Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long. — Goldsmith, *The Hermit*, St. 8.

² Compare Dryden, *On the Death of a very Young Gentleman*.
Page 224.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.¹

Night Thoughts. Night v. Line 661.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.² *Line 717.*

That life is long which answers life's great end. *Line 773.*

The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Line 775.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.³ *Line 1011.*

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;

Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Night vi. Line 309.

And all may do what has by man been done. *Line 606.*

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

Night vii. Line 496.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

Night viii. Line 215.

Prayer ardent opens heaven.

Line 721.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

Line 793.

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain. *Line 1045.*

Final Ruin fiercely drives

Her ploughshare o'er creation.⁴

Night ix. Line 167.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand:

Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

Line 644.

¹ Compare Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*. Page 222.

² Compare Bishop Hall, *Epistles*, Dec. iii. Ep. ii. Page 146.

³ Compare Quarles, *Divine Poems*. Page 159.

⁴ Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate

Full on thy bloom. — Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy*.

An undevout astronomer is mad.

Night Thoughts. Night ix. Line 771.

The course of nature is the art of God.¹ *Line 1267.*

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.

Love of Fame. Satire i. Line 51.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote. *Line 89.*

Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title lies. *Line 145.*

None think the great unhappy but the great.² *Line 238.*

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Satire ii. Line 83.

The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.
Line 165.

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.³ *Line 207.*

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed. *Line 282.*

And waste their music on the savage race.⁴
Satire v. Line 228.

¹ Compare Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.* Page 177.

² Compare Rowe, *The Fair Penitent.* Page 258.

³ Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men, whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it. — Robert South, *Sermon*, April 30, 1676.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it. — Lloyd's *State Worthies* (1665), ed. Whitworth, Vol. i. p. 503.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. — Goldsmith, *The Bee*, No. iii., Oct. 20, 1759.

Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées. — Voltaire, *Dialogue xiv., Le Chapon et la Poularde*, 1763.

⁴ And waste its sweetness on the desert air. — Gray, *Elegy*, St. 14.

For her own breakfast she 'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

Love of Fame. Satire vi. Line 190.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. *Line 208.*

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
Satire vii. Line 55.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.¹ *Line 97.*

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt.
Epistle to Mr. Pope. Line 277.

Accept a miracle instead of wit, —
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.
Lines Written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.²

Time elaborately thrown away. *The Last Day. Book i.*

There buds the promise of celestial worth. *Book iii.*

In records that defy the tooth of time.
The Statesman's Creed.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.
The Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear. *Ibid.*

And friend received with thumps upon the back.³
Universal Passion.

¹ See *Appendix*, p. 637.

² From Mitford's *Life of Young*. See Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 378.

³ Compare Cowper, *On Friendship*. Page 365.

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688-1744.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 1.

Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield. *Line 9.*

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.¹ *Line 13.*

What can we reason but from what we know? *Line 18.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.
Line 77.

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Line 83.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Line 87.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never is, but always to be blest.
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come. *Line 95.*

¹ Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*. Page 178.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 99.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. *Line 111.*

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods. *Line 123.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *Line 200.*

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.¹ *Line 217.*

Remembrance and reflection how allied !
What thin partitions sense from thought divide !²
Line 225.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul. *Line 267.*

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees. *Line 271.*

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all ! *Line 277.*

¹ Compare Sir John Davies. Page 145.

² Compare Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*. Page 221.

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit. Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 10, quotes this from Aristotle, who gives as one of his *Problemata* (xxx. 1), *Διὰ τί πάντες ὅσοι περιττοὶ γεγόνασιν ἄνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ πολιτικὴν ἢ ποίησιν ἢ τέχνας φαίνονται μελαγχολικοὶ ὄντες.*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good ;
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.¹

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 289.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
 The proper study of mankind is man.² *Epistle ii. Line 1.*

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
 Still by himself abused or disabused ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !³ *Line 13.*

Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. *Line 63.*

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale. *Line 107.*

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. *Line 131.*

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
 strength. *Line 135.*

¹ Compare Dryden, *Œdipus*. Page 230.

² La vraie science et le vrai étude de l'homme c'est l'homme. — Charron, *De la Sagesse*, Lib. i. Ch. 1.

³ Quelle chimère est-ce donc que l'homme ! quelle nouveauté, quel chaos, quel sujet de contradiction ! Juge de toutes choses, imbécile ver de terre, dépositaire du vrai, amas d'incertitude, gloire et rebut de l'univers. — Pascal, *Systèmes des Philosophes*, xxv.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;¹
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 217.

Ask where 's the North ? at York 't is on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

Line 222.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
 Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.

Line 231.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite ;
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. *Line 275.*

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Epistle iii. Line 177.

The enormous faith of many made for one. *Line 242.*

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administered is best :
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.² *Line 303.*

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity. *Line 307.*

¹ Compare Dryden, *The Hind and Panther*. Page 223.

² Compare Cowley, *On the Death of Crashaw*. Page 173.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 1.

Order is Heaven's first law. *Line 49.*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, — health, peace, and competence. *Line 79.*

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy. *Line 168.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Line 193.*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Line 203.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. *Line 215.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.¹ *Line 247.*

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. *Line 254.*

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
 Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,²
 See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!³ *Line 281.*

¹ Compare Fletcher, *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*. Page 150.

² Compare Cowley, *Georgics*, Book ii. Page 174.

³ May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
 And glorify what else is damned to fame.

Savage, Character of Foster.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
 'Virtue alone is happiness below.'

Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 309.

Never elated when one man's oppressed;
 Never dejected while another's blessed. *Line 323.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through nature up to nature's God.¹ *Line 331.*

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe.² *Line 379.*

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? *Line 385.*

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend. *Line 390.*

That virtue only makes our bliss below,
 And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. *Line 397.*

To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 11.

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
 You lose it in the moment you detect. *Line 20.*

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. *Line 40.*

'T is from high life high characters are drawn:
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *Line 135.*

'T is education forms the common mind:
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. *Line 149.*

¹ You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows nature and nature's God, — that is, he follows God in his works and in his word. — Bolingbroke, *Letter to Mr. Pope.*

² Compare Dryden, *The Art of Poetry.* Page 227.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.¹

Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 172.

‘Odious! in woollen! ’t would a saint provoke,’
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke. *Line 246.*

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death. *Line 262.*

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. *Epistle ii. Line 15.*

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Line 19.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.²

Line 43.

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.

Line 97.

Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir;
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. *Line 147.*

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever. *Line 163.*

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake. *Line 215.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. *Line 243.*

O, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day! *Line 257.*

¹ Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Matthias Borbonius, in the *Deliciæ Poetarum Germanorum*,
i. 685.

² Fine by degrees, and beautifully less. — Prior, *Henry and Emma*.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.

Moral Essays. Epistle ii. Line 261.

And mistress of herself, though china fall. *Line 268.*

Woman's at best a contradiction still. *Line 270.*

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

Epistle iii. Line 1.

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly. *Line 39.*

But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat. *Line 95.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still. *Line 153.*

Extremes in nature equal good produce;
Extremes in man concur to general use. *Line 161.*

Rise, honest muse! and sing The Man of Ross. *Line 250.*

Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.¹ *Line 282.*

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name. *Line 285.*

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung.
Line 299.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. *Line 339.*

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Epistle iv. Line 43.

¹ Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*. Page 187.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.¹

Moral Essays. Epistle iv. Line 149

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

Epistle to Mr. Addison. Line 67.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.²

Essay on Criticism. Part i. Line 9.

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Line 60.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. *Line 152.*

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. *Line 177.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools. *Part ii. Line 1.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.³ *Line 15.*

¹ In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here." — Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

² Compare Suckling, *Epilogue to Aglaura*. Page 163.

³ Compare Bacon, *Essay xvi., Atheism*. Page 138.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 32.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.¹

Line 53.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Line 97.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Line 109.*

Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile.

Line 126.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *Line 133.*

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. *Line 142.*

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.²

Line 150.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. *Line 162.*

¹ Compare Suckling, *Epilogue to The Goblins*. Page 163.
Sheffield, *Essay on Poetry*. Page 236.

² Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.
Virgil, *Georgics*, Lib. iii. 424.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 166.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve. *Line 191.*

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines! *Line 220.*

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true. *Line 266.*

To err is human, to forgive divine. *Line 325.*

All seems infected that the infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye. *Line 358.*

And make each day a critic on the last. *Part iii. Line 12.*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot. *Line 15.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head. *Line 53.*

Most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary. *Line 59.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.¹ *Line 66.*

Led by the light of the Mæonian star. *Line 89.*

¹ Wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Content if hence the unlearned their wants may view,
The learned reflect on what before they knew.¹

Essay on Criticism. Part iii. Line 180.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.

The Rape of the Lock. Canto i. Line 1.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. *Line 134.*

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Canto ii. Line 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all. *Line 17.*

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.² *Line 27.*

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Canto iii. Line 7.

At every word a reputation dies. *Line 16.*

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine. *Line 21.*

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
Line 117.

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! *Line 153.*

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Canto iv. Line 123.

¹ Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti. This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's *Abrégé Chronologique*, and in the preface to the third edition of this work Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

² Compare Dryden, *Persius, Satire v.* Page 228.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

The Rape of the Lock. Canto v. Line 34.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 1.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,

They rave, recite, and madden round the land. *Line 5.*

E'en Sunday shines no sabbath day to me.

Line 12.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a stanza when he should engross? *Line 15.*

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,

The world had wanted many an idle song. *Line 27.*

Obliged by hunger and request of friends.

Line 44.

Fired that the house rejects him, 'Sdeath! I'll print it,

And shame the fools.' *Line 61.*

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Line 84.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry — in vain!

The creature's at his dirty work again. *Line 91.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. *Line 127.*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there. *Line 169.*

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;

And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,

It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Line 186.*

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.¹

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;²
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Line 201.*

By flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause. *Line 207.*

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he? *Line 213.*

On wings of winds came flying all abroad.³ *Line 218.*

Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe. *Line 283.*

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? *Line 307.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Line 315.*

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Line 333.

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song.⁴ *Line 340.*

¹ Compare Denham. Page 171.

² When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.
P. Fletcher, *The Purple Island*, Canto vii.

³ See Sternhold. Page 7.

⁴ See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*. Page 10.

Me let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 408.

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Satire i. Book ii. Line 6.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.

Line 69.

But touch me, and no minister so sore;
 Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burden of some merry song.

Line 76.

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star. *Line 110.*

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Line 127.

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.¹

Satire ii. Book ii. Line 159.

Give me again my hollow tree,

A crust of bread, and liberty. *Satire vi. Book ii. Line 220.*

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. Line 136.

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

Dialogue ii. Line 73.

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.

Epistle i. Book i. Line 38.

¹ Compare Pope, *The Odyssey*, Book xv. Page 291.

He 's armed without that 's innocent within.

Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Epistle i. Book i. Line 94.

Get place and wealth ; if possible, with grace ;

If not, by any means get wealth and place.¹ *Line 103.*

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.² *Book ii. Line 26.*

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. *Line 108.*

One simile that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines. *Line 111.*

Who says in verse what others say in prose. *Line 202.*

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine. *Line 267.*

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,

The last and greatest art, the art to blot. *Line 280.*

Who pants for glory finds but short repose ;

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.³ *Line 300.*

There still remains, to mortify a wit,

The many-headed monster of the pit.⁴ *Line 304.*

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.⁵ *Line 413.*

¹ See Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*. Page 149.

² See Dryden, *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings*. Page 221.

³ A breath can make them as a breath has made.

Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, Line 54.

⁴ Compare Sidney. Page 16.

⁵ This line is from a poem entitled *To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court*. Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, Vol. iii. p. 118.

The following epigram is from *The Grove*, London, 1721 :—

When one good line did much my wonder raise,

In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise ;

And had, but that the modest author cries,

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

On a Certain Line of Mr. Br—, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.

Years following years steal something every day :
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Epistle ii. Book ii. Line 72.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. *Line 85.*

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke. *Line 168.*

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
They had no poet, and they died. *Odes. Book iv. Ode 9.*

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
God said, ' Let Newton be ! ' and all was light.
Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

Ye Gods ! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.
Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Ch. 11.

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver !
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair.
The Dunciad. Book i. Line 19.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise. *Line 52.*

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more. *Line 89.*

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *Line 93.*

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole. *Line 127.*

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Line 279.*

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

The Dunciad. Book ii. Line 34.

Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn.

Book iii. Line 109.

All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame.

Line 158.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous;¹ — answer him, ye owls.

Line 165.

And, proud his mistress' order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.² *Line 263.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.³

Book iv. Line 90.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong. *Line 188.*

Stuff the head

With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it. *Line 249.*

To happy convents bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines. *Line 301.*

Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground. *Line 311.*

Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined. *Line 318.*

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness. *Line 342.*

E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm. *Line 614.*

¹ Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*. Page 105.

² This line is from Addison's *Campaign*, *Line 232.*

³ Compare Johnson. Page 315.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
 And universal darkness buries all.

The Dunciad. Book iv. Line 649.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banished lover, or some captive maid.

Eloisa to Abelard. Line 51.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. *Line 57.*

And truths divine came mended from that tongue. *Line 66.*

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. *Line 74.*

And love the offender, yet detest the offence.¹ *Line 192.*

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot. *Line 207.*

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.² *Line 273.*

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll;
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul. *Line 323.*

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.³
Last line.

¹ Compare Dryden, *Cymon and Iphigenia*. Page 226.

² Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight.

Edmund Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, Act i. Sc. 1.

³ Compare Addison, *The Campaign*. Page 251.

Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confused,
 Where order in variety we see,
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.

Windsor Forest. Line 13.

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. *Line 61.*

From old Belerium to the northern main. *Line 316.*

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.

The Temple of Fame. Line 513.

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
 O grant an honest fame, or grant me none! *Last line.*

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
 Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

On the Collar of a Dog.

There, take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell;
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
 'T was a fat oyster, — live in peace, — adieu.¹

Verbatim from Boileau.

Father of all! in every age,
 In every clime, adored,

By saint, by savage, and by sage,

Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. *The Universal Prayer. Stanza 1.*

Thou great First Cause, least understood. *Stanza 2.*

And, binding nature fast in fate,

Left free the human will. *Stanza 3.*

And deal damnation round the land. *Stanza 7.*

¹ "Tenez voilà," dit-elle, "à chacun une écaille,

Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais;

Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."

Boileau, *Épître* ii. (à M. l'Abbé des Roches).

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.¹

The Universal Prayer. Stanza 10.

Happy the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound.

Ode on Solitude.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

Ibid.

Vital spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !

Ibid.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

Ibid.

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

Ibid.

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps and points to yonder glade ?²

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1.

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
 For others' good or melt at others' woe.³

Line 45.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned !

Line 51.

¹ Compare Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*. Page 12.

² Compare Ben Jonson. *Elegy on Lady Pawlet*. Page 148.

³ See Pope, *The Odyssey*, Book xviii. Page 292.

And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show.

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 57.

How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be! *Line 71.*

Such were the notes thy once loved poet sung,
Till death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.
Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

The saint sustained it, but the woman died.
Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.¹ *Epitaph on Gay.*

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.²
The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. *Line 369.*

¹ Compare Dryden, *Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew.* Page 224.

² I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.

Chaucer, Wif of Bathes Prologue.

See also Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.* Page 162.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
 Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.¹ *Epigram.*

Who dared to love their country, and be poor.

On his Grotto at Twickenham.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.²

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

I never knew any man in my life who could not
 bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

Ibid.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
 Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!

Iliad. Book i. Line 1.

The distant Trojans never injured me.

Line 200.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.

Line 684.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

Book iii. Line 208.

Ajax the great himself a host.

Line 293.

Plough the watery deep.

Line 357.

The day shall come, that great avenging day

Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,

When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,

And one prodigious ruin swallow all. *Book iv. Line 196.*

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise;

Such men as live in these degenerate days.

Book v. Line 371.

¹ His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock it never is at home.

Cowper, Conversation, Line 303.

² From Roscoe's edition of Pope, *Vol. v. p. 376*; originally printed in Motte's *Miscellanies*, 1727. In the edition of 1736, Pope says: "I must own that the prose part (the *Thoughts on Various Subjects*), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;¹
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise.

Iliad. Book vi. Line 181.

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy. *Line 467.*

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee. *Line 544.*

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
Book ix. Line 412.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.
Line 725.

He serves me most who serves his country best.
Book x. Line 201.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
Book xii. Line 283.

Few sons attain the praise
 Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
Odyssey. Book ii. Line 315.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.
Book xiv. Line 410.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.
Book xv. Line 79.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
 Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.² *Line 83.*

Whatever day
 Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.
Book xvii. Line 392.

¹ As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow. — *Ecclesiasticus* xiv. 18.

² Compare Pope, *Satire* ii, *Book* ii. Page 282.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.¹

Odyssey. Book xviii. Line 279.

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never
be disappointed.²

Letter to Gay, Oct. 6, 1727.

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.³



JOHN PHILIPS. 1676–1708.

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclosed. *The Splendid Shilling. Line 121.*



BARTON BOOTH. 1681–1733.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.⁴

Song.

¹ See Pope, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Page 288.

² Which Pope calls the eighth beatitude. — Roscoe's edition of Pope, *Vol. x. p. 184.*

³ On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the *Merchant of Venice*. . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,

This is the Jew

That Shakespeare drew.

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne. — *Biog. Dram., Vol. i. Part ii. p. 469.*

⁴ Compare Butler, *Hudibras.* Page 220.

THOMAS TICKELL. 1686-1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints who taught, and led the way to heaven.

On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade. *Line 45.*

There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.¹ *Line 81.*

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

To a Lady, with a Present of Flowers.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,

Which says I must not stay ;

I see a hand you cannot see,

Which beckons me away.

Colin and Lucy.



MATTHEW GREEN. 1696-1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies. *The Spleen. Line 93.*

Thus I steer my bark, and sail

On even keel, with gentle gale. *Ibid.*

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,

I mind my compass and my way. *Ibid.*

¹ Compare Porteus, *Death*. Page 347.

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live ; and I will show you in a very short time how to die. — Sandys, *Anglorum Speculum*, p. 903.

He taught them how to live and how to die.

Somerville, *In Memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore.*

JOHN GAY. 1688-1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclined. *The What d' ye call't. Act ii. Sc. 8.*

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,
 The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.¹
Act ii. Sc. 9.

'T is woman that seduces all mankind;
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.
The Beggar's Opera. Act i. Sc. 1.
 Over the hills and far away.² *Ibid.*

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
 The mist is dispelled when a woman appears. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. *Ibid.*

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t' other dear charmer away. *Ibid.*

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
 The judges all ranged; a terrible show! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moored.
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.
 Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand. *Ibid.*

¹ The time of paying a shot in a tavern among good fellows, or Pantagruelists, is still called in France a "quart d'heure de Rabelais," that is, Rabelais's quarter of an hour, when a man is uneasy or melancholy. — *Life of Rabelais*, ed. Bohn, p. 13.

² See *Appendix*, p. 646.

Remote from cities lived a swain,
Unvexed with all the cares of gain ;
His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.

Fables. The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil ? ¹

Ibid.

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another ?

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

No author ever spared a brother.

The Elephant and the Bookseller.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody.

Is there no hope ? the sick man said ;
The silent doctor shook his head.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

While there is life there 's hope, he cried. ²

Ibid.

Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

The Mastiffs.

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

The Hare and many Friends.

From wine what sudden friendship springs.

The Squire and his Cur.

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it. *My own Epitaph.*

¹ 'midnight oil,' a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

² Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.

Theocritus, *Id.* iv. 42.

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est. — Cicero, *Epist. ad Att.*, ix. 10.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.
1690–1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide, —
In part she is to blame that has been tried :
He comes too near that comes to be denied.¹

The Lady's Resolve.

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.²
The Lover.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet ;
In short, my deary ! kiss me, and be quiet.
A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice.

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.
To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. Book ii.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me. *The Answer.*



KANE O'HARA. — — — 1782.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
tongue ;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?
Remember, when the judgment 's weak the prejudice is
strong. *Midas. Act i. Sc. 4.*

¹ A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montagu, after her marriage (1713). The last lines were taken from Overbury, *The Wife*, St. 36.

² What say you to such a supper with such a woman ?
Byron, *Note to Letter on Bowles.*

JOHN BYROM. 1691-1763.

God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender ;
 God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender ;
 But who pretender is, or who is king, —
 God bless us all, — that 's quite another thing.

To an Officer of the Army, extempore.

Take time enough : all other graces
 Will soon fill up their proper places.¹

Advice to Preach Slow.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
 That Mynheer Handel 's but a ninny ;
 Others aver that he to Handel
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.²
 Strange all this difference should be
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

*On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.*³

As clear as a whistle.

Epistle to Lloyd.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
 Would starve us all, or near it ;
 But be it known to Skin and Bone
 That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Epigram on two Monopolists.

Thus adorned, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
 Shook hands and went to 't, and the word it was bilbow.

*Upon a Trial of Skill between the Great Masters of the Noble
 Science of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton.*

¹ Compare Walker. Page 234.

² See *Appendix*, p. 642.

³ "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." — *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), Vol. i. p. 173. The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope. See Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope.

DR. GEORGE SEWELL. ————1726.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

The Suicide. From *Martial*, Book xi. *Ep.* 56.



EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694—1773.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

Letter, March 10, 1746.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,¹ who
used to say, Take care of the pence, for the pounds
will take care of themselves.

Nov. 6, 1747.

Sacrifice to the Graces.²

March 9, 1748.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way
through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it
may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and
also for its intrinsic value.

July 1, 1748.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

Nov. 24, 1749.

Despatch is the soul of business.

Feb. 5, 1750.

Chapter of accidents.³

Feb. 16, 1753.

¹ W. Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury in the Reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the Third.

² Literally from the Greek *Θύε ταῖς Χάρισι*. Diog. Laert., *Lib.* iv. § 6, *Xenocrates*.

³ See Burke, *Notes for Speeches*, ed. 1852, Vol. ii. p. 426. John Wilkes said that "the Chapter of Accidents is the longest chapter in the book."—Southey, *The Doctor*, cxviii.

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word
 “firtation,” which dropped from the most beautiful
 mouth in the world. *The World. No. 101.*

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
 It shall be witty, and it sha’n’t be long. *Impromptu Lines.*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,—
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he
 shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.
Character of Pulteney.



WILLIAM PULTENEY. 1682–1764.

For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
 Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.
The Honest Jury.



JOHN DYER. 1700–1758.

A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter’s day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave. *Grongar Hill. Line 88.*

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view? *Line 102.*

Disparting towers
 Trembling all precipitate down dashed,
 Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.
The Ruins of Rome. Line 40.

ROBERT BLAIR. 1699–1747.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature, appalled,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

The Grave. Part i. Line 9.

The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.¹ *Line 58.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society! *Line 88.*

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance! *Line 109.*

The good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.²
Part ii. Line 586.



RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698–1743.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The Bastard. Line 7.

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damned to fame.³

Character of Foster.

¹ Compare Dryden, *Amphitryon*. Page 231.

² Compare Norris. Page 238.

³ Compare Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. Line 281.

JAMES THOMSON. 1700-1748.

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.

The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,

And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Line 283.*

But who can paint

Like Nature? Can imagination boast,

Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? *Line 465.*

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears

Her snaky crest. *Line 996.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot. *Line 1149.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,

Ease and alternate labour, useful life,

Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven! *Line 1158.*

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews.

Summer. Line 47.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?

Line 67.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,

Rejoicing in the east.

Line 81.

Ships, dim-discovered dropping from the clouds.

Line 946.

And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

Line 979.

Sighed and looked unutterable things.

Line 1188.

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate

Of mighty monarchs.

Line 1285.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

Summer. Line 1346.

Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age. *Line 1516.*

Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain. *Autumn. Line 2.*

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.¹ *Line 204.*

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty concealed. *Line 229.*

For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. *Line 233.*

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year.

Winter. Line 1.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Line 393.*

There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead. *Line 431.*

The kiss, snatched hasty from the sidelong maid.
Line 625.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. *Hymn. Line 1.*

Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade. *Line 25.*

From seeming evil still educing good. *Line 114.*

¹ In naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely, than Pandora.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. *Line 713.*

Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

Hymn. Line 118.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky :
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh ;
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. Stanza 6.

O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.

Stanza 26.

Placed far amid the melancholy main.

Stanza 30.

Scoundrel maxim.

Ibid.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.

Stanza 68.

A little, round, fat, oily man of God.

Stanza 69.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave :
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Canto ii. Stanza 3.

Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health.

Stanza 55.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love;
 And, when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between and bid us part?

Song.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
 Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue
 Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
 Of Nature's own creating. *Coriolanus. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!¹ *Sophonisba. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves. *Alfred. Act ii. Sc. 5.*



LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691–1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.²
The Double Falsehood.



ROBERT LOWTH. 1710–1787.

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.
Choice of Hercules, i.

¹ The line was altered, after the second edition, to

“O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine.”

² Quæris Alcidæ parem?

Nemo est nisi ipse.—Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, i. 1.

And but herself admits no parallel.

Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

CHARLES MACKLIN. 1690–1797.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles
in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious
uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than
the justice of it.

Love à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.



WILLIAM OLDYS. 1696–1761.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.

On a Fly drinking out of a Cup of Ale.



ROBERT DODSLEY. 1703–1764.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

The Parting Kiss.



CHARLES WESLEY. 1708–1788.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

Christian Fidelity.

JAMES BRAMSTON. ———1744.

What 's not devoured by Time's devouring hand?
Where 's Troy, and where 's the Maypole in the Strand?

Art of Politics.

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:

'I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?'¹

Ibid.

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.

Man of Taste.



WILLIAM B. RHODES.

Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face.

Bombastes Furioso.

Bom. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore. *Ibid.*

¹ I hope, said Colonel Titus, we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out. — *On the Exclusion Bill*, January 7, 1681.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702-1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lord, in my views, let both united be ;
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

Epigram on his Family Arms.¹

Awake, my soul ; stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on :
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race.



HENRY FIELDING. 1707-1754.

All nature wears one universal grin.

Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 1.

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day ;
 Let other hours be set apart for business.

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk ;
 And this our queen shall be as drunk as we. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thanked enough.
 I've done my duty, and I've done no more. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit. *Ibid.*

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes. *Ibid.*

¹ Dum vivimus vivamus. — From *Ortin's Life of Doddridge.*

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
 With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
 With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
 And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.¹

Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 6.

Much may be said on both sides.²

The Covent Garden Tragedy. Sc. 8.

O the roast beef of Old England!
 And O the old English roast beef!

The Roast Beef of Old England.

Amiable weakness.³

Tom Jones. Book x. Ch. 8.

The dignity of history.⁴

Book xi. Ch. 2.



JOHN ARMSTRONG. 1709-1779.

Of right and wrong he taught
 Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
 And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.

The Art of Preserving Health. Book iv. Line 301.

- ¹ Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
 The barber beats the luckless collier — white;
 The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
 And, big with vengeance, beats the barber — black.
 In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
 And beats the collier and the barber — red;
 Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tost,
 And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

Christ. Smart, *The Trip to Cambridge*. Campbell's
Specimens, Vol. vi. p. 185.

- ² Compare Addison. Page 252.

³ Amiable weaknesses of human nature. — Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Ch. xiv.

⁴ See Bolingbroke, *On the Study of History*, Letter v., 1735;
 Horace Walpole, *Advertisement to Letters to Sir Horace Mann*,
 1742; Macaulay, *History of England*, Vol. i. Ch. 1.

JOHN WESLEY. 1703–1791.

That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called
A Slave Trade. *Journal. Feb. 12, 1792.*

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. “Cleanliness is
indeed next to godliness.”¹ *Sermon xcii. On Dress.*



NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707–1788.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home. *The Fireside. Stanza 3.*

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given, —
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part ;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven. *Stanza 11.*

¹ Compare Bacon. Page 141.

According to Dr. A. S. Bettelheim, Rabbi, this is found in the Hebrew fathers. He cites Phinehas ben Yair, as follows : “The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness.” Literally next to godliness.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;

Its checkered paths of joy and woe

With cautious steps we'll tread.

The Fireside. Stanza 13.

Yet still we hug the dear deceit.

Content. Vision iv.

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.¹ *To-morrow.*



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1706-1790.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain
a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor
safety.²

Historical Review of Pennsylvania.

God helps them that help themselves.³ *Poor Richard.*

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for
that is the stuff life is made of.

Ibid.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.

Ibid.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do
to-day.

Ibid.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

Ibid.

¹ Quoted by Longfellow in *Kavanagh*.

² This sentence was much used in the Revolutionary period. It occurs even so early as November, 1755, in an answer by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to the Governor, and forms the motto of Franklin's *Historical Review*, 1759, appearing also in the body of the work. — Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic of the United States*, p. 413.

³ Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Aide toi et le Ciel t'aidera. — Fontaine, *Book vi. Fable 18*.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

Sophocles, *Frag.* 288, ed. Dindorf.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Poor Richard.*

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.
The Whistle. Nov., 1719.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.¹
Letter to Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773.

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.
From a Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley.



SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709–1784.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru.²
Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 1.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. *Line 159.*

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line 221.*

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe. *Line 257.*

An age that melts in unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away. *Line 293.*

¹ It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war. — S. Butler, *Speeches in the Rump Parliament. Butler's Remains.*

² All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.
Thomas Warton (1728–1790), *Universal Love of Pleasure.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 308.

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show. *Line 316.*

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? *Line 345.*

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill. *Line 362.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distress,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest. *London. Line 166.*

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed. *Line 176.*

Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.
Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

And panting Time toiled after him in vain. *Ibid.*

For we that live to please must please to live. *Ibid.*

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies;

Life's a short summer, man a flower;

He dies, — alas! how soon he dies! *Winter. An Ode.*

Officious, innocent, sincere;

Of every friendless name the friend.

Verses on Robert Levet. Stanza 2.

In misery's darkest cavern known,

His useful care was ever nigh¹

Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,

And lonely want retired to die. *Stanza 5.*

¹ *Var.* His ready help was always nigh.

And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed.

Verses on Robert Levet. Stanza 7.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,¹

No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,

And freed his soul the nearest way. *Stanza 9.*

That saw the manners in the face.

Lines on the Death of Hogarth.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love ;
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more ;
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep, undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine !

Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.²

Epitaph on Goldsmith.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

¹ *Var.* Then with no fiery throbbing pain.

² Qui nullum fere scribendi genus

Non tetigit,

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence. — Chesterfield's *Characters: Bolingbroke*.

Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. — Fénelon, *Lettre sur les Occupations de l'Académie Française*, § iv.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.¹ *Rambler. No. 7.*

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy,
and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope,—
who expect that age will perform the promises of
youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will
be supplied by the morrow,—attend to the history of
Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. *Rasselas. Ch. i.*

The endearing elegance of female friendship. *Ch. xlv.*

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that
*words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the
sons of heaven.*² *From the Preface to his Dictionary.*

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.³

*From Dr. Madden's Boulter's Monument. Supposed to have
been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.*

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar
but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must
give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Life of Addison.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which
the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by
faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind,
unless it be invigorated and reimpresed by external
ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary
influence of example. *Life of Milton.*

¹ Translation of Boethius *de Cons.*, iii. 9. 27.

² The italics and the word "forget" would seem to imply that the saying was not his own. Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: "Words are the daughters of earth, and deeds are the sons of heaven."

³ Words are women, deeds are men.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*; Sir Thomas Bodley, *Letter to his Librarian*, 1604.

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.

Life of Milton.

His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

Life of Edmund Smith (alluding to the death of Garrick).

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.

What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.

Idler. No. 74.

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. An. 1743.

Wretched un-idea'd girls.

An. 1752.

This man (Chesterfield), I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.¹

An. 1754.

¹ If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. — Shakespeare, *King Henry V., Act v. Sc. 2.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Pope, *Dunciad, Book iv. Line 92.*

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.

Cowper, *Conversation, Line 298.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers. — Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon.*

He (Steele) was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. — Macaulay, *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world. — Macaulay, *Review of Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

Greswell (*Memoirs of Politian, &c., p. 381*) says that Sannazarius himself, inscribing to this lady (Cassandra Marchesia) an edition

Sir, he (Bolingbroke) was a scoundrel and a coward : a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality ; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger at his death.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. *An.* 1754.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help ?

An. 1755.

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.

An. 1759.

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England.

An. 1763.

Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves ; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves.

Ibid.

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

Ibid.

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well ; but you are surprised to find it done at all.

Ibid.

A very unclubable man.

An. 1764.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.¹

An. 1770.

of his Italian Poems, terms her "delle belle eruditissima, delle erudite bellissima."

Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt stulti eruditus videntur. — Quintilian, x. 7. 21.

¹ Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance ; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong. — Disraeli, *Sybil*, Book iv. Ch. 5.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.
Boswell's Life of Johnson. An. 1772.

A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it.
An. 1773.

Let him go abroad to a distant country ; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.
Ibid.

Was ever poet so trusted before ?
An. 1774.

Attack is the reaction ; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.
Ibid.

A man will turn over half a library to make one book.
An. 1775.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
Ibid.

Hell is paved with good intentions.¹
Ibid.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.
Ibid.

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.
An. 1776.

All this (wealth) excludes but one evil, — poverty.
An. 1777.

Claret is the liquor for boys ; port for men ; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.
An. 1779.

¹ St. Francis de Sales writes to Mad. de Chantal (1605): Do not be troubled by St. Bernard's saying that hell is full of good intentions and wills. — From *Selection from the Spiritual Letters of Francis de Sales. Letter xii.* Translated by the author of *A Dominican Artist.*

The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.¹ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. An. 1781.

Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world. *Ibid.*

My friend was of opinion that when a man of rank appeared in that character (as an author), he deserved to have his merits handsomely allowed.² *Ibid.*

I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me.³ An. 1783.

I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny, that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society. *Ibid.*

I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding. An. 1784.

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.⁴ *Ibid.*

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'T is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father. *Johnsoniana*. Piozzi, 30.

A good hater. *Ibid.* 39.

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. *Hawkins*, 197.

¹ I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Edward Moore (1753), *The Gamester*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

² Usually quoted as "when a nobleman writes a book, he ought to be encouraged."

³ I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto iii. St. 113.

⁴ Parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free." — From Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, first edition.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.¹

Pitt's Reply to Walpole. Speech, March 6, 1741.



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.
1708–1778.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.
Speech, Jan. 14, 1766.

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself.²

Chatham Correspondence. Speech, March 2, 1770.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.

Case of Wilkes. Speech, Jan. 9, 1770.

Reparation for our rights at home, and security against the like future violations.³

Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, Sept. 29, 1770.

¹ This is the composition of Johnson, founded on some note or statement of the actual speech. Johnson said, "That speech I wrote in a garret, in Exeter Street." See Boswell's *Johnson, An.* 1741.

² Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the Throne itself." — *History of England, Vol. v. p. 258.*

³ "Indemnity for the past and security for the future," is said to be Mr. Pitt's phrase. See De Quincey, *Theol. Essays, Vol. ii. p. 170*, and Russell's *Memoir of Fox, Vol. iii. p. 345, Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never—never—never.

Speech, Nov. 18, 1777.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter! all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.¹

Speech on the Excise Bill.

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy.

From Prior's Life of Burke, 1790.

JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715–1778.

Kitty. Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

High Life below Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.

From humble Port to imperial Tokay.

Ibid.

———— DYER.

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Published in the early part of the reign of George I.

¹ From Brougham's *Statesmen of George III., First Series*, p. 41.

LORD LYTTELTON. 1709–1773.

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

Advice to a Lady.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair. *Ibid.*

The lover in the husband may be lost. *Ibid.*

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

An Irregular Ode.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

Epigram.

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.

Alas! by some degree of woe

We every bliss must gain;

The heart can ne'er a transport know

That never feels a pain.

Song.



RICHARD GRAVES. 1715–1804.

Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.

An Incident in High Life. (Appendix of Original Pieces.)

From the *Festoon*. London, 1767.

LAURENCE STERNE. 1713-1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me. *Tristram Shandy*. (Orig. ed.) Vol. ii. Ch. xii.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." Vol. iii. Ch. xi.

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

Vol. iii. Ch. xii.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chan-cery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.¹

Vol. vi. Ch. viii.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

Sentimental Journey. Page 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beer-sheba, and cry, 'T is all barren. *In the Street*. Calais.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.² *Maria*.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught."

The Passport. *The Hotel at Paris*.

The sad vicissitude of things.³ *Sermon xvi*.

¹ But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii. Line 357.

² Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue.

Henri Estienne (1594), *Prémices*, etc., p. 47.

Compare Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Page 161.

³ Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

R. Gifford, *Contemplation*.

EDWARD MOORE. 1712-1757.

Can't I another's face commend,
 And to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead lowers,
 As if *her* merit lessened *yours*?

The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat. Fable ix.

The maid who modestly conceals
 Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

The Spider and the Bee. Fable x.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
 Her very shoe has power to wound. *Ibid.*

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
The Happy Marriage.

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.¹

The Gamester. Act ii. Sc. 2.

'Tis now the summer of your youth: time has not
 crompt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long
 has washed them. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

MRS. GREVILLE.²

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
 Which, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too. *A Prayer for Indifference.*

¹ Compare Johnson. Page 318.

² The pretty Fanny Macartney.—Walpole's *Memoirs*.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714–1763.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an inn.¹

Written on a Window of an Inn.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return. *A Pastoral. Part i.*

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.
Part ii. Hope.

For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblems right meet of decency does yield.
The Schoolmistress. Stanza 6.

Pun-provoking thyme. *Stanza 11.*

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo. *Stanza 28.*



DR. SAMUEL HOWARD. ———1782.

Gentle shepherd, tell me where. *Song.*

¹ There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. — Johnson, Boswell's *Life*, 1766.

Archbishop Leighton often said, that, if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. — *Works*, Vol. i. p. 76.

THOMAS GRAY. 1716-1771.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 1.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood strayed,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow.

Stanza 2.

They hear a voice in every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy.

Stanza 4.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possess;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast.

Stanza 5.

Alas! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play;

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day.

Stanza 6.

Ah, tell them they are men!

Ibid.

And moody madness laughing wild

Amid severest woe.

Stanza 8.

To each his sufferings; all are men,

Condemned alike to groan,—

The tender for another's pain,

The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
 'T is folly to be wise.¹

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 10.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best! *Hymn to Adversity.*

From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

The Progress of Poesy. I. 1, Line 3.

Glance their many-twinkling feet. *I. 3, Line 11.*

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.
Line 16.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous shame,
 The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.²
II. 2, Line 10.

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
III. 1, Line 12.

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night. *III. 2, Line 4.*

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.³
III. 3, Line 2.

¹ Compare Prior, *To the Hon. Charles Montague*. Page 241.

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. — *Eccl. i. 18.*

² Unconquerable mind. — Wordsworth, *To Toussaint L'Ouverture*.

³ Compare Cowley, *The Prophet*. Page 174.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far, — but far above the Great.
The Progress of Poesy. III. 3, Line 16.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait!
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.

The Bard. I. 1, Line 1.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air.¹ I. 2, Line 5.

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.
Line 14.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.²
 I. 3, Line 12.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 Give ample room, and verge enough³
 The characters of hell to trace. II. 1, Line 1.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.
 II. 2, Line 9.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed. Line 11.

¹ Compare Cowley, *David's*. Page 174.

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book i. Line 536.

² Compare Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, Act ii. Sc. 1. Page 85.
 Also Otway, *Venice Preserved*, Act v. Sc. 1. Page 237.

³ Compare Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, Act i. Sc. 1. Page 231.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

The Bard. III. 1, *Line* 11.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. III. 3, *Line* 3.

Comus, and his midnight crew. *Ode for Music.* *Line* 2.

While bright-eyed Science watches round. *Line* 11.

The still small voice of gratitude. *Line* 64.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,¹

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. *Stanza* 1.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. *Stanza* 4.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn. *Stanza* 5.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile

The short and simple annals of the poor. *Stanza* 8.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Stanza* 9.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Stanza 10.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Stanza 11.

¹ The first edition reads, —

The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea.

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 12.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;¹

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul. *Stanza 13.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.² *Stanza 14.*

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
Stanza 15.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes. *Stanza 16.*

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind. *Stanza 17.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.³ *Stanza 19.*

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. *Stanza 20.*

¹ Compare Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.* Page 177.

² Compare Young, *Love of Fame, Satire v. Line 228.* Page 266.
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.

Churchill, *Gotham, Book ii. Line 20.*

³ Usually quoted "even tenor of their way."

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 21.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind? *Stanza 22.*

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,

E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.¹ *Stanza 23.*

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,

To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. *Stanza 25.*

One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,

Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he. *Stanza 28.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.² *The Epitaph.*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,

Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend. *Ibid.*

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God. *Ibid.*

Iron sleet of arrowy shower

Hurtles in the darkened air. *The Fatal Sisters. Line 3.*

¹ Compare Chaucer, *The Reves Prologue*. Page 3.

² But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; marked him for his own. — Walton, *Life of Donne*.

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

Sonnet. On the Death of Mr. West.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,

Chastised by sabler tints of woe.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 45.

The meanest floweret of the vale,

The simplest note that swells the gale,

The common sun, the air, the skies,

To him are opening paradise.

Line 53.

And hie him home, at evening's close,

To sweet repast and calm repose.

Line 87.

From toil he wins his spirits light,

From busy day the peaceful night;

Rich, from the very want of wealth,

In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

Line 93.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Education and Government.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,

And Gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.¹

Rich windows that exclude the light,

And passages that lead to nothing.

A Long Story.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;

He had not the method of making a fortune.

On his own Character.

A favorite has no friend.

On the Death of a Favorite Cat.

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Mari-vaux and Crebillon. *To Mr. West. Letter iv. Third Series.*

¹ This was intended to be introduced in the *Alliance of Education and Government*. — Mason's edition of Gray, Vol. iii. p. 114.

DAVID GARRICK. 1716–1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

Prologue to the Gamesters.

Their cause I plead, — plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.¹

Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.

Prologues like compliments are loss of time;
'T is penning bows and making legs in rhyme.

Prologue to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia.

Let others hail the rising sun:

I bow to that whose course is run.²

On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.

Jupiter and Mercury.

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Hearts of oak are our men.³

Hearts of Oak.



JAMES MERRICK. 1720–1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want.

Hymn.

Oft has it been my lot to mark

A proud, conceited, talking spark.

The Chameleon.

¹ I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling. — Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy: Democritus to the Reader*.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. i. 630.

² Pompey . . . bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun. — Dryden's *Plutarch*, Clough's ed., iv. 66, *Life of Pompey*.

³ Our ships were British oak,

And hearts of oak our men. — S. J. Arnold, *Death of Nelson*.

JOHN BROWN. 1715–1766.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction, —
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Barbarossa. Act v. Sc. 3.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.¹



THOMAS GIBBONS. 1720–1785.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank. *When Jesus dwelt.*



SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723–1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength, — the floating bulwark of our island.

Commentaries. Vol. i. Book i. Ch. xiii. § 418.

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. *Ch. xviii. § 472.*

¹ Anderson's *British Poets*, Vol. x. p. 879. See note in *Contemporary Review*, September, 1867, p. 4.

MARK AKENSIDE. 1721-1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. Line 567.

Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. Stanza ii.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

Epistle to Curio.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

The Virtuoso. Stanza x.

HORACE WALPOLE. 1717-1797.

Harry Vane, Pulteney's toad-eater.

Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1742.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy
to those who feel.

Ibid., 1770.

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and
then, does not misbecome a monarch.¹

Ibid., 1774.

The whole nation hitherto has been void of wit and
humour, and even incapable of relishing it.²

Ibid., 1778.

¹ A little nonsense now and then

Is relished by the wisest men. — *Anon.*

² It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. — Sydney Smith, *Lady Holland's Memoir, Vol. i.* p. 15.

RICHARD HURD. 1720-1808.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.

Sermons. Vol. ii. p. 287.



JAMES FORDYCE. 1720-1796.

Henceforth the majesty of God revere ;
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear.¹

Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing.



JOHN HOME. 1724-1808.

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.

Douglas. Act i. Sc. 1.

My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

¹ Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

Racine (1639-1699), *Athalie*, Act i. Sc. 1.

From Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

W. Smyth, *Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720-1756.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed ! *Ode in 1746.*

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there. *Ibid.*

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung. *The Passions. Line 1.*

Filled with fury, rapt, inspired. *Line 10.*

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild. *Line 28.*

In notes by distance made more sweet. *Line 60.*

In hollow murmurs died away. *Line 68.*

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid ! *Line 95.*

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Eclogue 1. Line 5.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
To Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.
Ode on the Death of Thomson.

GEORGE A. STEVENS. 1720-1784.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer !

List, ye landsmen, all to me ;

Messmates, hear a brother sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea.

The Storm.



SAMUEL FOOTE. 1720-1777.

He made him a hut, wherein he did put

The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson Crusoe !

The Mayor of Garratt. Act i. Sc. 1.



TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721-1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,

Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,

Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Ode to Independence.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,

I bow before thine altar, Love ! *Roderick Random. Ch. xl.*

Facts are stubborn things.¹

Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. Ch. 1.

¹ Facts are stubborn things.

Elliot (1747), *Essay on Field Husbandry*, p. 35.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728-1774.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.

The Traveller. Line 1.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
-And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. *Line 7.*

And learn the luxury of doing good.¹ *Line 22.*

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view. *Line 26.*

These little things are great to little man. *Line 42.*

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! *Line 50.*

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home. *Line 73.*

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails. *Line 91.*

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here. *Line 126.*

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child. *Line 153.*

But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Line 172.*

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes. *Line 185.*

¹ For all their luxury was doing good.

Garth, *Claremont*, *Line 149*; Crabbe, *Tales of the Hall*,
Book iii.; Graves, *The Epicure*.

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

The Traveller. Line 217.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore. *Line 251.*

Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land. *Line 282.*

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.¹ *Line 327.*

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms. *Line 356.*

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.
Line 372.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
Line 386.

Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound. *Line 409.*

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind. *Line 423.*

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.
The Deserted Village. Line 1.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made. *Line 13.*

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love. *Line 29.*

¹ Lord of humankind.

Dryden, *The Spanish Friar*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
 A breath can make them as a breath has made;¹
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

The Deserted Village. Line 51.

His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. *Line 61.*

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease! *Line 99.*

While Resignation gently slopes away, —
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His Heaven commences ere the world be past. *Line 110.*

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. *Line 121.*

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year. *Line 141.*

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won. *Line 157.*

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side. *Line 161.*

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. *Line 167.*

¹ C'est un verre qui luit,

Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.

De Caux (comparing the world to his hour-glass).

See Pope, *Satires and Epistles of Horace*, Book ii. Ep. i.

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The Deserted Village. Line 179.

Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

Line 183.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Line 189.

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :
Yet was he kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

Line 199.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Line 211.

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

Line 227.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Line 253.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Line 263.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

The Deserted Village. Line 329.

Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe. *Line 344.*

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Line 384.*

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree. *Line 385.*

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.
Line 413.

Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth. *Retaliation. Line 24.*

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining:

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Line 31.*

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.
Line 46.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
Line 63.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Line 93.*

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Line 96.*

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.

Retaliation. Line 101.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them
back. Line 107.

Line 107.

Who peppered the highest was surest to please.

Line 112.

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. *Line 145.*

Taught by that Power that pities me,

I learn to pity them.

The Hermit. Stanza 6.

Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long.¹

Stanza 8.

And what is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep,

A shade that follows wealth or fame,

And leaves the wretch to weep?

Stanza 19.

The sigh that rends thy constant heart

Shall break thy Edwin's too.

Stanza ult.

A kind and gentle heart he had,

To comfort friends and foes ;

The naked every day he clad

When he put on his clothes.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

And in that town a dog was found,

As many dogs there be,

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,

And curs of low degree.

Ibid.

¹ Compare Young, *Night Thoughts*, iv. Page 264.

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.¹

Ibid.

They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

Vicar of Wakefield. Ch. ix.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

Ibid. On Woman, Ch. xxiv.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

Ibid.

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.² *The Captivity. Act i.*

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Act ii. (orig. MS.)

¹ While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

Lessing's *Paraphrase of a Greek Epigram by Demodocus.*

² Compare Bacon, *Of Adversity*. Page 137.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the light,
 Emits a brighter ray. *The Captivity. Act ii. (orig. MS.)*

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word —
 From those who spoke her praise.

*Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.*¹

The king himself has followed her
 When she has walked before.

Ibid.

For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day ;
 But he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise and fight again.²

The Art of Poetry on a New Plan (1761). Vol. ii. p. 147.

¹ Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye.

On dit que dans ses amours
 Il fut caressé des belles,
 Qui le suivirent toujours,
 Tant qu'il marcha devant elles.

² He that fights and runs away
 May turn and fight another day ;
 But he that is in battle slain
 Will never rise to fight again.

Ray's History of the Rebellion (Bristol, 1752), p. 48.

That same man, that runnith awaie,
 Maie again fight an other daie.

Erasmus, Apothegms (1542), translated by Udall.

For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that 's slain.

Butler, Hudibras, Part iii. Canto 3.

Sed omisiss quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent. *Qui fugiebat, rursus præliabitur*: ut et rursus forsitan fugiat. — *Tertullian, De Fuga in Persecutione, c. 10.*

The corresponding Greek, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχίσεται,

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.¹

The Haunch of Venison.

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable,
but an arrant jade on a journey.²

The Good-Natured Man. Act i.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.³ *Act ii.*

The very pink of perfection. *She Stoops to Conquer. Act i.*

The genteel thing. *Ibid.*

A concatenation accordingly. *Ibid.*

I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. *Ibid.*

I love everything that's old: old friends, old times,
old manners, old books, old wine.⁴ *Ibid.*

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. *Act iii.*

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan or a title-page, another works away the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index. *The Bee. No. i., Oct. 6, 1759.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.⁵ *No. iii., Oct. 20, 1759.*

is ascribed to Menander. See *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bib. Græca*), p. 91.

Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi;

Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi. — Scarron (1610–1660).

Celui qui fuit de bonne heure

Peut combattre derechef. — From the *Satyre Menippée* (1594).

¹ To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. — Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

² Compare Rochefoucauld. Page 575.

³ Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures*.

Burke, *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*.

⁴ See *Appendix*, p. 630.

⁵ Compare Young. Page 266.

LORD JOHN MANNERS. 1818 — — — —.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

England's Trust. Part iii. Line 227.



JAMES WOLFE. 1726–1759.

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine.

Despatch to Pitt, Sept. 2, 1759.



BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731–1808.

In sober state,
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.¹ *Death. Line 108.*

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.² *Line 154.*

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
Line 178.

Teach him how to live,
And, O still harder lesson! how to die.³ *Line 316.*

¹ Compare Gray. Page 329.

² Compare Young, *Satire vii.* Page 267.

³ Compare Tickell, *On the Death of Addison.* Page 293.

EDMUND BURKE. 1729-1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

*A Vindication of Natural Society.*¹ *Preface*, Vol. i. p. 7.

“War,” says Machiavel, “ought to be the only study of a prince”; and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted. “He ought,” says this great political Doctor, “to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute, military plans.” A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. p. 15.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. p. 273.

Illustrious predecessor.

Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. p. 456.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.

Vol. i. p. 526.

Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

Vol. ii. p. 116.

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

Speech on Conciliation with America. Vol. ii. p. 117.

¹ Boston ed. 1865-1867.

A wise and salutary neglect.

Speech on Conciliation with America. Vol. ii. p. 117.

My vigour relents, — I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

Vol. ii. p. 118.

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principles of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion.

Vol. ii. p. 123.

I freely confess.

Vol. ii. p. 132.

The march of the human mind is slow.

Vol. ii. p. 149.

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.

Vol. ii. p. 169.

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll. Vol. ii. p. 429.

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.

On the Army Estimates. Vol. iii. p. 221.

You had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.¹

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 277.

¹ Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors.

Horace, *Epist.* i. 12, 19.

Mr. Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, says: "This remarkable thought, Alison, the historian, has turned to good ac-

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 331.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. *Ibid.*

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound. *Vol. iii. p. 332.*

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. *Ibid.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle. *Vol. iii. p. 334.*

Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.¹ *Vol. iii. p. 335.*

count; it occurs so often in his disquisitions, that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

¹ This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine, and the phrase "the swinish multitude" was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, — that, of course, they are many in number, — or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 344.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Vol. iii. p. 453.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

Preface to Brissot's Address. Vol. v. p. 67.

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.¹ *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.* Vol. v. p. 156.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

Letter i. On a Regicide Peace. Vol. v. p. 286.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted Nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth.

Vol. v. p. 311.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians. Vol. vii. p. 50.

¹ We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us.

Cause of the Present Discontents, Vol. i. p. 439.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion. *Speech at County Meeting of Bucks, 1784.*

Wisdom of our ancestors.¹

Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill, 1793.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.² *The Sublime and Beautiful.*

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets.³ *Letter to Matthew Smith.*

It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.⁴ *From Prior's Life of Burke.*⁵

He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.⁶

On Pitt's first Speech, Feb. 26, 1781. From Wraxall's Memoirs, First Series, Vol. i. p. 342.

¹ Lord Brougham says of Bacon, "He it was who first employed the well-known phrase of 'the wisdom of our ancestors.'" See Sydney Smith, *Plymley's Letters*, v.; Lord Eldon on *Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill*, 1815; Cicero *de Legibus*, ii. 2. 3.

² Compare Rochefoucauld. Page 575.

³ Family vault of "all the Capulets." — *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Vol. iii. p. 349.

⁴ When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration." — *Prior's Life of Burke.*

The gloomy comparisons of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration. — Junius, *Letter No. viii., To Sir W. Draper.*

⁵ At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps, as he thought, to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly, in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke." — *Prior's Life of Burke*, p. 152.

⁶ See *Appendix*, p. 638.

CHARLES CHURCHILL. 1731-1764.

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

The Rosciad. Line 322.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,

Those who would make us feel — must feel themselves.¹

Line 961.

Who to patch up his fame, or fill his purse,

Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse ;

Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,

Defacing first, then claiming for his own.²

The Apology. Line 233.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,

Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.

Epistle to William Hogarth.

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.³

Gotham. Book ii. Line 20.

Apt alliteration's artful aid.

The Prophecy of Famine. Line 233.

There webs were spread of more than common size,

And half-starved spiders preyed on half-starved flies.

Line 327.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,

And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

The Author. Line 86.

Be England what she will,

With all her faults she is my country still.⁴

The Farewell. Line 27.

¹ Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi. — Horace, *Ars Poetica*, v. 102.

² Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad! serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disguise them to make 'em pass for their own. — Sheridan, *The Critic*, Act i. Sc. 1.

³ Compare Gray. Page 329.

⁴ England, with all thy faults I love thee still.

Cowper, *The Task*, Book ii. Line 206.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. *Circa 1735–1787.*

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.

Love in a Village. Act i. Sc. 1.

There was a jolly miller once,

Lived on the river Dee;

He worked and sung from morn till night:

No lark more blithe than he. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And this the burthen of his song

For ever used to be: —

I care for nobody, no, not I,

If no one cares for me.¹ *Ibid.*

Young fellows will be young fellows. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Ay, do despise me. I'm the prouder for it; I like
to be despised. *The Hypocrite. Act v. Sc. 1.*



RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725–1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,²
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.³ *Contemplation.*

¹ If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody. — Burns, *I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

² All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around.

Altered by Johnson.

³ Compare Sterne. Page 322.

EDWARD GIBBON. 1737-1794.

History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.¹

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (1776). Ch. iii.

Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive. Ch. xi.

Amiable weaknesses of human nature.² Ch. xiv.

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.³ Ch. xlviii.

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery.
Ch. xlix.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.
Ch. lxxviii.

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave.
Ch. lxxi.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.
Ibid.

On the approach of spring, I withdraw without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.
Memoir. Vol. i. p. 116.

I was never less alone than when by myself.⁴
Vol. i. p. 117.

¹ L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.

Voltaire, *L'Ingénu* (1767), Ch. x.

² Compare Fielding. Page 308.

³ Compare Clarendon. Page 168.

⁴ Never less alone than when alone. — Rogers, *Human Life*.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1731-1800.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

Table Talk. Line 28.

As if the world and they were hand and glove. *Line 173.*

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose. *Line 246.*

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know. *Line 260.*

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard :
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, asked ages more. *Line 556.*

Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy. *Line 588.*

Low ambition and the thirst of praise. *Line 591.*

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower ;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads. *Line 690.*

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

The Progress of Error. Line 415.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.

Truth: Line 327.

The sounding jargon of the schools.¹ *Line 367.*

¹ Compare Prior. Page 241.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Conversation. Line 96.

He would not, with a peremptory tone,

Assert the nose upon his face his own. *Line 121.*

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man

Will not affront me, and no other can *Line 193.*

Pernicious weed ! whose scent the fair annoys,

Unfriendly to society's chief joys,

Thy worst effect is banishing for hours

The sex whose presence civilizes ours. *Line 251.*

I cannot talk with civet in the room,

A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume. *Line 283.*

The solemn fop ; significant and budge ;

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.¹ *Line 299.*

His wit invites you by his looks to come,

But when you knock it never is at home.² *Line 303.*

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,

Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.³ *Line 357.*

That good diffused may more abundant grow. *Line 443.*

Absence of occupation is not rest,

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

Retirement. Line 623.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,

As useless if it goes as if it stands. *Line 681.*

Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.

Line 688.

¹ Compare Johnson. Page 315.

² Compare Pope, *Epigram*. Page 290.

³ Compare Butler, *Hudibras*, Part ii. Canto i. Page 218.

The story of the lamp which was supposed to have burned about 1,550 years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others.

Philologists, who chase
 A panting syllable through time and space,
 Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
 To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.

Retirement. Line 691.

I praise the Frenchman,¹ his remark was shrewd,
 How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet. *Line 739.*

A kick that scarce would move a horse
 May kill a sound divine. *The Yearly Distress.*

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute.
Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face? *Ibid.*

But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared. *Ibid.*

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light. *Ibid.*

There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
On observing some Names of Little Note.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost. *Human Frailty.*

¹ La Bruyère.

And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile. *The Rose.*

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours. *A Fable. Moral.*

I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no. *Pairing Time Anticipated.*

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry, —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry. *Ibid.*

That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see! *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.

United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.¹
The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 77.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. *Line 181.*

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged. *Line 506.*

¹ *Two Kings of Brentford*, from Buckingham's play of *The Rehearsal*.

God made the country, and man made the town.¹

The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 749.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,²
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.

Book ii. The Timepiece. Line 1.

Mountains interposed

Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Line 17.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned. *Line 29.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.³ *Line 40.*

Fast-anchored isle. *Line 151.*

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country! ⁴ *Line 206.*

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause. *Line 231.*

Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue.
Line 235.

¹ Compare Bacon, *Essays, Of Gardens.* Page 138.

² Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! — *Jeremiah ix. 2.*

³ Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliae fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt. — *Bodinus, Liber i. c. 5.*

⁴ Compare Churchill, *The Farewell.* Page 357.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.¹

The Task. Book ii. The Timepiece. Line 285.

Transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. *Line 363.*

Reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene. *Line 411.*

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not. *Line 444.*

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. *Line 606.*

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends. *Line 642.*

His head,
Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpaired. *Line 702.*

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Book iii. The Garden. Line 41.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust. *Line 161.*

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up. *Line 188.*

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too! *Line 352.*

¹ Compare Dryden, *Spanish Friar*. Page 230.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.

The Task. Book iii. The Garden. Line 566.

I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,¹
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Book iv. Winter Evening. Line 34.

Which not even critics criticise.

Line 51.

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, — to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Line 86.*

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Line 118.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. *Line 120.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves. *Line 217.*

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call. *Line 510.*

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. *Line 516.*

The Frenchman's darling.² *Line 765.*

¹ Compare Bishop Berkeley, *Siris*. Page 260.

² It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the mignonne.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.¹

The Task. Book v. Winter Morning Walk. Line 144.

But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. *Line 187.*

The beggarly last doit. *Line 316.*

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. *Line 444.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. *Line 733.*

With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, My Father made them all! *Line 745.*

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away. *Line 905.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! *Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon. Line 1.*

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books. *Line 85.*

¹ No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

Heber, *Palestine.*

So that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron,
heard in the house, while it was in building. — 1 *Kings* vi. 7.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells.

The Task. Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon. Line 96.

Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment hoodwinked. *Line 101.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Line 560.*

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
 Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.
Epistle to Joseph Hill.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
 With such a lustre, he that runs may read.¹
Tirocinium. Line 79.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea
 And rides upon the storm. *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a shining face. *Ibid.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow; will have passed away.
The Needless Alarm. Moral.

¹ Compare *Habakkuk* ii. 2. Page 606.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

The son of parents passed into the skies. *Ibid.*

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,¹

His sense of your great merit,²
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

On Friendship.

A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality.

Toll for the brave!

The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

On the Loss of the Royal George.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,

And says — what says he? — Caw.

The Jackdaw. (Translation from Vincent Bourne.)

For 't is a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.

The Retired Cat.

¹ And friend received with thumps upon the back.

Young, *Universal Passion.*

² *Var.* How he esteems your merit.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.

Translation of Horace. Book ii. Ode x.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.¹

Connoisseur. Motto of No. iii.



JAMES BEATTIE. 1735–1803.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

The Minstrel. Book i. Stanza 1.

Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
 Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
 Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

Stanza 11.

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

Stanza 25

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrewn,
 Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!

Book ii. Stanza 17.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.

The Hermit.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man. *Ibid.*

¹ Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*. Page 153.

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

The Hermit.

By the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. *Ibid.*

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb. *Ibid.*



W. J. MICKLE. 1734–1788.

The dews of summer nights did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,¹
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby. *Cumnor Hall.*

For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'. *The Mariner's Wife.*²

His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stairs. *Ibid.*



ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727–1805.

Thus far we run before the wind.
The Apprentice. Act v. Sc. 1.
Above the vulgar flight of common souls. *Zenobia. Act v.*

¹ Now Cynthia named, fair regent of the night.

Gay (1688–1732), *Trivia*, Book iii.

And hail their queen, fair regent of the night.

Darwin, *The Botanic Garden*, Part i. Canto ii. Line 90.

² *The Mariner's Wife* is now given "by common consent," says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam (1710–1765).

GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732–1799.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.¹

Speech to both Houses of Congress, January 8, 1790.



JOHN ADAMS. 1735–1826.

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.



JOHN DICKINSON. 1732–1808.

Then join in hand, brave Americans all;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

The Liberty Song (1768).

¹ Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum.

Vegetius, *Rei Mil.* 3. *Prolog.*

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello.

Horace, *Book ii. Sat. ii.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743-1826.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time. *Summary View of the Rights of British America.*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

Declaration of Independence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.¹ *Ibid.*

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. *Ibid.*

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *Inaugural Address.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, — entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest

¹ All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights. — *Constitution of Massachusetts.*

bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected, — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

Inaugural Address.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.¹

Letter to a Committee of the Merchants of New Haven, 1801.



THOMAS PAINE. 1737-1809.

And the final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been, that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

Letter to the Addressers.

These are the times that try men's souls.

The American Crisis. No. 1.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.²

Age of Reason. . Part ii. ad fin. note.

¹ Usually quoted, "Few die, and none resign."

² Probably the original of Napoleon's celebrated *mot*, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

PATRICK HENRY. 1736-1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus, — Charles the First, his Cromwell, — and George the Third — (“Treason!” cried the Speaker) — *may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it. *Speech, 1765.*

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death! *Speech, March, 1775.*



A. M. TOPLADY. 1740-1778.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. *Salvation through Christ.*

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down. *Divine Love.*



MRS. THRALE. 1739-1821.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears. *Three Warnings.*

JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735-1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
 The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of misery, baptized in tears.¹

The Country Justice. Part i.



ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731-1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the field of air.

The Botanic Garden. Part i. Canto i. Line 289.

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,
 No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
 Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
 Down Virtue's manly cheek for other's woes.

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 459.

¹ This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow, on the field of battle, was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that the only time he saw Burns this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. — Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Vol. i. Ch. iv.

SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746-1794.

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand. *A Persian Song of Hafz.*

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung.¹ *Ibid.*

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
 So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.
From the Persian.

What constitutes a state?

Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.²

Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
 Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.³

¹ 'T was he that ranged the words at random flung,
 Pierced the fair pearls and them together strung.

Eastwick's *Anvari Suhaili*. Translated from Firdousi.

² Neither walls, theatres, porches, nor senseless equipage, make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves. — Aristides, ed. Jebb, *Vol. i.*, translated by Arthur W. Austin.

By Themistocles alone, or with very few others, does this saying appear to be approved, which, though Alcæus formerly had produced, many afterwards claimed: "Not stones, nor wood, nor the art of artisans, make a state; but where men are who know how to take care of themselves, these are cities and walls." — *Ibid. Vol. ii.*

³ See lines quoted by Sir Edward Coke. Page 10.

THOMAS HOLCROFT. 1745–1809.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,

Gaffer Grey?

And why does thy nose look so blue?

Gaffer Grey.



MRS. BARBAULD. 1743–1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,

And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

The Invitation

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,

And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

A Summer's Evening Meditation.

It is to hope, though hope were lost.¹

Come Here, Fond Youth.

Life! we've been long together

Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

'T is hard to part when friends are dear;

Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;

Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime

Bid me "Good morning."

Life.

So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore.

The Death of the Virtuous.

¹ Who against hope believed in hope. — *Romans* iv. 18.

JOHN WOLCOT.¹ 1738–1819.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
 Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.

To the Royal Academicians.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
 And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.

A fellow in a market town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down.

Farewell Odes. Ode iii.

LORD STOWELL. 1745–1836.

A dinner lubricates business.

Boswell's Johnson. Vol. viii. p. 67, note.

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.

Campbell's Chancellors. Vol. x. Ch. 212.

JOHN O'KEEFE. 1747–1833.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.

Sprigs of Laurel. Act ii. Sc. 1.

¹ "Peter Pindar." In a note to *The Royal Town* an epigram is quoted, ending, "'T was a lucky escape for the stone," referring to a stone being flung at George III., and narrowly missing his head.

WILLIAM PALEY. 1743–1805.

Who can refute a sneer?

Moral Philosophy. Vol. ii. Book v. Ch. 9.

MISS ——— WROTHER.

Hope tells a flattering tale,¹

Delusive, vain, and hollow,

Ah! let not Hope prevail,

Lest disappointment follow.

From The Universal Songster. Vol. ii. p. 86.

HANNAH MORE. 1745–1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!

And those who know thee know all words are faint!

Sensibility.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,

And half our misery from our foibles springs.

Ibid.

In men this blunder still you find,

All think their little set mankind.

Florio. Part i.

Small habits well pursued betimes

May reach the dignity of crimes.

Ibid.

¹ Hope told a flattering tale,

That Joy would soon return;

Ah! naught my sighs avail,

For Love is doomed to mourn.

Anon. Air by Giovanni Paisiello (1741–1816). Univ. Songster, Vol. i. p. 320.

JOSIAH QUINCY. 1744-1775.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a “halter” intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that, wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free-men.

Observations on the Boston Port Bill, 1774.



JOHN LOGAN. 1748-1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

To the Cuckoo.

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Ibid.

THOMAS MOSS. *Circa* 1740-1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

The Beggar.

A pampered menial drove me from the door.¹ *Ibid.*

¹ This line stood originally, “A livery servant,” etc., and altered as above by Goldsmith. — Foster's *Life of Goldsmith*, Vol. i. p. 215, fifth edition, 1871.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

1751-1816.

A progeny of learning. *The Rivals. Act i. Sc. 2.*

He is the very pine-apple of politeness! *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

If I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs! *Ibid.*

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. *Ibid.*

Too civil by half. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

We will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people, — our retrospection will be all to the future. *Ibid.*

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you? *Ibid.*

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands! *Act v. Sc. 3.*

I own the soft impeachment. *Ibid.*

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.¹ *The Critic. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The newspapers! — Sir, they are the most villanous — licentious — abominable — infernal — Not that I ever read them. No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Egad! I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two! *Ibid.*

Sheer necessity, — the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention. *Ibid.*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope? *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible. *Ibid.*

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne. *Ibid.*

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, — because — It is not yet in sight! *Ibid.*

An oyster may be crossed in love. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. *School for Scandal. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

I leave my character behind me. *Ibid.*

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;

Here 's to the widow of fifty;

¹ Compare Churchill, *The Apology*. Page 353.

Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.

Let the toast pass ;

Drink to the lass ;

I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

School for Scandal. Act iii. Sc. 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting
countenance.

Act v. Sc. 1.

It was an amiable weakness.¹

Ibid.

I ne'er could any lustre see

In eyes that would not look on me ;

I ne'er saw nectar on a lip

But where my own did hope to sip.

The Duenna. Act i. Sc. 2.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,

I ne'er could injure you.

Act i. Sc. 5.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it
has with politics.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.

Pizarro. Act ii. Sc. 2.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a
nobler line, — by deeds, not years.²

Act iv. Sc. 1.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his
memory for his jests and to his imagination for his
facts.³

Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas. Sheridaniana.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing 's curst hard reading.

Clio's Protest. Moore's Life of Sheridan. Vol. i. p. 155.

¹ Compare Fielding. Page 308.

² We live in deeds, not years. — Bailey, *Festus*.

³ On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire.

Le Sage, *Gil Blas, Livre iii. Ch. xi.*

CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745–1814.

There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Poor Jack.*

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.
Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he 's gone aloft. *Tom Bowling.*

For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft. *Ibid.*

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he 'd whistle
and sing;
Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.
The Sailor's Consolation.



PHILIP FRENEAU. 1752–1832.

The hunter and the deer a shade.¹
The Indian Burying-Ground.

Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear, but left the shield.²
To the Memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw.

¹ This line was appropriated by Campbell in *O' Connor's Child*.

² When Russia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield.
Scott, Marmion, Introduction to Canto iii.

MRS. ANNE CRAWFORD. 1734-1801.

Kathleen mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.

Kathleen Mavourneen.



GEORGE CRABBE. 1754-1832.

O, rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.¹

The Parish Register. Part i. Introduc.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.

Part ii. Marriages.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.²

The Borough. Letter xii. Players.

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

Letter xxiv. Schools.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

The Birth of Flattery.

'T was good advice, and means, my son, be good.

The Learned Boy.

Cut and come again.

Tales. vii. Line 26.

¹ Compare Young, *Satire* vii. *Line* 97. *Page* 267.

² See *Appendix*, p. 646.

CHARLES MORRIS. 1739–1832.

Solid men of Boston, banish long potations ;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations.¹

*Pitt and Dundas's Return to London from Wimbledon.
American Song. From Lyra Urbanica.*

O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !
Town and Country.

JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750–1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen. *McFingal. Canto i. Line 67.*

But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And, though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over. *Canto i. Line 93.*

As though there were a tie
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose. *Canto ii. Line 121.*

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law. *Canto iii. Line 489.*

¹ Solid men of Boston, make no long orations ;
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations.
*Billy Pitt and the Farmer. From Debrett's Asylum for
Fugitive Pieces, Vol. ii. p. 250.*

ROBERT BURNS. 1759-1796.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. *Tam o' Shanter.*

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises. *Ibid.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither, —
They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Ibid.*

The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious. *Ibid.*

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ibid.*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. *Ibid.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever. *Ibid.*

Nae man can tether time or tide. *Ibid.*

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone. *Ibid.*

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Ibid.*

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. *Ibid.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O !¹

Green grow the Rashes.

Some wee short hour ayont the twal.

Death and Dr. Hornbook.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men

Gang aft a-gley ;

And leave us naught but grief and pain

For promised joy.

To a Mouse.

Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn.

Man was made to Mourn.

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,

Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !

Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,

We frisk away,

Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,

To joy and play. *Epistle to James Smith.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;

A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !

A Winter's Night.

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar

Showed him the gentleman and scholar. *The Two Dogs.*

O wad some power the giftie gie us,

To see oursels as others see us !

It wad frae monie a blunder free us,

And foolish notion.

To a Louse.

¹ Man was made when Nature was
 But an apprentice, but woman when she
 Was a skilful mistress of her art. — *Cupid's Whirligig* (1607).

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler, sister woman ;
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human. *Address to the Unco Guid.*

What 's done we partly may compute,
 *But know not what 's resisted. *Ibid.*

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom.¹ *To a Mountain Daisy.*

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling ! *Ibid.*

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border. *Ibid.*

An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended ! *Ibid.*

And may you better reck the *rede*,²
 Than ever did the adviser ! *Ibid.*

O life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I ! *Despondency.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
Sweet Afton.

¹ Compare Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. Page 265.

² See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3.

If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.¹

I hae a Wife o' my Ain.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

Auld Lang Syne.

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.

On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark !
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse ?

Ode on Mrs. Oswald.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

Sweet Sensibility.

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Àe Fond Kiss.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

Ibid.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever.

Bonny Lesley.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour.

Bannockburn.

¹ Compare Bickerstaff. Page 354.

Liberty 's in every blow!

Let us do or die.¹

Bannockburn.

In durance vile² here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep.

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

O, my luve 's like a red, red rose,

That 's newly sprung in June;

O, my luve 's like the melodie,

That 's sweetly played in tune.

A Red, Red Rose.

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,

By passion driven;

But yet the light that led astray

Was light from heaven.

The Vision.

And, like a passing thought, she fled

In light away.

Ibid.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man 's the gowd for a' that.³

For a' that and a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,⁴

A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man 's aboon his might,

Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

Ibid.

'T is sweeter for thee despairing,

Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy!

Jessy.

¹ See *Appendix*, p. 643.

² Durance vile. — W. Kenrick (1766), *Falstaff's Wedding*, i. 2; Burke, *The Present Discontents*.

³ I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — Wycherley, *The Plaindealer*, Act i. Sc. 1.

⁴ Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a Count ne'er made a man. — Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

It 's guid to be merry and wise,
 It 's guid to be honest and true,
 It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a Health to Them that 's Awa'.

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

Ibid.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man 's the noblest work of God." *Ibid.*



JOHN LOWE. 1750—

The moon had climbed the highest hill
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree. *Mary's Dream.*



MRS. ANNE GRANT. 1755-1838.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch. *Roy's Wife.*

WILLIAM MASON. 1725–1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.¹ *Heroic Epistle.*



TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1752–1817.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies !
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold. *Columbia.*



REV. ROBERT HAWKER. 1753–1827.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope, and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love. *Benediction.*



J. P. KEMBLE. 1757–1823.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But — why did you kick me down stairs ?²
The Panel. Act i. Sc. 1.

¹ Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
 . . . Epicuri de grege porcum.

Horace, *Epist.*, *Lib.* I. iv. 15, 16.

² Altered from Bickerstaff's '*T is Well 't is no Worse*. The lines are also found in Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, Vol. i. p. 15.

GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755—.

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.¹

Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796. Barrington's New South Wales, p. 152.

MARY ROBINSON. 1758-1799.

Bounding billows, cease your motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er. *Bounding Billows.*

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.
1762-1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
Epilogue to the Heir at Law.
And what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass. *The Maid of the Moor.*

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great lords' stories often are. *Ibid.*

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed. *Ibid.*

¹ 'Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad.
Farquhar, *The Beaux Stratagem*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

When taken

To be well shaken.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

The Poor Gentleman. Act i. Sc. 2.

O Miss Bailey,

Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

Love laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. Song.

'T is a very fine thing to be father-in-law

To a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw!

Blue Beard. Act ii. Sc. 5.

I had a soul above buttons.

Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market. Sc. 1.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,

Sipped brandy and water gayly. *Mynheer Vandunck.*



WILLIAM PITT. 1759–1806.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed
of slaves.¹

Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all

That shared its shelter perish in its fall.

From The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No. xxxvi.



CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

1746–1825.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

When Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.

¹ Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. Line 393. Page 188.

LORD THURLOW. 1732-1806.

The accident of an accident.

*Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton. Butler's
Reminiscences. Vol. i. 142.*

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.¹
27 Parl. Hist. 680; Ann. Reg. 1789.



JOHN TOBIN. 1770-1804.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.

The Honeymoon. Act ii. Sc. 1.

She 's adorned
Amplly that in her husband's eye looks lovely, —
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.

Act iii. Sc. 4.



CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE. 1764-1834.

'T was whispered in heaven, 't was muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.

Enigma. The letter H.

¹ Whereupon Wilkes is reported to have said, somewhat coarsely, but not unhappily, it must be allowed, "Forget you! He'll see you d—d first." — Brougham, *Statesmen of the Time of George III. Thurlow.*

Burke also exclaimed, "The best thing that could happen to you."

ANDREW CHERRY. 1762–1812.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,

The rain a deluge showers.

The Bay of Biscay.

As she lay, on that day,

In the bay of Biscay, O!

Ibid.

DAVID EVERETT. 1769–1813.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age

To speak in public on the stage;

And if I chance to fall below

Demosthenes or Cicero,

Don't view me with a critic's eye,

But pass my imperfections by.

Large streams from little fountains flow,

Tall oaks from little acorns grow.¹

Lines written for a School Declamation.

THOMAS MORTON. 1764–1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Speed the Plough. Act i. Sc. 1.

Push on, — keep moving.

A Cure for the Heartache. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

Act v. Sc. 2.

¹ The lofty oak from a small acorn grows.—Translated from Lewis Duncombe (1711–1730), *De Minimis Maxima*.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765–1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself. *Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in
a wise and masterly inactivity. *Ibid.*

Disciplined inaction. *Causes of the Revolution of 1688. Ch. vii.*

The frivolous work of polished idleness.

*Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas
Brown.*



JAMES HURDIS. 1763–1801.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

The Village Curate.



LADY NAIRNE. 1766–1845.

There 's nae sorrow there, John,
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair,

In the land o' the leal. *The Land o' the Leal.*

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'. *Gude Nicht, etc.¹*

O, we 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin' ;

O, we 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

We 're a' Noddin'.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

¹ Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song.

HENRY LEE. 1756-1816.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Eulogy on Washington. Delivered by General Lee, Dec. 26, 1799.¹ Memoirs of Lee.



JOHN FERRIAR. 1764-1815.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.

Illustrations of Sterne. Bibliomantia. Line 6.

Now cheaply bought, for thrice their weight in gold.

Line 65.

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed

Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed).

Line 121.

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold

The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold!

Line 137.



HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. 1762-1827.

While thee I seek, protecting Power,

Be my vain wishes stilled;

And may this consecrated hour

With better hopes be filled.

Trust in Providence.

¹ To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. — From the *Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington*, December, 1799. *Marshall's Life of Washington.*

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.
1762–1837.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.

JOANNA BAILLIE. 1762–1857.

O, swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus-note
Soft moves the dipping oar.

O, swiftly glides the Bonnie Boat.

ROBERT HALL. 1764–1831.

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute,
and has collected riches from every scene of the crea-
tion and every walk of art. (Of Burke.)

Apology for the Freedom of the Press.

He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught
I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that
his brains could not move. (Of Kippis.)

From Gregory's Life of Hall.

Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of
brandy and water! That is the current, but not the
appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and
distilled damnation.¹ *Ibid.*

¹ He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin. Diog.
Laertius, *Pythagoras*, vi. Compare Cyril Tourneur. Page 149.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767–1848.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
 For Freedom only deals the deadly blow;
 Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
 For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade.¹

Written in an Album, 1842.



ANDREW JACKSON. 1767–1845.

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.

*Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830.
 Benton's Thirty Years' View, Vol. i. p. 148.*



JOSIAH QUINCY. 1772–1864.

If this bill (for the admission of Orleans Territory as a State) passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.²

Abridged Cong. Debates, Jan. 14, 1811. Vol. iv. p. 327.

¹ Manus hæc inimica tyrannis

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem. — Algernon Sidney.

² The gentleman (Mr. Quincy) cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." — Henry Clay, *Speech*, Jan. 8, 1813.

J. HOOKHAM FRERE. 1769–1846.

And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

The Monks and the Giants. Canto i. Line 6.

A sudden thought strikes me,—let us swear an
eternal friendship.¹

The Rovers. Act i. Sc. 1.

GEORGE CANNING. 1770–1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first. *Ibid.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* INSIDES.

The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black 's not so black, — nor white so *very* white.

New Morality.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, — perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, O save me from the *Candid Friend*! ² *Ibid.*

I called the New World into existence to redress the
balance of the old. *The King's Message. (Dec. 12, 1826.)*

No, here 's to the pilot that weathered the storm.

The Pilot that weathered the Storm.

¹ Compare Otway, *The Orphan*, Act iv. Sc. 2. Page 237.

² See *Appendix*, p. 625.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. 1769–1852.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. *Despatch, 1815.*

SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763–1855.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing. *Human Life.*

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. *Ibid.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before! *Ibid.*

Then never less alone than when alone.¹ *Ibid.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before,² —
He gathers round him. *Ibid.*

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.³ *Pæstum.*

That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course. *To a Tear.*

¹ Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset. — Cicero, *De Officiis, Liber iii. c. 1.* Compare Gibbon. Page 355.

² This is literally from Seneca, *Epist. lxxiii. 16.* Compare Matthew Henry. Page 233.

³ Compare Waller. Page 175.

She was good as she was fair.

None — none on earth above her !

As pure in thought as angels are,

To know her was to love her.¹ *Jacqueline. Stanza 1.*

The good are better made by ill,

As odours crushed are sweeter still.² *Stanza 3.*

Go, — you may call it madness, folly ;

You shall not chase my gloom away !

There 's such a charm in melancholy

I would not if I could be gay. *To —.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;

A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;

A willow brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*



JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770-1842.

Hail, Columbia ! happy land !

Hail, ye heroes ! heaven-born band !

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost ;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies ! *Hail, Columbia !*

¹ To see her is to love her. — Burns, *Bonny Lesley*.

None knew thee but to love thee.

Halleck, *On the Death of Drake*.

² Compare Bacon, *Of Adversity* ; Goldsmith, *The Captivity* ; Wordsworth's *Prelude*, Book ix.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.¹ 1770-1850.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza 41.

Action is transitory, — a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle, this way or that.

The Borderers. Act iii.

Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

The Child is father of the Man.²

My heart leaps up.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

To a Butterfly.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;

And love, and thought, and joy. *The Sparrow's Nest.*

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

Lucy Gray. Stanza 2.

A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

We are Seven.

Drink, pretty creature, drink!

The Pet Lamb.

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn. *The Brothers.*

¹ Coleridge said to Wordsworth, "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you."
— *Wordsworth's Memoirs*, Vol. ii. p. 74.

² Compare Milton, *Paradise Regained*, Book iv. Page 196.

A noticeable Man with large gray eyes.

Stanzas written in Thomson.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of Dove,

A maid whom there were none to praise

And very few to love.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

A violet by a mossy stone

Half hidden from the eye!

Fair as a star, when only one

Is shining in the sky.

Ibid.

She lived unknown, and few could know

When Lucy ceased to be;

But she is in her grave, and oh!

The difference to me!

Ibid.

A Briton, even in love, should be

A subject, not a slave!

Ere with cold beads of midnight dew.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,

Whose veil is unremoved

Till heart with heart in concord beats,

And the lover is beloved.

To ——.

Minds that have nothing to confer

Find little to perceive.

Yes! thou art fair.

That kill the bloom before its time;

And blanch, without the owner's crime,

The most resplendent hair. *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.*

The bane of all that dread the Devil. *The Idiot Boy.*

Something between a hindrance and a help. *Michael.*

Lady of the Mere,

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

A narrow girdle of rough stones.

But He is risen, a later star of dawn. *A Morning Exercise.*

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark. *Ibid.*

And he is oft the wisest man,

Who is not wise at all. *The Oak and the Broom.*

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,

When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

The poet's darling.

Ibid.

Thou unassuming Commonplace

Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease

I sit, and play with similes,

Loose types of things through all degrees. *Ibid.*

Often have I sighed to measure

By myself a lonely pleasure,

Sighed to think I read a book,

Only read, perhaps, by me. *To the Small Celandine.*

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,

Or but a wandering voice? *To the Cuckoo.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*

She was a Phantom of delight

When first she gleamed upon my sight;

A lovely apparition, sent

To be a moment's ornament. *She was a Phantom of delight.*

But all things else about her drawn

From May-time and the cheerful Dawn. *Ibid.*

A Creature not too bright or good

For human nature's daily food;

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,

Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. *Ibid.*

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

She was a Phantom of delight.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound

Shall pass into her face.

Three years she grew.

That inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude.

I wandered lonely.

The cattle are grazing,

Their heads never raising;

There are forty feeding like one!

Written in March.

A Youth to whom was given

So much of earth, so much of heaven.

Ruth.

As high as we have mounted in delight

In our dejection do we sink as low.

Resolution and Independence. Stanza 4.

But how can he expect that others should

Build for him, sow for him, and at his call

Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

Stanza 6.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,

The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;

Of him who walked in glory and in joy,

Following his plough, along the mountain-side:

By our own spirits we are deified:

We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;

But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Stanza 7.

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men. *Resolution and Independence. Stanza 14.*

And mighty Poets in their misery dead. *Stanza 17.*

“A jolly place,” said he, “in times of old !
But something ails it now : the spot is cursed.”
Hart-Leap Well. Part ii.

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. *Ibid.*

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels. *Ibid.*

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart. *Tintern Abbey.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. *Ibid.*

That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened. *Ibid.*

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart. *Ibid.*

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. *Ibid.*

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. *Tintern Abbey.*

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. *Ibid.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life. *Ibid.*

The silence that is in the starry sky.
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.

Like, — but oh ! how different !
Yes, it was the mountain Echo.

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.
To a Skylark.

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul. *Laodamia.*

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.
Ibid.

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, through a happy place. *Ibid.*

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
 No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, —
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure. *Laodamia.*

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams. *Ibid.*

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. *Ibid.*

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

Shalt show us how divine a thing
 A Woman may be made. *To a Young Lady.*

But an old age serene and bright,
 And lovely as a Lapland night,
 Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ibid.*

When his veering gait
 And every motion of his starry train
 Seem governed by a strain
 Of music, audible to him alone. *The Triad.*

Alas ! how little can a moment show
 Of an eye where feeling plays
 In ten thousand dewy rays ;
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go ! *Ibid.*

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
 That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiments.*

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.
On the Power of Sound. xii.

There 's something in a flying horse,
 There 's something in a huge balloon.

Peter Bell. Prologue. Stanza 1.

The common growth of Mother Earth
 Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,
 Her humblest mirth and tears.

Stanza 27.

Full twenty times was Peter feared,
 For once that Peter was respected.

Part i. Stanza 3.

A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

Stanza 12.

The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart; he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky!

Stanza 15.

On a fair prospect some have looked,
 And felt, as I have heard them say,
 As if the moving time had been
 A thing as steadfast as the scene
 On which they gazed themselves away.

Stanza 16.

As if the man had fixed his face,
 In many a solitary place,
 Against the wind and open sky!

Stanza 26.¹

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxx.

¹ The original edition (London, 1819, 8vo) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of *Part i.*, which was omitted in all subsequent editions: —

Is it a party in a parlour?
 Crammed just as they on earth were crammed, —
 Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
 But, as you by their faces see,
 All silent and all damned.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii.

Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. *Ibid.*

To the solid ground
 Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.
Part i. xxxiv.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
Part i. xxxv.

And, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains, — alas ! too few. *Part ii. i.*

Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly. *Part ii. ix.*

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still ! *Part ii. xxxvi.*

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold ?
 Because the lovely little flower is free
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold.
Part iii. xxvii.

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
 This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven

With vain endeavour,
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced for ever. *Thoughts suggested on the Banks of Nith.*

The best of what we do and are,
 Just God, forgive! *Ibid.*

May no rude hand deface it,
 And its forlorn *hic jacet*! *Ellen Irwin.*

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago. *The Solitary Reaper.*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again. *Ibid.*

The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more. *Ibid.*

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
 Frozen by distance. *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

A famous man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singer's joy. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

Because the good old rule
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
 That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can. *Ibid.*

The Eagle, he was lord above,
 And Rob was lord below. *Ibid.*

A brotherhood of venerable Trees.
Sonnet, composed at ——— Castle.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow ! *Yarrow Unvisited.*

O for a single hour of that Dundee
 Who on that day the word of onset gave !¹
Sonnet, in the Pass of Killicranky.
 A remnant of uneasy light. *The Matron of Jedborough.*

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*

Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great is passed away.
*Poems dedicated to National Independence. Part i. On the
 Extinction of the Venetian Republic.*

Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
 There 's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice.
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

¹ It was on this occasion (the failure in energy of Lord Mar at the battle of Sheriffmuir) that Gordon of Glenbucket made the celebrated exclamation, "O for an hour of Dundee!" — Mahon's *History of England*, Vol. i. p. 184.

O for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
 The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!
Byron, Childe Harold, Canto iv. Stanza 12.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

*Poems dedicated to National Independence. Part i.
September, 1802.*

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart. *London, 1802.*

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness. *Ibid.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. *Sonnet xvi.*

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath. *Sonnet xx.*

A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.
Part ii, Sonnet xii.

That God's most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man, arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.¹ *Ode, 1815.*

The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side, — a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world! *The Italian Itinerant.*

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold. *Desultory Stanzas.*

¹ Altered in later editions by omitting the last two lines, the others reading,

But Man is thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent.

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth.

Sky-Prospect, from the Plain of France.

The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage ;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height.

The White Doe of Rylstone. Canto iii.

Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part i. xxv. Missions and Travels.

As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.¹

Part ii. xvii. To Wickliffe.

¹ In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance (1415), the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by, and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—Fuller, *Church History*, Sec. ii. Book iv. Par. 53.

Fox says: "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep? . . . For though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and

The feather, whence the pen
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
 Dropped from an angel's wing.¹
Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part iii. v. Walton's Book of Lives.

Meek Walton's heavenly memory. *Ibid.*

But who would force the Soul tilts with a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.
Part iii. vii. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.

Where music dwells
 Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.
Part iii. xliii. Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away ; less happy than the one
 That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
 The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems composed in Summer of 1833. xxxvii.

truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn." — *Book of Martyrs, Vol. i. p. 606, ed. 1641.*

"Some prophet of that day said,

'The Avon to the Severn runs,

The Severn to the sea ;

And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,

Wide as the waters be.'"

From *Address before the Sons of New Hampshire*, by Daniel Webster, 1849.

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the Dead*.

¹ The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing

Made of a quill from an angel's wing.

Henry Constable, *Sonnet*.

Whose noble praise

Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.

Dorothy Berry, *Sonnet*.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness. *Expostulation and Reply.*

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double :
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble? *The Tables Turned.*

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher. *Ibid.*

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. *Ibid.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
Lines written in Early Spring.

And 't is my faith, that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ibid.*

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything. *Simon Lee.*

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ibid.*

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave. *A Poet's Epitaph. Stanza 5.*

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

A Poet's Epitaph. Stanza 10.

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love. *Stanza 11.*

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart. *Stanza 13.*

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up,
He felt with spirit so profound. *Matthew.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard. *The Fountain.*

A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free. *Ibid.*

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore. *Ibid.*

Maidens withering on the stalk. *Personal Talk. Stanza 1.*

Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet. *Stanza 2.*

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. *Stanza 3.*

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb. *Ibid.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares, —
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

Personal Talk. Stanza 4.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! *Ode to Duty.*

A light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove. *Ibid.*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live! *Ibid.*

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
Character of the Happy Warrior.

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives. *Ibid.*

But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
 Is happy as a Lover. *Ibid.*

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw. *Ibid.*

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray. *Ibid.*

“What is good for a bootless bene?”
 With these dark words begins my tale;
 And their meaning is, Whence can comfort spring
 When Prayer is of no avail? *Force of Prayer.*

Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.

Ode to Lycoris.

Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost. *To the Lady Fleming.*

Small service is true service while it lasts :
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature ! scorn not one :
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the Sun.

To a Child. Written in her Album.

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach. *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die ! *Ibid.*

To be a Prodigal's Favourite, — then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner, — behold our lot !
The Small Celandine.

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.
Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle, in a Storm. Stanza 4.

A Power is passing from the earth.
Lines on the expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things. *Addressed to Sir G. H. B.*

Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;
The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.

But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Ode. Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 2.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy ! *Stanza 5.*

At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day. *Ibid.*

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction. *Stanza 9.*

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised. *Ibid.*

Truths that wake,
To perish never. *Ibid.*

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither. *Ibid.*

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Ode. Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 10.

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality. *Stanza 11.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. *Ibid.*

The vision and the faculty divine ;

Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

The Excursion. Book i.

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise. *Ibid.*

That mighty orb of song,

The divine Milton. *Ibid.*

The good die first,

And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust

Burn to the socket. *Ibid.*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen. *Book ii.*

With battlements that on their restless fronts

Bore stars. *Ibid.*

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop

Than when we soar. *Book iii.*

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged. *Ibid.*

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock

Aerial. *Ibid.*

The intellectual power, through words and things,

Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way !¹ *Ibid.*

Society became my glittering bride,

And airy hopes my children. *Ibid.*

¹ Compare *The Borderers*. Page 402.

And the most difficult of tasks to keep
 Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

The Excursion. Book iv.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise ;
 And inward self-disparagement affords
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

Ibid.

Pan himself,
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god !

Ibid.

I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.¹

Ibid.

One in whom persuasion and belief
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become
 A passionate intuition.

Ibid.

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven." ² *Book vi.*

Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
 Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs
 Which it hath witnessed, — render back an echo
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod !

Ibid.

¹ See Landor's *Gebir*, *Book i.*

² An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars. — Coleridge, *The Friend*, No. 14.

And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

The Excursion. Book vii.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.¹

Ibid.

A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.

Ibid.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers.

Book ix.

By happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same!²

Ibid.

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon.³

The Prelude. Book vi.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!

Book xi.

The budding rose above the rose full blown.

Ibid.

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.⁴

And listens like a three years' child.

Ibid.

¹ Compare Milton, *L'Allegro*, Line 137. Page 205.

² Another and the same. — Darwin, *The Botanic Garden*.

An equivalent of the Latin phrase *aliud et idem*. See Joseph Hall's *Mundus alter et idem*, published circa 1600.

³ Verbatim from *Paradise Lost*, Book v. Line 310.

⁴ Wordsworth, in his notes to *We are Seven*, claims to have written these lines in the *Ancient Mariner*.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774-1843.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven:
 In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night! *Thalaba.*

They sin who tell us Love can die:
 With Life all other passions fly,
 All others are, but vanity.
The Curse of Kehama. Canto x. Stanza 10.

Love is indestructible:
 Its holy flame for ever burneth;
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth. *Ibid.*

It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there. *Ibid.*

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
 The Babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight? *Stanza 11.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
 But 't is the happy that have called thee so.
Canto xv. Stanza 11.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.¹

Madoc in Wales. v.

And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name, —
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

The March to Moscow. Stanza 8.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,

A cottage of gentility;

And he owned with a grin,

That his favourite sin

Is pride that apes humility.²

The Devil's Walk.

The Satanic school. *Vision of Judgment. Original Preface.*

“But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why that I cannot tell,” said he;

“But ’t was a famous victory.” *The Battle of Blenheim.*

Where Washington hath left

His awful memory

A light for after times!

Ode written during the War with America, 1814.

My days among the Dead are passed;

Around me I behold,

Where’er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old;

My never-failing friends are they,

With whom I converse day by day.

Occasional Pieces. xviii.

¹ “Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto iv. Stanza 110.

² Compare Coleridge, *The Devil's Thoughts*. Page 434.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 The few locks which are left you are gray ;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;
 Now tell me the reason I pray. *Father William.*

The march of intellect.¹

*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Vol. ii.
 p. 360. The Doctor, Ch. Extraordinary.*

JAMES SMITH. 1775–1839.

No Drury Lane for you to-day.
Rejected Addresses. The Baby's Début.
 I saw them go : one horse was blind,
 The tails of both hung down behind,
 Their shoes were on their feet. *Ibid.*
 Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait. *The Theatre.*

HORACE SMITH. 1779–1849.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
 And nought is every thing and every thing is nought.
Rejected Addresses. Cui Bono?
 In the name of the Prophet — figs. *Johnson's Ghost.*
 And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory.
Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition.

¹ The march of the human mind is slow.

Burke, *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

SYDNEY SMITH. 1769-1845.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.¹

Lady Holland's *Memoir*. Vol. i. p. 15.

No one minds what Jeffrey says,—it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator.

Vol. i. p. 23.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.² *Ibid.*

(Speaking of justice.) Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the Gospel, it is the attribute of God.

Vol. i. p. 29.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory,—nothing so expensive as glory.³

Vol. i. p. 88.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

Vol. i. p. 267.

Heat, ma'am! it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.

Ibid.

Macaulay is like a book in breeches. . . . He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful.

Vol. i. p. 363.

¹ The whole nation hitherto has been void of wit and humour, and even incapable of relishing it.—Horace Walpole, *Letter to Sir Horace Mann*, 1778.

² Motto proposed for the *Edinburgh Review*: *Tenui Musam meditatur avena*.

³ A favorite motto, which through life he inculcated on his family.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.¹

Lady Holland's *Memoir*. *Recipe for Salad*. Vol. i. p. 374.

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes, — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

Sketches of Moral Philosophy.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

Review of Seybert's Annals of the United States. 1820.

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? *Ibid.*

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.

America. *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1824.

(Great storm at Sidmouth.) In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who

¹ Compare Dryden. Page 227.

lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. *Speech at Taunton, 1831.*

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light. *On American Debts.*

JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748-1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours. *Epilogue to Cato.*¹

C. C. COLTON. 1780-1832.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery. *The Lacon.*

WILLIAM KNOX. 1789-1825.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.
O, why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud?

¹ Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, N. H.

CHARLES LAMB. 1775-1834.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore. *Hester. Stanza 7.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
Old Familiar Faces.

And half had staggered that stout Stagirite.
Written at Cambridge.

Who first invented work and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?

Sabbathless Satan! *Work.*

For with G. D., to be absent from the body is
sometimes (not to speak profanely) to be present with
the Lord. *Oxford in the Vacation.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the
game. *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But or-
ganically I am incapable of a tune. *A Chapter on Ears.*

Not if I know myself at all.
The Old and New Schoolmaster.

It is good to love the unknown. *Valentine's Day.*

The pilasters reaching down were adorned with a
glistering substance (I know not what) under glass
(as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy — but I
judged it to be sugar-candy — yet to my raised imagi-
nation, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a
glorified candy. *Essays of Elia. My First Play.*

“Presents,” I often say, “endear Absents.”

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

It argues an insensibility.

Ibid.

Books which are no books. *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it.

Amicus Redivivus.

He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament, to society.

Captain Starkey.

Neat, not gaudy.

Letter to Wordsworth, 1806.

Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!

Lamb's Suppers.

Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, “Are you full inside?” Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, “I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me.”

From Leslie's Autobiographical Recollections.



WILLIAM PITT. ———1840.

A strong nor'-wester 's blowing, Bill;

Hark! don't ye hear 'it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities them

Unhappy folks on shore now! *The Sailor's Consolation.*

My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots

About their heads are flying.

Ibid.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772-1834.

Red as a rose is she. *The Ancient Mariner. Part i.*

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *Part ii.*

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. *Ibid.*

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ibid.*

Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel. *Part iii.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea. *Part iv.*

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware. *Ibid.*

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole. *Part v.*

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. *Ibid.*

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. *Part vi.*

So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Part vii.*

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

The Ancient Mariner. Part vii.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.

Ibid.

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Ibid.

And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

Christabel. Part i.

A lady so richly clad as she, —
Beautiful exceedingly.

Ibid.

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain.

Ibid.

Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

Ibid.

A sight to dream of, not to tell!

Ibid.

That saints will aid if men will call :
For the blue sky bends over all !

Conclusion to Part i.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.

Part ii.

Her face, oh ! call it fair, not pale.

Ibid.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Ibid.

They stood aloof, the scars remaining, —
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between.

Ibid.

Perhaps 't is pretty to force together
 Thoughts so all unlike each other ;
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.

Christabel. Conclusion to Part ii.

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there. *France. An Ode. v.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
 (Portentous sight !) the owlet Atheism,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
 And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
 Cries out, "Where is it ?" *Fears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.¹ *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless
 billows.

Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and
 the ocean.

The Homeric Hexameter. Translated from Schiller.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
 In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
The Ovidian Elegiac Metre. From Schiller.

¹ His favorite sin
 Is pride that apes humility. — Southey, *The Devil's Walk.*

Blest hour ! it was a luxury — to be !

Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star

In his steep course ? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts ! *Ibid.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. *Ibid.*

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. *Ibid.*

A mother is a mother still,

The holiest thing alive. *The Three Graves.*

Never, believe me,

Appear the Immortals, .

Never alone. *The Visit of the Gods.* (Imitated from Schiller.)

The Knight's bones are dust,

And his good sword rust ;

His soul is with the saints, I trust. *The Knight's Tomb.*

To know, to esteem, to love, — and then to part,

Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart !

On taking leave of ———, 1817.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree :

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea. *Kubla Khan.*

Ancestral voices prophesying war. *Ibid.*

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw :

It was an Abyssian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora. *Ibid.*

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Kubla Khan.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

Epitaph on an Infant.

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

Dejection. Stanza 1.

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.

We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

Stanza 5.

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.

A Christmas Carol. viii.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, — love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Reproof.

Nought cared this body for wind or weather

When youth and I lived in 't together.

Youth and Age.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ibid.

I counted two-and-seventy stenchs,
All well defined, and several stinks.

Cologne.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne;
 But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? *Cologne.*

I stood in unimaginable trance
 And agony that cannot be remembered.
Remorse. Act iv. Sc. 3.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have vanished;
 They live no longer in the faith of reason.
Translation of Wallenstein. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4.

I've lived and loved. *Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Clothing the palpable and familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.
The Death of Wallenstein. Act i, Sc. 1.

Often do the spirits
 Of great events stride on before the events,
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I have heard of reasons manifold
 Why Love must needs be blind,
 But this the best of all I hold, —
 His eyes are in his mind.
To a Lady, offended by a Sportive Observation.

What outward form and feature are
 He guesseth but in part;
 But what within is good and fair
 He seeth with the heart. *Ibid.*

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.
A Day-Dream.

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.¹ *Fancy in Nubibus.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.² *Biog. Lit. Ch. xv.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant, when he has the
 giant's shoulder to mount on.³ *The Friend. Sec. i. Essay 8.*

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their
 churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as
 they cannot be referred to any other object, point as
 with silent finger to the sky and stars.⁴ *Ibid., No. 14.*

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
 The presence of the love it would conceal.

Motto to Poems written in Later Life.



WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1770-1834.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime, —

Unheeded flew the hours ;

How noiseless falls the foot of time,⁵

That only treads on flowers. *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

¹ And Iliad and Odyssey
 Rose to the music of the sea.

From the German of Stolberg, *Thalatta*, p. 132.

² A phrase, says Coleridge, which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople.

³ Compare Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Page 162.

Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the further. — Fuller, *The Holy State*, Ch. vi. 8.

See Cyprianus, *Vita Campanellæ*, p. 15.

⁴ Compare Wordsworth, *The Excursion*. Page 422.

⁵ Compare Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v. Sc. 3. Page 48.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).¹

The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

The Battle of Alexandria.

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

The Ocean. Line 54.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man.

The Common Lot.

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

The West Indies. Part iii.

Joys too exquisite to last, —
And yet *more* exquisite when past.

The Little Cloud.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be.

Ibid.

Friend after friend departs, —
Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.

Friends.

Nor sink those stars in empty night, —
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Ibid.

'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

The Issues of Life and Death.

¹ Ὁνῆσκειν μὴ λέγει τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς. — Callimachus, *Ep.* x.

Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love. *The Issues of Life and Death.*

Night is the time to weep ;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years. *Night.*

Who that hath ever been
 Could bear to be no more ?
 Yet who would tread again the scene
 He trod through life before ? *The Falling Leaf.*

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home. *At Home in Heaven.*

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will paradise be found ! *The Earth full of God's Goodness.*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast. *What is Prayer?*



ROBERT EMMET. 1780-1803.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb ; let no
 man write my epitaph : no man can write my epitaph.
Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, Sept., 1803.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777-1844.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.¹

Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 7.

But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind. *Line 40.*

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save. *Line 359.*

I hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,²
And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell! *Line 381.*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. *Line 385.*

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Line 472.*

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Part ii. Line 5.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man? — a world without a sun. *Line 21.*

The world was sad, — the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed — till Woman smiled.
Line 37.

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Line 45.*

There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Line 95.*

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Line 98.*

That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Line 194.*

¹ Compare Webster. Page 167.

² At length, fatigued with life, he bravely fell,
And health with Boerhaave bade the world farewell.
Church, *The Choice* (1754).

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!

Pleasures of Hope. Part ii. Line 263.

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? *Line 325.*

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.¹ *Line 357.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, O, leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between.² *Line 375.*

The hunter and the deer a shade.³
O'Connor's Child. Stanza 5.

Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow,
Ah me! it was a brother's! *Stanza 10.*

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.⁴
Lochiel's Warning.

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.
Ibid.

And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.
Ode to the Memory of Burns.

¹ Compare Sterne. Page 322.

² Compare Norris. Page 238.

³ Verbatim from Freneau's *Indian Burying-Ground*.

⁴ Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present. — Shelley, *A Defence of Poetry*.

Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Ode to the Memory of Burns.

Ye mariners of England!

That guard our native seas;

Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze! *Ye Mariners of England.*

Britannia needs no bulwarks,

No towers along the steep;

Her march is o'er the mountain waves,

Her home is on the deep. *Ibid.*

When the stormy winds do blow:¹

When the battle rages loud and long,

And the stormy winds do blow. *Ibid.*

The meteor flag of England

Shall yet terrific burn;

Till danger's troubled night depart,

And the star of peace return. *Ibid.*

There was silence deep as death;

And the boldest held his breath,

For a time. *Battle of the Baltic.*

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,

Who rush to glory, or the grave!

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,

And charge with all thy chivalry! *Hohenlinden.*

Few, few, shall part where many meet!

The snow shall be their winding-sheet,

And every turf beneath their feet

Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. *Ibid.*

¹ When the stormy winds do blow.

Martyn Parker, *Ye Gentlemen of England.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

The Exile of Erin.

To bear is to conquer our fate.

On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.¹

The Soldier's Dream.

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.

Ibid.

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. *Ibid.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud Philosophy

To teach me what thou art.

To the Rainbow.

A stoic of the woods, — a man without a tear.

Gertrude of Wyoming. Part i. Stanza 23.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this. *Part iii. Stanza 1.*

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below! *Stanza 5.*

Again to the battle, Achaians!

Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!

Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,

It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.

Song of the Greeks.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,

And if you nurse a flame

That 's told but to her mutual breast,

We will not ask her name.

Drink ye to her.

¹ The starres, bright centinels of the skies.

Habington, Castara, *Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Hallowed Ground.

O leave this barren spot to me!

Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.¹

The Beech Tree's Petition (1802).



CLEMENT C. MOORE. 1779–1863.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.



PRINCESS AMELIA. 1783–1810.

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,

I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung.



JAMES KENNEY. 1780–1849.

Behold, how brightly breaks the morning,

Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm.

Behold how brightly breaks.

¹ Woodman, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

Morris. Woodman, spare that Tree.

JANE TAYLOR. 1783–1824.

Far from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires. *Hymn.*

I thank the goodness and the grace
 Which on my birth have smiled,
 And made me, in these Christian days,
 A happy Christian child. *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

O that it were my chief delight
 To do the things I ought!
 Then let me try with all my might
 To mind what I am taught. *For a Very Little Child.*

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well?
 My mother.



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785–1842.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast. *A wet sheet and a flowing sea.*

While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea. *Ibid.*

When looks were fond, and words were few.
Poet's Bridal-Day Song.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771-1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto i. Stanza 7.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight. *Canto ii. Stanza 1.*

O fading honours of the dead !

O high ambition, lowly laid ! *Stanza 10.*

I was not always a man of woe. *Stanza 12.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be ;

I say the tale as 't was said to me. *Stanza 22.*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;

In halls, in gay attire is seen ;

In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,

And men below, and saints above ;

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,

For lovers love the western star. *Stanza 24.*

Along thy wild and willowed shore. *Canto iv. Stanza 1.*

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on poet's ear :

A simple race ! they waste their toil

For the vain tribute of a smile. *Stanza 35.*

Call it not vain ; — they do not err

Who say, that, when the poet dies,

Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,

And celebrates his obsequies. *Canto v. Stanza 1.*

True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven :

It is not fantasy's hot fire,

Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;

It liveth not in fierce desire,

With dead desire it doth not die ;

It is the secret sympathy,

The silver link, the silken tie,

Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,

In body and in soul can bind.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto v. Stanza 13.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand ?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;

For him no minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentr'd all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. *Canto vi. Stanza 1.*

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood ;

Land of the mountain and the flood.

Stanza 2.

Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty
line.

Marmion. Introduction to Canto i.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

Marmion. Introduction to Canto ii.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. *Ibid.*

'T is an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me. *Stanza 27.*

When Russia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield.¹
Introduction to Canto iii.

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying. *Stanza 10.*

Where 's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land? *Canto iv. Stanza 30.*

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. *Canto v. Stanza 9.*

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye. *Stanza 12.*

But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men. *Stanza 16.*

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? *Canto vi. Stanza 14.*

¹ Compare Freneau. Page 381.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!

Marmion. Canto vi. Stanza 17.

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!¹

Stanza 30.

“Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion.

Stanza 32.

O for a blast of that dread horn²
On Fontarabian echoes borne!

Stanza 33.

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

Ibid. L'Envoy. To the Reader.

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 17.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face.

Stanza 18.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.

Ibid.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.

Stanza 21.

¹ Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1. Page 119.

² O for the voice of that wild horn. — *Rob Roy*, Ch. ii.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 31.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Some feelings are to mortals given,

With less of earth in them than heaven. *Stanza 22.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Like the dew on the mountain,

Like the foam on the river,

Like the bubble on the fountain,

Thou art gone, and for ever! *Stanza 16.*

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,

And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,

And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

Canto iv. Stanza 1.

Art thou a friend to Roderick?

Stanza 30.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly

From its firm base as soon as I.

Canto v. Stanza 10.

And the stern joy which warriors feel

In foemen worthy of their steel.

Ibid.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,

Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!

Vain as the leaf upon the stream,

And fickle as a changeful dream;

Fantastic as a woman's mood,

And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.

Thou many-headed monster thing,

O, who would wish to be thy king!

Stanza 30

Where, where was Roderick then?
 One blast upon his bugle horn
 Were worth a thousand men.

Lady of the Lake. Canto vi. Stanza 18.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended;

Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded.

Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

In man's most dark extremity
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

Lord of the Isles. Canto i. Stanza 20.

Spangling the wave with lights as vain
 As pleasures in the vale of pain,

That dazzle as they fade.

Stanza 23.

O, many a shaft, at random sent,
 Finds mark the archer little meant!
 And many a word, at random spoken,
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

Canto v. Stanza 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried
 How mirth can into folly glide,
 And folly into sin!

Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. Stanza 21.

A mother's pride, a father's joy.

Rokeby. Canto iii. Stanza 15.

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,

And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer's queen.

Stanza 16.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
 The vanities of life forego,
 And count their youthful follies o'er,
 Till Memory lends her light no more.

Canto v. Stanza 1.

It 's no fish ye 're buying, it 's men's lives.¹

The Antiquary. Ch. xi.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,

Out of the land of bondage came,

Her fathers' God before her moved,

An awful guide in smoke and flame.

Ivanhoe. Ch. xxxix.

Sea of upturned faces.

Rob Roy. Ch. xx.

There 's a gude time coming.

Ch. xxxii.

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is
MacGregor.

Ch. xxxiv.

Scared out of his seven senses.²

Ibid.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

Old Mortality. Ch. xxxiv.

Within that awful volume lies

The mystery of mysteries!

The Monastery. Ch. xii.

And better had they ne'er been born,

Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Ibid.

Widowed wife and wedded maid. *The Betrothed. Ch. xv.*

Woman's faith and woman's trust

Write the characters in dust.

Ch. xx.

But with the morning cool reflection came.³

Chronicles of the Canongate. Ch. iv.

¹ It is not linen you 're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives. — Hood, *Song of the Shirt*.

² Huzzaed out of my seven senses.

Spectator, No. 616, Nov. 5, 1774.

³ Also quoted in the notes to the *Monastery, Ch. iii. n. 11*; and with 'calm' substituted for 'cool,' in the *Antiquary, Ch. v.*; and with 'repentance' for 'reflection,' in *Rob Roy, Ch. xii.*

Compare Rowe, *The Fair Penitent, Act i. Sc. 1.* Page 258.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier? ¹

Woodstock. Ch. xxxvii.

The playbill, which is said to have announced the tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out. *Introduction to the Talisman.*

Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye 're sleeping.² *The Heart of Midlothian. Ch. viii.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers.³ *Life of Napoleon.*

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.⁴ *Ibid. (February, 1807.)*



LORD DENMAN. 1779-1854.

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

O'Connell v. The Queen, 11 Clark and Finnelly.

The mere repetition of the *Cantilena* of lawyers cannot make it law, unless it can be traced to some competent authority; and, if it be irreconcilable, to some clear legal principle. *Ibid.*

¹ Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre
À gouverner l'état, quand il l'a su défendre.
Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux:
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.

Voltaire, Merope, Act i. Sc. 3.

² The very words of a Highland laird, while on his death-bed, to his son.

³ Compare Johnson. Page 315.

⁴ Compare Webster. Page 467.

THOMAS MOORE. 1779-1852.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities !

Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last. *Ibid.*

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream. *Ibid.*

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. *Ibid.*

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate. *Paradise and the Peri.*

But the trail of the serpent is over them all. *Ibid.*

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die. *The Fire-Worshippers.*

O for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might ! *Ibid.*

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. *Ibid.*

As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ibid.*

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter.

Lalla Rookh. The Fire-Worshippers.

Alas! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied,
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

The Light of the Haram.

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die. *Ibid.*

And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,

It is this, it is this.

Ibid.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?

Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.

To Thomas Hume.

Go where glory waits thee;

But, while fame elates thee,

O, still remember me!

Go where glory waits.

O, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,

Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid.

O, breathe not his name!

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,

Shall long keep his memory green in our souls. *Ibid.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts that once beat high for praise

Now feel that pulse no more.

The harp that once.

Fly not yet, 't is just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.

Fly not yet.

O stay! — O stay! —
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 't is pain
 To break its links so soon.

Ibid.

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

O think not my spirits.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

Rich and rare.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

The Meeting of the Waters.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?

Come, send round the wine.

The moon looks

On many brooks,

“The brook can see no moon but this.”¹

While gazing on the moon's light.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close!

As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,

The same look which she turned when he rose.

Believe me, if all those endearing.

¹ This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works: “The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.”

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon. *Ill Omens.*

But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. *Love's Young Dream.*

Eyes of unholy blue. *By that lake.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee!¹ *I saw thy form.*

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone. *Last Rose of Summer.*

When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? *Ibid.*

And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
The Young May Moon.

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds. *I'd mourn the hopes.*

¹ In imitation of Shenstone's inscription, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

Come o'er the sea.

The light that lies

In woman's eyes.

The time I've lost.

My only books

Were woman's looks,

And folly's all they've taught me.

Ibid.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Come, rest in this bosom.

To live and die in scenes like this,

With some we've left behind us.

As slow our ship.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

Remember thee.

All that's bright must fade; —

The brightest still the fleetest;

All that's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest! *All that's bright must fade.*

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those evening bells.

As half in shade and half in sun

This world along its path advances,

May that side the sun's upon

Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

Peace be around thee.

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,

Thou think'st I speak too coldly;

If I mention Love's devoted flame,

Thou say'st I speak too boldly.

How shall I woo?

A friendship that like love is warm,
A love like friendship steady.

How shall I woo?

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;

The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken ! *Oft in the stilly night.*

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !

Ibid.

O, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold.

O, call it by some better name.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,

I watch the star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.

When twilight dews.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why ;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.

The Blue Stocking.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free.

Sound the loud timbrel.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —
 There 's nothing true but Heaven!

This world is all a fleeting show.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Come, ye disconsolate.

Where bastard Freedom waves
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.

To the Lord Viscount Forbes.

I give thee all, — I can no more,
 Though poor the offering be;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee.¹

My Heart and Lute.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
 And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

Ballad Stanzas.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

A Canadian Boat Song.

Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

Ibid.

To Greece we give our shining blades.

Evenings in Greece.

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
 From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
 That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
 Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnant in chains.

On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.

¹ This song was introduced in Kemble's *Lodoiska*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet

The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,

When far o'er sea or land we roam?

The Dream of Home.

A Persian's heaven is easily made,

'T is but black eyes and lemonade.

Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.

Humility, that low, sweet root,

From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

Loves of the Angels. The Third Angel's Story.

Who ran

Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

On the Death of Sheridan.

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,

Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade. *Ibid.*

Though an angel should write, still 't is devils must
print.

The Fudges in England.

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,

I'll taste the luxury of woe.

Anacreontic.

Good at a fight, but better at a play,

Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.

On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil
of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the
stronger light there is shed upon them.

Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume

To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,

See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart

Which rank corruption destines for their heart.¹

Corruption.

¹ Compare Waller. Page 176.

REGINALD HEBER. 1783-1826.

Failed the bright promise of your early day! *Palestine.*

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.¹
Majestic silence!

Ibid.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid. *Epiphany.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows.

First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing
soil. *Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral. No. i.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.
No. ii.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright so e'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.
On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*

¹ Altered in later editions to —

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

Compare Cowper, *Winter Morning Walk*, Line 144. Page 363.

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

Missionary Hymn.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play.

Lines written to a March.



ROBERT TREAT PAINE. 1772-1811.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Adams and Liberty.



SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785-1842.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!
When fond recollection presents them to view.

The Bucket.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well. *Ibid.*



CHARLES MINER. 1780-1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers,
begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half
his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe
to grind.

*Who'll turn Grindstones.*¹

¹ From *Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe*, Doylestown, Pa., 1815. It first appeared in the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner*, 1811.

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782-1852.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens. *First Settlement of New England, Dec. 22, 1820.*

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.

Address on laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825.

Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. *Ibid.*

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered. *Ibid.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.¹

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826.

Independence now and Independence forever.² *Ibid.*

¹ Mr. Adams, describing a conversation with Jonathan Sewall, in 1774, says: "I answered, that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country, was my unalterable determination." — Adams's *Works*, Vol. iv. p. 8.

Live or die, sink or swim. — Peele, *Edward I.* (1584?).

² Mr. Webster says of Mr. Adams: "On the day of his death,

I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, Jan. 26, 1830.

The past, at least, is secure.

Ibid.

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.¹

Ibid.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Ibid.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

Ibid.

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.²

Speech on Hamilton, March 10, 1831.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they (the Colonies) raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign con-

hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he asked the occasion. On being reminded that it was 'Independent Day,' he replied, 'Independence forever.' — Webster's *Works*, Vol. i. p. 150. See Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. vii. p. 65.

¹ Compare Parker. Page 543.

² He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty. — Barry Yelverton (Lord Avonmore), on *Blackstone*.

See 2 *Kings* xiii. 21.

quest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.¹

Speech, May 7, 1834.

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

Speech, March 15, 1837.

Sea of upturned faces.²

Speech, Sept. 30, 1842.

Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty.

Completion of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843.

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth.

On Mr. Justice Story, 1845.

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

Speech of July 17, 1850.

¹ Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king? — Capt. John Smith, *Advertisements for the Unexperienced*, &c., *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Third Series*, Vol. iii. p. 49.

It may be said of them (the Hollanders) as of the Spaniards, that the sun never sets upon their dominions. — Gage's *New Survey of the West Indies*, *Epistle Dedicatory*. London, 1648.

Ich heisse

Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;

Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

I am called

The richest monarch in the Christian world;

The sun in my dominions never sets.

Schiller, *Don Karlos*, Act i. Sc. 6.

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.

Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon*, February, 1807.

² This phrase, commonly supposed to have originated with Mr. Webster, occurs in *Rob Roy*, Ch. xx.

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783-1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within
the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal
devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genu-
ine devotees in these peculiar villages.¹
The Creole Village.



SIR W. F. P. NAPIER. 1785-1860.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where ev-
ery helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British
soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy ;
no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his
name to the applauses of his countrymen ; his life of
danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death
unnoticed. *Peninsular War (1810). Vol. ii. Book xi. Ch. 3.*



WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG. 1796-1877.

I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
I would not live alway.

¹ Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost every vice, almighty gold.

Ben Jonson, *Epistle to Elizabeth.*

No ; let the monarch's bags and coffers hold
The flattering, mighty, nay al-mighty gold.

Peter Pindar, *Ode iv. to Kien Long.*

STEPHEN DECATUR. 1779–1820.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

Toast given at Norfolk, April, 1816.



JOSEPH STORY. 1779–1845.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story, Vol. i. p. 127.



OLIVER H. PERRY. 1785–1820.

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.

*Letter to General Harrison, dated "United States Brig Niagara.
Off the Western Sisters. Sept. 10, 1813. 4 P. M."*



PAUL MOON JAMES. 1780–1854.

The scene was more beautiful, far, to the eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it.

The Beacon.

And o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely as hope,

That star of life's tremulous ocean.

Ibid.

LORD BYRON. 1788-1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer

For other's weal availed on high,

Mine will not all be lost in air,

But waft thy name beyond the sky. *Farewell! if ever.*

I only know we loved in vain:

I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

Ibid.

When we two parted

In silence and tears,

Half broken-hearted,

To sever for years.

When we two parted.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 6.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't. *Line 51.*

With just enough of learning to misquote.

Line 66.

As soon

Seek roses in December, ice in June;

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,

Believe a woman, or an epitaph,

Or any other thing that's false, before

You trust in critics.

Line 75.

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms. *Line 326.*

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!

Line 399.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,

No more through rolling clouds to soar again,

Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,

And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.¹

Line 826.

¹ Compare Waller. Page 176.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires :
 This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest :
 Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 839.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, O, give me back my heart! *Maid of Athens.*

Had sighed to many, though he loved but one.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 5.

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.
Stanza 7.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might
 despair. *Stanza 9.*

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.
Stanza 10.

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite. *Stanza 11.*

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue. *Stanza 13.*

My native land, good night! *Ibid.*

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.
Stanza 15.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.
Stanza 20.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
 For one who hath no friend, no brother there.
Stanza 40.

Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.¹
Stanza 82.

¹ Medio de fonte leporum
 Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.
 Lucretius, iv. 1133.

War, war is still the cry, — “war even to the knife!”¹
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 86.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that
 were. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! *Ibid.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of
 power. *Ibid.*

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.² *Stanza 6.*

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Stanza 23.

None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possessed. *Stanza 24.*

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.
Stanza 26.

Cooped in their winged, sea-girt citadel. *Stanza 28.*

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
 Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Stanza 73.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
Stanza 76.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
 An hour may lay it in the dust. *Stanza 84.*

Land of lost gods and godlike men. *Stanza 85.*

¹ “War even to the knife,” was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragossa, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

² And keeps that palace of the soul. — Waller, *Of Tea*.

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto ii. Stanza 88.

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Ibid.

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.

Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider.

Stanza 2.

I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
prevail.

Ibid.

Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

Stanza 8.

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

Stanza 21.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.

Stanza 22.

And there was mounting in hot haste.

Stanza 25.

Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They
come! they come!"

Ibid.

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,

Over the unreturning brave.

Stanza 27.

Battle's magnificently stern array.

Stanza 28.

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 32.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell *Stanza 42.*

He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below. *Stanza 45.*

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind. *Stanza 47.*

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Stanza 55.*

He had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.
Stanza 57.

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall
be. *Stanza 70.*

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *Stanza 71.*

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me ;¹ and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Stanza 72.*

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. *Stanza 85.*

On the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. *Stanza 86.*

All is centred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being. *Stanza 89.*

In solitude, where we are *least* alone. *Stanza 90.*

¹ I am a part of all that I have met. — Tennyson, *Ulysses.*

The sky is changed, — and such a change ! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 92.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Stanza 107.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.¹
Stanza 113.

I stood
 Among them, but not of them. *Ibid.*

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
 A palace and a prison on each hand. *Canto iv. Stanza 1.*

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
 isles. *Ibid.*

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
 I planted, they have torn me, and I bleed ;
 I should have known what fruit would spring from
 such a seed. *Stanza 10.*

O for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
 The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe !²
Stanza 12.

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound. *Stanza 23.*

The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew,
 The mourned, the loved, the lost, — too many, yet how
 few ! *Stanza 24.*

¹ I never have sought the world ; the world was not to seek me.
 Boswell's *Johnson*, An. 1783.

² Compare Wordsworth. Page 412.

Parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone — and all is
 gray. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 29.*

The Ariosto of the North. *Stanza 40.*

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty.¹ *Stanza 42.*

Fills

The air around with beauty. *Stanza 49.*

Let these describe the undescribable. *Stanza 53.*

The starry Galileo with his woes. *Stanza 54.*

The poetry of speech. *Stanza 58.*

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss.
Stanza 69.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands. *Stanza 79.*

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.
Stanza 98.

Heaven gives its favourites — early death.² *Stanza 102.*

Man!

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Stanza 109.*

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast. *Stanza 115.*

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. *Ibid.*

¹ A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja: Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!

² Compare *Don Juan, Canto iv. Stanza 12.* Page 488.

Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 57.

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

Stanza 115.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,

Or water but the desert.

Stanza 120.

I see before me the Gladiator lie.

Stanza 140.

There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,

Butchered to make a Roman holiday!

Stanza 141.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;

And when Rome falls, — the World.”¹

Stanza 145.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?

Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?

Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low

Some less majestic, less beloved head?

Stanza 168.

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,

With one fair Spirit for my minister,

That I might all forget the human race,

And, hating no one, love but only her!

Stanza 177.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,

There is society, where none intrudes,

By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:

I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

Stanza 178.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, — roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control

Stops with the shore.

Stanza 179.

¹ Literally the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century.

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 179.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow, —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.¹

Stanza 182.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests.

Stanza 183.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,

And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.²

Stanza 184.

And what is writ, is writ, —

Would it were worthier!

Stanza 185.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been, —
A sound which makes us linger; yet — farewell!

Stanza 186.

Hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.

The Waltz.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

The Giaour. Line 68.

¹ And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

Robert Montgomery, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*.

² He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.

* Pollok, *The Course of Time*, Book iv. Line 389.

Such is the aspect of this shore ;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there. *The Giaour. Line 90.*

Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ? *Line 106.*

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Line 123.*

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own ;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame. *Line 418.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed. *Line 957.*

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock ! *Line 969.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name. *Line 1099.*

I die, — but first I have possessed,
And, come what may, I *have been* blest. *Line 1114.*

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight ;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory !
Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven ;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire. *Line 1127.*

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime? ¹

The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. Stanza 1.

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine? *Ibid.*

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
 The might — the majesty of Loveliness? *Stanza 6.*

The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,²
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
 And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul! *Ibid.*

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! *Stanza 20.*

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace! ³ *Ibid.*

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:

"Where is my child?" — an Echo answers, "Where?" ⁴
Stanza 27.

¹ Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
 Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
 Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
 And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?

Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*.

² Compare *Lovelace*. Page 172. Also Browne's *Religio Medici*,
Part ii. Sec. 9. Page 177.

³ Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant. — Tacitus, *Agricola*, 30.

⁴ I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,¹
 Survey our empire, and behold our home!
 These are our realms, no limit to their sway, —
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

The Corsair. Canto i. Stanza 1.

O, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried. *Ibid.*

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
 And seems to dare the elements to strife. *Stanza 3.*

The power of Thought, — the magic of the Mind!
Stanza 8.

The many still must labour for the one. *Ibid.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer. *Stanza 9.*

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell! *Ibid.*

Farewell!

For in that word, — that fatal word, — howe'er
 We promise, hope, believe, — there breathes despair.
Stanza 15.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
 For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Canto iii. Stanza 22.*

He left a Corsair's name to other times,
 Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.²
Stanza 24.

youth, where are they?" And an Echo answered, "Where are they?" — From an *Arabic MS.*

¹ To all nations their empire will be dreadful; because their ships will sail wherever billows roll or winds can waft them. — Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, iii. 152.

² Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices: *unam virtutem mille vitia comitantur*. As Machiavel said of Cosmo de Medici, he had two distinct persons in him. — Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.*

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe!

Lara. Canto i. Stanza 2.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that 's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

Hebrew Melodies. She walks in beauty.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whispered word.

Parisina. Stanza 1.

Yet in my lineaments they trace
 Some features of my father's face.

Stanza 13.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever fare *thee well*.

Fare thee well.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.

A Sketch.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

Stanzas to Augusta.

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Epistle to Augusta. Stanza 3.

When all of Genius which can perish dies.

Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.

Line 68.

Who track the steps of Glory to the grave.

Line 74.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan.¹

Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 117.

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood. *Prisoner of Chillon. Stanza 8.*

And both were young, and one was beautiful.
The Dream. Stanza 2.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him. *Ibid.*

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,²
Which terminated all. *Ibid.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *Stanza 3.*

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven. *Stanza 4.*

There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away. *Stanzas for Music.*

I had a dream which was not all a dream. *Darkness.*

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea. *To Thomas Moore.*

¹ Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.

Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto x. St. 84.

The idea that Nature lost the perfect mould has been a favorite one with all song writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations. — *Book of English Songs*, p. 28.

² She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

Longfellow, *The Spanish Student*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.

Dante, *Purgatorio*, Canto xiii. 89.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And, whatever sky 's above me,
 Here 's a heart for every fate.¹ *To Thomas Moore.*

Were 't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'T is to thee that I would drink. *Ibid.*

So we 'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night. *So we 'll go.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
 They crowned him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow. *Manfred. Act i. Sc. 1.*

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

The heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old!
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I am the very slave of circumstance
 And impulse, — borne away with every breath!
Sardanapalus. iv. 1.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
 Will back their own opinions by a wager.
Beppo. Stanza 27.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
 Wished him five fathom under the Rialto. *Stanza 32.*

¹ With a heart for any fate. — Longfellow, *A Psalm of Life*.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.¹ *Beppo. Stanza 34.*

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter. *Stanza 39.*

That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth. *Stanza 44.*

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. *Stanza 45.*

O Mirth and Innocence! O Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days! *Stanza 80.*

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong. *Mazeppa. Stanza x.*

They never fail who die
In a great cause. *Marino Faliero. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.
Age of Bronze. Stanza 3.

I loved my country, and I hated him.
Vision of Judgment. lxxxiii.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.
The Island. Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — Give me a cigar! *Ibid.*

¹ Compare Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*. Page 574.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone! *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.¹
Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 5.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar! *Stanza 17.*

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual!
 Inform us truly have they not henpecked you all?
Stanza 22.

The languages, especially the dead,
 The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
 The arts, at least all such as could be said
 To be the most remote from common use. *Stanza 40.*

Her stature tall, — I hate a dumpy woman. *Stanza 61.*

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
 That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
Stanza 83.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent," — consented.
Stanza 117.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
 'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
Stanza 123.

Sweet is revenge — especially to women. *Stanza 124.*

And truant husband should return, and say,
 "My dear, I was the first who came away." *Stanza 141.*

¹ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi. — Horace, *Ode*, iv. 9. 25.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence.

Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 194.

In my hot youth, when George the Third was king.

Stanza 212.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice.

Stanza 216.

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper.

Stanza 218.

At leaving even the most unpleasant people

And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

Canto ii. Stanza 14.

There 's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms

As rum and true religion.

Stanza 34.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Stanza 53.

All who joy would win

Must share it, — Happiness was born a twin.

Stanza 172.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

Stanza 186.

Alas! the love of women! it is known

To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

Stanza 199.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:

In all the others, all she loves is love.¹

Canto iii. Stanza 3.

He was the mildest-mannered man

That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

Stanza 41.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

Stanza 86. 1.

¹ Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour. — La Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 471, ed. London, 1871.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

Don Juan. Canto iii. Stanza 86. 1.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

Stanza 86. 3.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave, —

Think ye he meant them for a slave? *Stanza 86. 10.*

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die. *Stanza 86. 16.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,

Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Stanza 88.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,

'T is that I may not weep.

Canto iv. Stanza 4.

The precious porcelain of human clay.¹

Stanza 11.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.²

Stanza 12.

These two hated with a hate

Found only on the stage.

Stanza 93.

¹ Compare Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, Act i. Sc. 1. Page 231.

² Quem Di diligunt

Adolescens moritur. — Plautus, *Bacchus*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

"Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

Menander, *apud Stob. Flor.*, cxx. 8.

“Arcades ambo,” — *id est*, blackguards both.

Don Juan. Canto iv. Stanza 93.

I’ve stood upon Achilles’ tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.

Stanza 101.

O “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue”!¹

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Stanza 110.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, — the dinner bell.

Canto v. Stanza 49.

The women pardoned all except her face. *Stanza 113.*

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

Canto vi. Stanza 7.

A “strange coincidence,” to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays. *Stanza 78.*

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

Canto viii. Stanza 3.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.

Stanza 18.

And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won’t flatter.

Canto x. Stanza 24.

O for a *forty parson power*!

Stanza 34.

When Bishop Berkeley said “there was no matter,”
And proved it, — ’t was no matter what he said.

Canto xi. Stanza 1.

And, after all, what is a lie? ’T is but
The truth in masquerade.

Stanza 37.

¹ Though in blue ocean seen
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.

Southey, *Madoc in Wales*, v.

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

Don Juan. Canto xi. Stanza 59.

Of all tales 't is the saddest, — and more sad,
Because it makes us smile.

Canto xiii. Stanza 9.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away. *Stanza 11.*

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

Stanza 95.

'T is strange, but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction.

Canto xiv. Stanza 101.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

Canto xv. Stanza 13.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded. *Stanza 43.*

Friendship is Love without his wings.

L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, Ch. xiv.

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

Letter, Jan. 28, 1821.

What say you to such a supper with such a woman? ¹

Note to Letter on Bowles.

MISS FANNY STEERS.

The last link is broken
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free.

Song.

¹ Compare Lady Montagu. Page 296.

F. S. KEY. 1779-1843.

And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The Star-spangled Banner.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Ibid.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. 1784-1862.

A sound so fine, there 's nothing lives
'Twixt it and silence.

Virginus. Act v. Sc. 2.

LEIGH HUNT. 1784-1859.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.

Abou Ben Adhem.

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Ibid.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!

Politics and Poetics.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

The Story of Rimini.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792-1822.

How wonderful is Death!

Death and his brother Sleep.

Queen Mab. i.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.

Ibid. iii.

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.

Ibid. iv.

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.

The Revolt of Islam. Dedication, Stanza 6.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

Canto v. Stanza 23.

Kings are like stars, — they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.¹

Hellas.

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set;
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The cross leads generations on.

Chorus from Hellas.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.

The Cloud. iv.

¹ Compare Bacon, *Essay xx.*, *Empire.* Page 138.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still.¹ *Prometheus Unbound. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense. *Julian and Maddalo.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.² *Ibid.*

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow. *Adonais. xxx.*

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift. *Ibid. xxxii.*

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity. *Ibid. liii.*

¹ The pleasure of love is in loving. We are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we inspire. — Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 259.

² And poets by their sufferings grow,
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent. — Butler's *Fragments*.

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory;
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Poems written in 1821. To ———.

The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow!

Ibid.

You lie — under a mistake,
 For this is the most civil sort of lie
 That can be given to a man's face. I now
 Say what I think.

Translation of Calderon's Magico Prodigioso. Scene i.

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.¹ *A Defence of Poetry.*



THOMAS DIBDIN. 1771-1841.

O, it's a snug little island!
 A right little, tight little island! *The Snug Little Island.*



WILLIAM L. MARCY. 1786-1857.

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

Speech in the United States Senate, January, 1832.

¹ Compare Campbell. Page 442.

FELICIA D. HEMANS. 1794-1835.

The stately homes of England!

How beautiful they stand,
Amid their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land! *The Homes of England.*

The breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God.

Ibid.

Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the mossbeds at its feet.

The Palm Tree.

They grew in beauty side by side,

They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The Graves of a Household.

Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

Ibid.

The boy stood on the burning deck,

Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Casabianca.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
 And stars to set; — but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

The Hour of Death.

Come to the sunset tree!

The day is past and gone;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done. *Tyrolese Evening Song.*

In the busy haunts of men.

Tale of the Secret Tribunal. Part i.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit, rest thee now! *Siege of Valencia. Scene ix.*

O, call my brother back to me!

I cannot play alone;
 The summer comes with flower and bee, —
 Where is my brother gone? *The Child's First Grief.*

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung his tassels forth.
The Voice of Spring.



G. W. BELLAMY.

Old Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store
 Of Malmsey and Malvoisie. *Simon the Cellarer.*



SCROPE DAVIES.

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful
 as that of the human mind in ruins.

Letter to Thomas Raikes, May 25, 1835.

LORD BROUGHAM. 1779-1868.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array. *Speech, Jan. 29, 1828.*

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, kings, lords, and commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box. *Present State of the Law, Feb. 7, 1828.*

Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.¹

Death was now armed with a new terror.²



EMMA WILLARD. 1787-1870.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep. *The Cradle of the Deep.*

¹ The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830.

² Brougham delivered a very warm panegyric upon the Ex-Chancellor, and expressed a hope that he would make a good end. Although to an expiring Chancellor Death was now armed with a new terror. — Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, Vol. viii. p. 163.

Lord St. Leonards attributes this phrase to Sir Charles Wetherell, who used it on the occasion referred to by Lord Campbell.

From Edmund Curll's practice of issuing miserable catch-penny lives of every eminent person immediately after his decease, Arbuthnot wittily styled him "one of the new terrors of death." — Car-ruther's *Life of Pope*, 2d ed., p. 149.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795-1820.

When Freedom from her mountain height

Unfurled her standard to the air,

She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes

The milky baldrick of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white

With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !

By angel hands to valour given !

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,

And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet !

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

The American Flag.



HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796-1849

Her very frowns are fairer far

Than smiles of other maidens are.

She is not fair.



HENRY HART MILMAN. 1791-1868.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.

The Belvedere Apollo.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Ibid.

B. E. O'MEARA. 1778-1836.

March to the battle-field,
 The foe is now before us ;
 Each heart is Freedom's shield,
 And heaven is shining o'er us. *March to the Battle-Field.*

EATON S. BARRETT. 1785-1820.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
 Not she denied him with unholy tongue ;
 She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
 Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
Woman. (Ed. 1822.) Part i.

CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1791-1874.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
 Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age. *Curiosity.*

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
 An incarnation of fat dividends. *Ibid.*

Behold ! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
 We lift our heads, a race of other days.
Centennial Ode. Stanza 22.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
 In learned doctors spite ;
 Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
 And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. 1790-1867.

Strike — for your altars and your fires ;

Strike — for the green graves of your sires ;

God, and your native land !

Marco Bozzaris.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !

Come to the mother's, when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath ;

Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,

And crowded cities wail its stroke ;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,

The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;

Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet song, and dance, and wine ;

And thou art terrible, — the tear,

The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,

And all we know, or dream, or fear

Of agony are thine.

Ibid.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;

And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.

Ibid.

One of the few, the immortal names,

That were not born to die.

Ibid.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,

Shrines to no code or creed confined, —

The Delphian vales, the Palestines,

The Meccas of the mind.

Burns.

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days;
 None knew thee but to love thee,¹
 Nor named thee but to praise.

On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
 When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest. *Twilight.*

They love their land, because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
 And think it kindness to his majesty. *Connecticut.*

This bank-note world. *Alnwick Castle.*

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglas in red herrings. *Ibid.*

JOHN G. LOCKHART. 1794-1854.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay your golden cushion down;
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.
The Bridal of Andalla.

CHARLES PHILLIPS. 1789-1859.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne
 a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own
 originality. *The Character of Napoleon.*

¹ Compare Rogers, *Jacqueline*. Page 401.

JOHN KEATS.¹ 1795-1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Line 1.*

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. *Lamia. Part ii.*

Music's golden tongue
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.
The Eve of St. Agnes. Stanza 3.

Asleep in lap of legends old. *Stanza 15.*

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow. *Stanza 16.*

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing.
Stanza 18.

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
Stanza 27.

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon. *Stanza 30.*

That large utterance of the early gods ! *Hyperion. Book i.*

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir. *Ibid.*

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene !
Ode to a Nightingale.

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. *Ibid.*

¹ He asked to have this epitaph inscribed upon his gravestone :—
 Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

Lowell's Life of Keats.

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. *Ibid.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. *Ibid.*

Hear ye not the hum

Of mighty workings?

Addressed to Haydon.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific, — and all his men

Looked at each other with a wild surmise, —

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear

That falls through the clear ether silently.

To One who has been long in City pent.

The poetry of earth is never dead.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket.



J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792-1852.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam.

Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.¹

*Home, Sweet Home.*²

¹ "Home is home, though it be never so homely," is a proverb, and is found in the collections of the seventeenth century.

² From the opera of *Clari, the Maid of Milan*.

CHARLES WOLFE. 1791–1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Ibid.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Ibid.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.

To Mary.

Go, forget me, — why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
Go, forget me, — and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile, — though I shall not be near thee ;
Sing, — though I shall never hear thee. *Go, forget me.*



RICHARD HENRY WILDE. 1789–1847

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground — to die.

My life is like the summer rose.

JOHN KEBLE. 1792-1866.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask. *Morning.*

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?
The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store. *Burial of the Dead.*

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*



EDWARD EVERETT. 1794-1865.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear. *Alaric the Visigoth.*

You shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God." *Ibid.*

THOMAS CARLYLE. 1795-1881.

Literary men are a perpetual priesthood.

State of German Literature. Edinburgh Review, 1827.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.

Goethe. Ibid., 1828.

We are firm believers in the maxim that, for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad. *Ibid.*

How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they? *Burns. Ibid., 1828.*

A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility. *Ibid.*

His religion at best is an anxious wish, like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps. *Ibid.*

We must repeat the often repeated saying, that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with alarm or aversion; or with any other feeling than regret, and hope, and brotherly commiseration.

Voltaire. Foreign Review, 1829.

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

Sir Walter Scott. London and Westminster Review, 1838.

Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time. *Ibid.*

It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. *Ibid.*

The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing."

Varnhagen Von Ense's Memoirs. Ibid.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795–1854.

So his life has flowed
 From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them. *Ion. Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is a little thing
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. *Act i. Sc. 2.*



ROBERT POLLOK. 1799–1827.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
The Course of Time. Book i. Line 464.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
 And played familiar with his hoary locks.¹
Book iv. Line 389.

He was a man
 Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
 To serve the Devil in. *Book viii. Line 616.*

With one hand he put
 A penny in the urn of poverty,
 And with the other took a shilling out. *Line 632.*

¹ See Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto iv. Stanza 184. Page 478.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. 1797-1839.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet. *I'd be a butterfly.*

O, no! we never mention her,
 Her name is never heard;
 My lips are now forbid to speak
 That once familiar word. *O, no! we never mention her.*

We met, — 't was in a crowd. *We met.*

Gayly the Troubadour
 Touched his guitar. *Welcome me home.*

Why don't the men propose, mamma?
 Why don't the men propose? *Why don't the men propose?*

She wore a wreath of roses,
 The night that first we met. *She wore a wreath.*

Friends depart, and memory takes them
 To her caverns, pure and deep. *Teach me to forget.*

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
 Long, long ago, long, long ago. *Long, long ago.*

The rose that all are praising
 Is not the rose for me. *The rose that all are praising.*

O pilot! 't is a fearful night,
 There 's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;¹
 Isle of Beauty, fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty.*

¹ I find that absence still increases love.

Charles Hopkins (1664-1699), *To C. C.*
 Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it.
 Howell, *Familiar Letters*, Book i. Sec. i. No. 6.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.

The Mistletoe Bough.

O, I have roamed o'er many lands,

And many friends I've met ;

Not one fair scene or kindly smile

Can this fond heart forget. *O, steer my bark to Erin's isle.*

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD. 1795-1828.

I saw two clouds at morning,

Tinged by the rising sun,

And in the dawn they floated on,

And mingled into one.

I saw two clouds at morning.

BRYAN W. PROCTER. 1787-1874.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !

The blue, the fresh, the ever free !

The Sea.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !

I am where I would ever be,

With the blue above and the blue below,

And silence wheresoe'er I go.

Ibid.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,

But I loved the great sea more and more.

Ibid.

Touch us gently, Time !

Let us glide adown thy stream

Gently, — as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream.

Touch us gently, Time !

H. S. VANDYK. 1798-1828.

O, leave the gay and festive scenes,
The halls of dazzling light.

The Light Guitar.



CHARLES DANCE. 1794-1863.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters
Dwelt a youth, whose fond heart, night and day,
For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters,
In a dream of love melted away. *Fair Zurich's Waters.*



GEORGE LINLEY. 1798-1865.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer. *Ever of thee.*

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream. *Thou art gone.*

Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again. *Though lost to sight.¹*

¹ A song entitled "*Though lost to sight, to memory dear*, written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703," was published in London, 1880. The composer, in a private letter, acknowledged to have copied it from an American newspaper. There is no other authority for the origin of the song, and Ruthven Jenkyns, bearing another name, is now living in San Francisco.

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785–1866.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod ;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God ;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you ; — 't is the ballot-box.

A Word from a Petitioner.



THOMAS C. HALIBURTON. 1796–1865.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel,
Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. They are all
upper-crust here.¹

Sam Slick in England. Ch. xxiv.



WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797–1835.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day.

Jeannie Morrison.

And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies.

Ibid.

¹ Those families, you know, are our upper-crust, — not upper ten thousand. — Cooper, *The Ways of the Hour*, Ch. vi. (1850). *Sam Slick* first appeared in a weekly paper of Nova Scotia, 1835.

THOMAS HOOD. 1798-1845.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be, —
 In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

Sonnet. Silence.

We watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

The Death-Bed.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied ;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

Ibid.

I remember, I remember,
 The fir-trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky ;
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 't is little joy
 To know I 'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

I remember, I remember.

When he is forsaken,
 Withered, and shaken,
 What can an old man do but die ?

Spring it is cheery.

And there is even a happiness
 That makes the heart afraid.

Ode to Melancholy.

There 's not a string attuned to mirth,
 But has its chord in Melancholy.

Ibid.

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart. *The Lady's Dream.*

Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now,
And have a good cry! *A Table of Errata.*

Straight down the crooked lane,
And all round the square. *A Plain Direction.*

For my part getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*. *Morning Meditations.*

A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a spoon. *Ibid.*

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water. *Miss Kilmansegg.*

He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles. *Ibid.*

O bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head! *Ibid.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold. *Ibid.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould. *Ibid.*

How widely its agencies vary, —
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary. *Ibid.*

Another tumble! That's his precious nose!
Parental Ode to my Infant Son.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

The Season

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red.

Song of the Shirt.

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !¹

Ibid.

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !

Ibid.

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

The Bridge of Sighs.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ibid.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !

Ibid.

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Ibid.

No sun, no moon, no morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No road, no street, no t' other side the way,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no buds.

November.

¹ Compare Scott, *The Antiquary*, Ch. xi.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 1794-1878.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
 Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

The Ages. xxxiii.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language.

Thanatopsis.

Go forth under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings.

Ibid.

The hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun.

Ibid.

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

Ibid.

All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.

Ibid.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join,
 The innumerable caravan which moves¹
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Ibid.

The groves were God's first temples. *A Forest Hymn.*

¹ The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take.

Edition of 1821.

The stormy March has come at last,
 With winds and clouds and changing skies ;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
 brown and sear. *The Death of the Flowers.*

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
 no more. *Ibid.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they
 On earth that soonest pass away.
 The rose that lives its little hour
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

The victory of endurance born. *The Battle-Field.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers. *Ibid.*



JAMES G. PERCIVAL. 1795-1856.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his heart the ripples break,
 As down he bears before the gale. *To Seneca Lake.*

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799–1859.

There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop;¹ there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.

Speech before the New England Society, Dec. 22, 1843.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

Letter to the Whig Convention.

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities² of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence. *Letter to the Maine Whig Committee, 1856.*



COLONEL BLACKER.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.³

Oliver's Advice. 1834.

¹ The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a king, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop. — Junius, *Letter No. 35*, Dec. 19, 1769.

It (Calvinism) established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. — George Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Vol. iii. Ch. 6.

² We fear that the *glittering generalities* of the speaker have left an impression more delightful than permanent. — Franklin J. Dickman, *Review of a Lecture by Rufus Choate*, in the *Providence Journal*, Dec. 14, 1849.

³ There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry." — Hayes's *Ballads of Ireland*, Vol. i. p. 191.

THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1799–1859.

The tomb of him who would have made
 The world too glad and free. *The Devil's Progress.*

He stood beside a cottage lone,
 And listened to a lute,
 One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
 And the nightingale was mute. *Ibid.*

A love that took an early root,
 And had an early doom. *Ibid.*

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
 But never came to shore. *Ibid.*

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
 His eye was dim and cold,
 The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
 And his blood was thin and old. *Ibid.*



W. M. PRAED. 1802–1839.

Twelve years ago I was a boy,
 A happy boy at Drury's. *School and Schoolfellows.*

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
 And some before the speaker. *Ibid.*

I remember, I remember
 How my childhood fled by,—
 The mirth of its December,
 And the warmth of its July. *I remember, I remember.*

MACDONALD CLARKE. 1792-1842.

Whilst Twilight's curtain, gathering far,
Is pinned with a single diamond star.¹ *Death in Disguise.*



WILLIAM H. SEWARD. 1801-1872.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.

Speech, March 11, 1850.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and
enduring forces.

Speech, Oct. 25, 1858.



ALBERT G. GREENE. 1802-1868.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,

We ne'er shall see him more ;

He used to wear a long black coat,

All buttoned down before.²

Old Grimes.

¹ Mrs. Child says "he thus describes the closing day": —

Now twilight lets her curtain down,

And pins it with a star.

Letters from New York, First Series, p. 92.

² John Lee is dead, that good old man,

We ne'er shall see him more ;

He used to wear an old drab coat,

All buttoned down before.

"To the Memory of John Lee, who died May 21st, 1823." —

An inscription in Matherne churchyard.

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,

You 'll never see him more ;

He used to wear a long brown coat

That buttoned down before.

Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England, p. 60.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY. 1800-1859.

Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, — wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, — there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

Essay on Mitford's History of Greece.

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. *Essay on Milton.*

He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.

On Moore's Life of Lord Byron.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. *Ibid.*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife.

Ibid.

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity! To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries!

On Boswell's Life of Johnson.

I have not the Chancellor's encyclopedic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half knows* everything, from the cedar to the hyssop.

Letter to Macvey Napier, Dec. 17, 1830.

She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.¹ *Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.*

The Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

On Warren Hastings.

¹ The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's *Greece*; and he repeated it in his review of Mill's *Essay on Government*, in 1829.

What cities, as great as this, have . . . promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others. . . . Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins. — Goldsmith, *The Bee*, No. iv. (1759), *A City Night Piece*.

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name? — Volney's *Ruins*, Ch. ii.

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra. — Horace Walpole, *Letter to Mason*, Nov. 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone

That marks where stood her capitol, and hears

The bittorn booming in the weeds, he shrinks

From the dismaying solitude. — Henry Kirke White, *Time*.

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians. — Shelley, *Dedication to Peter Bell*.

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall.

On Warren Hastings.

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

Frederic the Great.

We hardly know an instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking, and so grotesque, as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other.

Ibid.

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history.¹

History of England. Vol. i. Ch. 1.

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen; and the gentlemen were not seamen.²

Vol. i. Ch. 2.

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.³

Vol. i. Ch. 3.

¹ Compare Fielding. Page 308.

² I have read their platform; but I see nothing in it both new and valuable. "What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable."—Daniel Webster, *Speech*, March, 1848.

If I am Sophocles, I am not mad; and if I am mad, I am not Sophocles.—*Vit. anon.* Plumptre, p. lxiv.

³ Even bearbaiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence.—Hume, *History of England*, Vol. i. Ch. 62.

He [Steele] was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.¹ *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.¹

Review of Life and Letters of Sir William Temple.

To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late,

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers

And the temples of his gods?

Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvii.

How well Horatius kept the bridge

In the brave days of old.

Ibid., lxx.

These be the Great Twin Brethren

To whom the Dorians pray. *The Battle of Lake Regillus.*

The sweeter sound of woman's praise.

Lines written in August, 1847.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Our Country, — whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less, — still our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

Toast at Faneuil Hall on the 4th of July, 1845.

A star for every State, and a State for every star.

Address on Boston Common in 1862.

¹ Compare Johnson. Page 315.

SAMUEL LOVER. 1797-1868.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping. *The Angel's Whisper.*

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.¹ *Rory O'More.*

For drames always go by *conthraries*, my dear.² *Ibid.*

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there 's luck in odd numbers,"³ says Rory O'More.
Ibid.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales
did tell. *My Mother Dear.*

Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs. *Widow Machree.*

SALMON P. CHASE. 1808-1873.

An indestructible Union composed of indestructible
States. *Texas v. White, 7 Wallace, 725.*

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON. 1808-1877.

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade. *We have been Friends.*

¹ Compare Scott, *Marmion*. Page 449.

² Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary.
Middleton, *The Family of Love*, iv. 3.

³ Compare Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Page 23.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 1805-1873.

Curse away!

And let me tell thee, Beausant, a wise proverb
The Arabs have, — "Curses are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost."

The Lady of Lyons. Act v. Sc. 2.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

Richelieu. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Take away the sword;

States can be saved without it.

Ibid.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As Fail.

Ibid.

Frank, haughty, rash, — the Rupert of debate.¹

The New Timon. (1846.) Part i. Stanza 6.

Alone! — that worn-out word,

So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word, ALONE!

Part ii. Stanza 7.

When stars are in the quiet skies,

Then most I pine for thee;

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,

As stars look on the sea. *When stars are in the quiet skies.*

Buy my flowers, O buy, I pray!

The blind girl comes from afar.

Buy my Flowers.

The man who smokes thinks like a sage, and acts
like a Samaritan.

Night and Morning. Ch. vi.

¹ In April, 1844, Mr. Disraeli thus alluded to Lord Stanley: "The noble lord is the Prince Rupert of Parliamentary discussion."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

(LORD HOUGHTON.)

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.

Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. Stanza 2.

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts, unawares. *The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet. *Ibid.*

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still. *The Brookside.*

The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard. *Ibid.*



WILLIAM MEE.

She 's all my fancy painted her,
She 's lovely, she 's divine. *Alice Gray.*



JOHN K. INGRAM.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?

From The Dublin Nation, April 1, 1843, Vol. i. p. 339.

ALFRED BUNN. *Circa 1790–1860.*

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side. *Song.*

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past. *Song.*

The heart bowed down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling. *Song.*



GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1802–1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!¹
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now. *Woodman, spare that tree! (1830.)*

A song for our banner! The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand, — divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever!
The Flag of our Union.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago! *Near the Lake.*

¹ Compare Campbell, *The Beech Tree's Petition*. Page 445.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR. . 1800 ———.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. Act i. Sc. 5.

An unreflected light did never yet

Dazzle the vision feminine.

Ibid.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure

For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.

Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,

There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,

Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Ibid.

We figure to ourselves

The thing we like, and then we build it up

As chance will have it, on the rock or sand :

For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,

And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore.

Ibid.

Such souls,

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,

Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind

A voice that in the distance far away

Wakens the slumbering ages.

Act i. Sc. 7.

 GERALD GRIFFIN. 1803-1840.

A place in thy memory, dearest,

Is all that I claim,

To pause and look back when thou hearest

The sound of my name.

A Place in thy Memory.

J. A. WADE. 1800–1875.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale!

Meet me by Moonlight.

'T were vain to tell thee all I feel,
 Or say for thee I'd die.

'T were vain to tell.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD. 1802–1880.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile
 with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of Freedom, more
 proud and firm, in this youthful land, than where she
 treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches her-
 self among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

Supposititious Speech of James Otis. From The Rebels, Ch. iv.

MARY HOWITT. 1804—.

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we;
 Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag in every
 sea.

Old England is our Home.

“Will you walk into my parlour?” said a spider to a
 fly,

“’T is the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.”

The Spider and the Fly.

KATE FRANKLIN.

Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace.

Life at Olympus. From the *Lady's Book*, Vol. xxiii. p. 33.



G. P. R. JAMES. 1801–1860.

I envy them, those monks of old,
Their books they read, and their beads they told.

The Monks of Old.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD).
1805–1881.

A precedent embalms a principle.

Speech in the House of Commons, Feb. 22, 1848.

Assassination has never changed the history of the
world.

Ibid., May, 1865.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

Speech at the Crystal Palace, June 24, 1870.

The author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children.

Speech at Glasgow, Nov. 19, 1870.

Apologies only account for that which they do not alter.

Speech in the House of Commons, July 28, 1871.

Youth is a blunder ; Manhood a struggle ; Old Age
a regret.

Coningsby. Book iii. Ch. i.

The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth. *Vivian Grey.*

That when a man fell into his anecdotage, it was a sign for him to retire. *Lothair. Ch. xxviii.*

You know who critics are? the men who have failed in literature and art. *Ch. xxxv.*

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents. *Endymion.*

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man. *Ibid.*

Blushing like a Worcestershire orchard before harvest. *Ibid.*



MRS. (DAVID) PORTER.

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,
And cherished thine image for years;
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
In secret, in silence and tears.

Thou hast wounded the spirit.



SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1805-1848.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1803-1882.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

Each and All.

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *The Problem.*

Out from the heart of Nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old. *Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
 Himself from God he could not free ;
 He builded better than he knew ;—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
 As the best gem upon her zone. *Ibid.*

Good by, proud world ! I'm going home :
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine. *Good By.*

What are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet ? *Ibid.*

If eyes were made for seeing,
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being. *The Rhodora.*

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.
Hymn sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.

The silent organ loudest chants

The master's requiem.

Dirge.

Things are in the saddle,

And ride mankind. *Ode, inscribed to W. H. Channing.*

Nothing is more simple than greatness ; indeed, to be simple is to be great. *Literary Ethics.*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.¹ *Quotation and Originality.*

It is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.² *Essay on Compensation.*

All mankind love a lover.

Essay on Love.

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. *Essay on Behaviour.*

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

Representative Men. Shakespeare.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in ?³

Ibid. Montaigne.

I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I

¹ There is not less wit, nor less invention, in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. Cardinal du Perron has been heard to say that the happy application of a verse of Virgil has deserved a talent. — Bayle, *Vol. ii.* p. 779.

² Man wird nie betrogen ; man betrügt sich selbst.

We are never deceived ; we deceive ourselves.

Goethe, *Maxims*, Vol. iii. p. 219.

³ Compare John Webster. Page 167.

can procure in a good version. . . . I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue.

Books.



CHARLES JEFFERYS. 1807–1865.

Come o'er the moonlit sea,
The waves are brightly glowing. *The Moonlit Sea.*

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea. *The Rose of Allandale.*

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "blessed three." *Charity.*

Come, wander with me, for the moonbeams are bright,
On river and forest, o'er mountain and lea.
Come, wander with me.

A word in season spoken
May calm the troubled breast. *A word in season.*

The bud is on the bough again,
The leaf is on the tree.
The Meeting of Spring and Summer.

I have heard the mavis singing
Its love-song to the morn;
I've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born. *Mary of Argyle.*

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years,
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
We have lived and loved together.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. 1807-1882.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write! ¹

Voices of the Night. Prelude.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

“Life is but an empty dream!” ²

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem. ³ *A Psalm of Life.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting, ⁴

And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating

Funeral marches to the grave. *Ibid.*

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead! *Ibid.*

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time. *Ibid.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate; ⁵

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labour, and to wait. *Ibid.*

¹ Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.

Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, i.

² Singet nicht in Trauertönen

Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht.

Song of Philine in Wilhelm Meister.

³ Non semper ea sunt quæ videntur. — Phædrus, *Book iv. Fable 2.*

⁴ Ars longa, vita brevis. — Hippocrates, *Aphorism i.*

Die Kunst ist lang, das Leben kurz.

Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*, vii. 9.

⁵ Compare Byron, *To Moore*. Page 484.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,¹
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

The star of the unconquered will. *The Light of Stars.*

O, fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long, —
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

Ibid.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine. *Flowers.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
 Tell their beads in drops of rain. *Midnight Mass.*

No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
Sunrise on the Hills.

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own. *Endymion.*

Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary. *The Rainy Day.*

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
 There are no birds in last year's nest! ²
It is not always May.

¹ Es ist ein Schnitter, heisst der Tod. — *Erntelied*. From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (Arnim and Brentano), ed. 1857, Vol. i. p. 59.

² Pues ya en los nidos de antaño, no hay pajaros ogano. — Cervantes, *Don Quijote*, Part i. Book iv. Ch. 2.

Time has laid his hand
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
 But as a harper lays his open palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

The Golden Legend. iv.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Maidenhood.

O thou child of many prayers!
 Life hath quicksands, — life hath snares!

Ibid.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
 Let me review the scene,

And summon from the shadowy Past

The forms that once have been. *A Gleam of Sunshine.*

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

The Day is Done.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Ibid.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

Ibid.

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.¹

The Spanish Student. Act ii. Sc. 3.

This is the forest primeval.

Evangeline. Part i.

¹ Compare Byron, *The Dream*. Page 483.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music. *Evangeline. Part i. 1.*

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels. *Part i. 3.*

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for-
ever. *Part ii. 5.*

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for
this planting.¹ *The Courtship of Miles Standish. iv.*

Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation !²
Ibid.

Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.³
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night. *Ibid.*

Sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate ! *The Building of the Ship.*

¹ God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness. — William Stoughton, *Election Sermon at Boston*, April 29, 1669.

² Plymouth Rock.

³ Compare Tennyson. Page 551.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

The Building of the Ship.

The leaves of memory seemed to make
 A mournful rustling in the dark.

The Fire of Drift-wood.

A banner with the strange device.

Excelsior.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there ;

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,

But has one vacant chair.

Resignation.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,

And mournings for the dead.

Ibid.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,

Whose portal we call Death.

Ibid.

In the elder days of Art,

Builders wrought with greatest care

Each minute and unseen part ;

For the gods see everywhere.

The Builders.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,

Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours

Weeping upon his bed has sate,

He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

From Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.¹ *Motto, Hyperion, Book i.*

¹ Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,

Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte

Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,

Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

Wilhelm Meister, Book ii. Ch. 13.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
 Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn ;
 Something with passion clasp or perish,
 And in itself to ashes burn.

From Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. *Motto, Hyperion, Book ii.*

Alas ! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn
 out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to
 light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that
 man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few
 in number.

Hyperion. Book iv. Ch. 8.

"Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee."¹

Kavanagh, ad fin.

Hospitality sitting with Gladness.

Frithiof's Saga. (Translation.)

With useless endeavour
 Forever, forever,
 Is Sisyphus rolling
 His stone up the mountain !

The Masque of Pandora. Chorus of the Eumenides.

The prayer of Ajax was for light. *The Goblet of Life.*

O suffering, sad humanity !
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steeped to the lips in misery,
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried !

Ibid.

He has singed the beard of the king of Spain.²

The Dutch Picture.

¹ From *To-morrow*, Nathaniel Cotton. Compare *Genesis xxxiii.*

² Sir Francis Drake entered the harbour of Cadiz, April 19th, 1587, and destroyed shipping to the amount of ten thousand tons lading. To use his own expressive phrase, he had singed the Spanish king's beard. — Knight's *Pictorial History of England*, Vol. iii. p. 215.

MRS. C. B. WILSON. ———1846.

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
 Entrancing our senses with charmed melody?

What fairy-like music.



JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1807 ———.

The hope of all who suffer,
 The dread of all who wrong.

The Mantle of St. John de Matha.

Making their lives a prayer.

On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Maud Muller.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,

So Bonny Doon but tarry;

Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,

But spare his Highland Mary.

Lines on Burns.



LADY DUFFERIN. 1807-1867.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,

For the poor make no new friends;

But oh! they love the better still

The few our Father sends.

Ibid.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. 1806–1850.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light

Does the wine our goblets gleam in ;

With hue as red as the rosy bed

Which a bee would choose to dream in.

Sparkling and Bright.



FREDERICK W. THOMAS. 1808 ———.

'T is said that absence conquers love ;

But oh ! believe it not.

I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,

But thou art not forgot.

Absence conquers Love.



FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 1811 ———.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear :

Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,

Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.

Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,

But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

*Lines addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Lenox
Academy, Mass.*

Better trust all, and be deceived,

And weep that trust and that deceiving,

Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,

Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Faith.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 1809–1865.

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.¹

Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

Second Inaugural Address.

THEODORE PARKER. 1810–1860.

There is what I call the American idea. . . . This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God: for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom.¹

*Speech at the New England Antislavery Convention,
Boston, May 29, 1850.*

THOMAS NOEL.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He 's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

The Pauper's Ride.

¹ The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.—Daniel Webster, *Speech*, Jan. 26, 1830.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809 - —.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.

Old Ironsides.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Ibid.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green. *The Cambridge Churchyard.*

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The Last Leaf.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

Ibid.

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

To an Insect.

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

Poetry, a Metrical Essay.

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace. *The Music-Grinders.*

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time. *Ibid.*

And, since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can. *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

When the last reader reads no more. *The Last Reader.*

Thine eye was on the censor,
And not the hand that bore it. *Lines by a Clerk.*

Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers! *The Poet's Lot.*

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor! *Urania.*

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*. *Ibid.*

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of
all! *The Boys.*

Boston State-house is the hub of the Solar System.
You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had
the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, p. 143.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. 1808 ———.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring. *National Hymn.*

MARK LEMON. 1809–1870.

O, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears !
O, would I were a boy again.

JAMES ALDRICH. 1810–1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose. *A Death-Bed.*

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise. *Ibid.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

And statesmen at her council met
 Who knew the seasons, when to take
 Occasion by the hand, and make
 The bounds of freedom wider yet. *To the Queen.*

Broad based upon her people's will,
 And compassed by the inviolate sea. *Ibid.*

For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn.
The Poet.

Across the walnuts and the wine. *The Miller's Daughter.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art.*

Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Stanza 5.

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
 The grand old gardener and his wife ¹
 Smile at the claims of long descent. *Stanza 7.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'T is only noble to be good.²
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ibid.*

¹ This line stands in the edition of 1842 (Moxon, 2 vols.),
 The gardener Adam and his wife,
 and has been restored by the author in his edition of 1873.

² Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

Juvenal, *Satire viii. Line 20.*

To be noble, we'll be good.—Percy's *Reliques, Winifreda.*

O love, O fire! once he drew
 With one long kiss my whole soul through
 My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew. *Fatima. Stanza 3.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
 mother dear;
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New
 Year;
 Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merri-
 est day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 Queen o' the May. *The May Queen.*

God gives us love. Something to love
 He lends us; but, when love is grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve
 Falls off, and love is left alone. *To J. S.*

More black than ashbuds in the front of March.
The Gardener's Daughter.
 I am a part of all that I have met.¹ *Ulysses.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished
 dove;
 In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
 thoughts of love. *Locksley Hall.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
 chords with might;
 Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in mu-
 sic out of sight. *Ibid.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent
 its novel force,
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
 horse. *Ibid.*

¹ Compare Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto iii. St. 72. Page 474.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Locksley Hall.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart. *Ibid.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering hap-
pier things.¹ *Ibid.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Hon-
our feels. *Ibid.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new. *Ibid.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing pur-
pose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of the suns. *Ibid.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race. *Ibid.*

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.
Ibid.

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change. *Ibid.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
Ibid.

¹ Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria. — Dante, *Inferno*, *Canto* v. 121.
For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that has been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, *Book* iii. *Line* 1625.

In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii
fuisse felicem. — Boethius, *De Consol. Phil.*, *Lib.* ii.

I waited for the train at Coventry ;
 I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
 To watch the three tall spires ; and there I shaped
 The city's ancient legend into this. *Godiva.*

We are ancients of the earth,
 And in the morning of the times.
The Day-Dream. L'Envoi.

As she fled fast through sun and shade,
 The happy winds upon her played,
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid. .
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !
Break, break, break.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me. *Ibid.*

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
 And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
The Princess. Prologue.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
 And sweet as English air could make her, she. *Ibid.*

Jewels five-words-long,
 That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
 Sparkle for ever. *Ibid. ii.*

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.
Ibid. iii.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying. *Ibid.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

The Princess. iv.

Unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square. *Ibid.*

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life! the days that are no more. *Ibid.*

Sweet is every sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees. *vii.*

Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
 Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
 He shall not blind his soul with clay. *Ibid.*

Let knowledge grow from more to more.

In Memoriam. Prologue. Line 25.

I held it truth, with him who sings¹
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things. *Ibid. i.*

¹ Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

Longfellow, *The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break. *In Memoriam.* vi.

And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire. *Ibid.* xv.

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.¹ *Ibid.* xviii.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing. *Ibid.* xxi.

The shadow cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. *Ibid.* xxiii.

And Thought leaped out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech. *Ibid.*

'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all. *Ibid.* xxvii.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. *Ibid.* xxxii.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form. *Ibid.* xxxiii.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away. *Ibid.* xlvii.

Hold thou the good : define it well :
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *Ibid.* lii.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill. *Ibid.* liii.

¹ Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1. Page 119.

But what am I?

An infant crying in the night:

An infant crying for the light:

And with no language but a cry. *In Memoriam.* liii.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

Ibid. lv.

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.

Ibid.

Who battled for the True, the Just.

Ibid. lv.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.

Ibid. lxiii.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

Ibid.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.

Ibid. lxxii.

Thy leaf has perished in the green.

Ibid. lxxiv.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Ibid. xciv.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.

Ibid. cv.

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ibid.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Ibid.

And thus he bore without abuse
 The grand old name of gentleman,
 Defamed by every charlatan,
 And soiled with all ignoble use. *In Memoriam.* cx.

Some novel power
 Sprang up forever at a touch,
 And hope could never hope too much,
 In watching thee from hour to hour. *Ibid.* cxi.

Large elements in order brought,
 And tracts of calm from tempest made,
 And world-wide fluctuation swayed
 In vassal tides that followed thought. *Ibid.*

One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves. *Ibid.* Conclusion.

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.
Maud. i. 5.

That jewelled mass of millinery,
 That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull. *Ibid.* v. 6.

Ah Christ, that it were possible
 For one short hour to see
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us
 What and where they be. *Ibid.* xxvi. 3.

For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever. *The Brook.*

Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Stanza 4.

O good gray head which all men knew. *Ibid.*

That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Stanza 4.

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.
Idylls of the King. Dedication.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all. *Vivien.*

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die. *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them. *Ibid.*

Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances. *Aylmer's Field.*



AMELIA B. RICHARDS.

The martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth. *The Martial Airs of England.*



MARTIN F. TUPPER. 1810 ———.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.
Of Education.
God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love. *Of Immortality.*

WILLIAM MILLER. 1810-1872.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the toun,
Up-stairs and doun-stairs, in his nicht-goun,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed, for it's nou ten o'clock?"
Willie Winkie.

EDMUND H. SEARS. 1810-1876.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains. *Christmas Song.*

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old. *The Angels' Song.*

EDGAR A. POE. 1811-1849.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door, —

Perched, and sat, and nothing more. *The Raven.*

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." *Ibid.*

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor

Shall be lifted — Nevermore! *Ibid.*

To the glory that was Greece

And the grandeur that was Rome.

To Helen.

ALFRED DOMETT. 1811—

It was the calm and silent night!

Seven hundred years and fifty-three

Had Rome been growing up to might,

And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars,

Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars

Held undisturbed their ancient reign

In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago.

Christmas Hymn.



ROBERT BROWNING. 1812—

Are there not, dear Michal,

Two points in the adventure of the diver,

One — when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge?

One — when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?

Festus, I plunge.

Paracelsus. ii.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!

Ibid. iii.

Other heights in other lives, God willing.

One Word More.



ELIZABETH BROWNING. 1809–1861.

Death forerunneth Love to win

“Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”¹ *Catarina to Camoens.*

¹ From Camoens.

CHARLES DICKENS. 1812-1870.

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body !

Nicholas Nickleby. Ch. xxxiv.

My life is one demd horrid grind.

Ch. lxiv.

In a Pickwickian sense.

Pickwick Papers. Ch. i.

O, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,

That creepeth o'er ruins old !

Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,

In his cell so lone and cold.

Creeping where no life is seen,

A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Ch. vi.

He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B. Tough and devilish sly.

Dombey and Son. Ch. vii.

When found, make a note of.

Ch. xv.

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.

Ch. xxiii.

Barkis is willin'.

David Copperfield. Ch. v.

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Little Dorrit. Ch. x.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.

Christmas Carol. Stave Two.



THEODORE L. BARKER.

When the sun's last rays are fading

Into twilight soft and dim. *Thou wilt think of me again.*

MICHAEL J. BARRY.

But whether on the scaffold high
 Or in the battle's van,
 The fittest place where man can die
 Is where he dies for man !

From *The Dublin Nation*, Sept. 28, 1844, Vol. ii. p. 809.

THOMAS O. DAVIS. 1814-1845.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning ;
 Come when you 're looked for, or come without warn-
 ing. *The Welcome.*

CHARLES MACKAY. 1814-——.

Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I ;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I. *Cleon and I.*

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
 As round and round we run ;
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
 And justice shall be done. *Eternal Justice. Stanza 4.*

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
 Where the shrill winds whistle free. *Some love to roam.*

There 's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming. *The Good Time Coming.*

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when earth was young. *Tubal Cain.*

EPES SARGENT. 1813-1881.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep! *Life on the Ocean Wave.*

A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave! *Ibid.*

F. W. FABER. 1814-1863.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. *The Right must win.*

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong.
The Sorrowful World.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER. 1816-1841.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee. *Life a Duty.*

JOSEPH E. CARPENTER. 1813 ———.

What are the wild waves saying,
 Sister, the whole day long,
 That ever amid our playing
 I hear but their low, lone song?
What are the wild waves saying?

MISS JULIA PARDOE. 1816-1862.

O, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
 A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!
The Captive Greek Girl.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1816 ———.

We live in deeds, not years; ¹ in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
 Life 's but a means unto an end, that end
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.
Festus. Scene, A Country Town.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
 And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.
Scene, Another and a Better World,

¹ A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, — by deeds, not years. — Sheridan, *Pizarro*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS. 1817-1867.

At present there is no distinction among the upper
ten thousand of the city.¹ *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye. *Saturday Afternoon.*

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,
And pleasant scents the noses. *The Month of June.*

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him!
Not for him, who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him, who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him, who ascended Fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.
The Death of Harrison.

A. H. LAYARD.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.

Speech, Jan. 15, 1855. Hansard, Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, Vol. cxxxviii. p. 2077.

¹ Compare Haliburton. Page 511.

ELIZA COOK. 1817 ———.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?

The Old Arm-Chair.

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart!

Old Dobbin.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH. 1813 ———.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

Stanzas.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Ibid.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
 And sits in my little one's chair,
 And the light of the heaven she 's gone to
 Transfigures its golden hair. *The Changeling.*

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.
To the Dandelion.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own. *Sonnet iv.*

Great Truths are^k portions of the soul of man;
 Great souls are portions of Eternity. *Sonnet vi.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart. *Sonnet xxv.*

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies,
 One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.
Sonnet xxxiv. Ed. 1844.

Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected. *Irené.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
 decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
 evil side;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the
 bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
 the right;
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness
 and that light. *The Present Crisis.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
 throne. *Ibid.*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous
to be just ;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

The Present Crisis.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

The Capture.

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—

There you hev it plain an' flat ;

I don't want to go no further

Than my Testyment fer that. *The Biglow Papers. No. i.*

An' you 've gut to git up airly

Ef you want to take in God.

Ibid.

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman

Hev one glory an' one shame,

Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman

Injers all on 'em the same.

Ibid.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable
feetur,

Ibid. No. ii.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.

Ibid. No. iii.

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee. *Ibid.*

Of my merit

On thet point you yourself may jedge ;

All is, I never drink no sperit,

Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ibid. No. vii.

Under the yaller pines I house,
 When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
 An' hear among their furry boughs
 The baskin' west-wind purr contented.

The Biglow Papers. No. x. Second Series.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth

On War's red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth

For the gret prize o' death in battle? *Ibid.*

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown

And peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldry all alone,

'Ith no one nigh to hender. *The Courtin'.*

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look

On sech a blessed cretur. *Ibid.*



HARRIET W. SEWALL. 1819—.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
 For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn? *Why thus longing?*



DINAH M. MULOCK. 1826—.

Two hands upon the breast,

And labour's done:¹

Two pale feet crossed in rest,

The race is won.

Now and Afterwards.

¹ Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past. — *Russian Proverb.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY. 1819-1875.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee! *The Sands o' Dee.*

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. 1819———.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown! *Ben Bolt.*

AMELIA B. WELBY. 1821-1852.

For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there. *Musings. Stanza 4.*

EDWIN RANSFORD.

In the days when we went gypsying
A long time ago;
The lads and lassies in their best
Were dressed from top to toe.
In the days when we went gypsying.

H. F. CHORLEY. 1831-1872.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.

The Brave Old Oak.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

Ibid.



ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. 1832 ———.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again, just for to-night!

Rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears,
 Toil without recompense, — tears all in vain, —
 Take them, and give me my childhood again!

Ibid.



FRANCIS BRET HARTE. 1839 ———.

Which I wish to remark, —
 And my language is plain, —
 That for ways that are dark
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chineese is peculiar.

Plain Language from Truthful James.

Ah Sin was his name.

Ibid.

With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Ibid.

ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830-1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

A Life Drama. Sc. ii.

In winter when the dismal rain

Came down in slanting lines,

And Wind, that grand old harper, smote

His thunder-harp of pines. *Ibid.*

A poem round and perfect as a star. *Ibid.*



THEODORE O'HARA.

On fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards with solemn sound

The bivouac of the dead. *The Bivouac of the Dead.*



G. W. LANGFORD.

Speak gently! 't is a little thing,

Dropped in the heart's deep well;

The good, the joy, that it may bring,

Eternity shall tell. *Speak gently.*



BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!

This world is a world of lies;

A cup to the dead already,—

Hurra for the next that dies! *Revelry in India.*

TRANSLATIONS.

HIPPOCRATES. 460-357 B. C.

Life is short and the art long. *Aphorism i.*

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.¹ *Ibid.*

DANTE. 1265-1321.

All hope abandon ye who enter here. *Hell.² Canto iii. 9.*

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand. *Canto v. 121.*

MICHAEL ANGELO. 1474-1564.

As when, O lady mine,
With chiselled touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows.³ *Sonnet.*

¹ Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

² Cary's translation.

³ Translated by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

The moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
 Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

From the *Rubaiyat*.¹ Stanza lxxi.



MARTIN LUTHER. 1483–1546.

A mighty fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper he amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.²

Hymn.



JOHN SIRMOND. 1589 (?)–1649.

If on my theme I rightly think,
 There are five reasons why men drink:
 Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
 Or lest I should be by and by,
 Or any other reason why.³

Causæ Bibendî.

¹ Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Omar Khayyam was born at Naishapur, in Khorasan, in the latter half of our eleventh century.

² Translated by Frederic H. Hedge.

³ These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Henry Aldrich in the *Biog. Britannica*, 2d ed., Vol. i. p. 131), which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond:—

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendî;
 Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
 Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.

Menagiana, Vol. i. p. 172.

FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1495-1553.

I am just going to leap into the dark.¹

From Motteux's *Life*.

He left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three articles as his last will: "I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor." *Ibid.*

To return to our wethers.² *Works. Book i. Ch. 1, n. 2.*

I drink no more than a sponge. *Ch. 5.*

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston. *Ibid.*

By robbing Peter he paid Paul, . . . and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall. *Ch. 11.*

Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth. *Book ii. Ch. 32, ad fin.*

I'll go his halves. *Book iv. Ch. 23.*

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he. *Ch. 24.*



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547-1616.

Too much of a good thing.

*Don Quixote.*³ *Part i. Book i. Ch. 6.*

He had a face like a benediction. *Book ii. Ch. 4.*

I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet. *Book iii. Ch. 7.*

¹ Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre.

² *Revenons à nos moutons*, a proverb taken from the French farce of *Pierre Patelin*, ed. 1762, p. 90.

³ Jarvis's translation.

The more thou stir it, the worse it will be.

Don Quixote. Part i. Book iii. Ch. 8.

Every one is the son of his own works. *Book iv. Ch. 20.*

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. *Ch. 23.*

Every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse. *Part ii. Book i. Ch. 4.¹*

Patience and shuffle the cards. *Ch. 6.²*

Sancho Panza am I, unless I was changed in the cradle. *Book ii. Ch. 13.³*

Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl; for, let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee.⁴ *Ch. 14.⁵*

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. *Ch. 16.⁶*

The painter Orbaneja of Ubeda, — if he chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock, lest the people should take it for a fox. *Ch. 19.⁷*

¹ Lockhart's translation, *Part ii. Ch. 4.*

² *Ibid.*, *Ch. 23.*

³ *Ibid.*, *Ch. 30.*

⁴ This is generally placed in the mouth of Macgregor: "Where Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table." Emerson quotes it, in his *American Scholar*, as the saying of Macdonald, and Theodore Parker as the saying of the Highlander.

⁵ Lockhart's translation, *Part ii. Ch. 31.*

⁶ *Ibid.*, *ii. Ch. 68.*

⁷ *Ibid.*, *Ch. 71.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it
should get blunted. *The Little Gypsy. (La Gitanilla.)*

My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but
enduring as marble to retain.¹ *Ibid.*



FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. 1604-1655.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small;²

Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness
grinds He all. *Retribution. From the Sinngedichte.*³

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave. *Sin. Ibid.*³



ISAAC DE BENSERADE. 1612-1691.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And, born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.⁴

¹ His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

Byron, Beppo, Stanza 34.

² Ὁψὲ θεοῦ μύλοι ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον. — *Oracula Sibyllina, Lib. viii. Line 14.*

³ Ὁψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι. δὲ λεπτά. — *Leutsch and Schneidewin, Corp. Paræm. Græc., Vol. i. p. 444.*

God's mill grinds slow, but sure. — *Herbert, Jacula Prudentum.*

³ Translated by H. W. Longfellow.

⁴ Translated by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

FRANCIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.
1613–1680.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils, but present evils triumph over it.¹ *Maxim 22.*

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose. *Maxim 49.*

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. *Maxim 227.*

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel, than in that we inspire.² *Maxim 259.*

We always like those who admire us, we do not always like those whom we admire. *Maxim 294.*

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.³ *Maxim 298.*

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.⁴ *Maxim 471.*

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us.⁵
Reflections, xv.

¹ This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an ar-rant jade on a journey. — Goldsmith, *Good-Natured Man*, Act i.

² Compare Shelley. Page 493.

³ The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours. — Sir Robert Walpole.

⁴ In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.

Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto iii. Stanza 3.

⁵ I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others. — Burke, *The Sublime and Beautiful*, Part i. Sec. 14.

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668–1747.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste. *Gil Blas. Book vii. Ch. 4.*

Isocrates was in the right to insinuate, in his elegant Greek expression, that what is got over the Devil's back is spent under his belly. *Book viii. Ch. 9.*

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. 1712–1778.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array, —
Days of absence, I am weary, —
She I love is far away. *Days of Absence.*

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763–1820.

It is more than a crime, it is a political fault ;¹ words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others. *Memoirs of Fouché.*

MADAME ROLAND. 1754–1793.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name! (1793.)
Macaulay, Mirabeau. Ed. Review, July, 1832.

¹ Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

BERTRAND BARÈRE. 1755–1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the
blood of tyrants.¹ *Speech in the Convention Nationale, 1792.*

A. F. F. VON KOTZEBUE. 1761–1819.

There is another and a better world.²
The Stranger. Act i. Sc. 1.

J. G. VON SALIS. 1762–1834.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither? *The Silent Land.*³
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land! *Ibid.*

J. M. USTERI. 1763–1827.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close;
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?
Life let us Cherish.

¹ L'arbre de la liberté ne croît qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans.

² Translated by A. Schink. London, 1799.

³ Translated by H. W. Longfellow.

JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE. 1760 — — —.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary, —

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

*The Marseilles Hymn.*¹

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!

March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death!

Ibid.



JOHANN L. UHLAND. 1787–1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, —

Take, I give it willingly;

For, invisible to thee,

Spirits twain have crossed with me.

*The Passage.*²



VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN. 1806–1871.

Two souls with but a single thought,

Two hearts that beat as one.³

*Ingomar the Barbarian.*⁴ Act ii.

¹ Anonymous translation.

² Anonymous translation from the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1832.

³ Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.

⁴ Translated by Maria Lovell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq; Nouemq; tricenos,
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicanos,
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

William Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, prefixed to
Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 1577.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.

Richard Grafton's *Chronicles of England*, 1590.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one;
Excepting leap year, that 's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

The Return from Parnassus. London, 1606.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

Common in the New England States.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.

Common in Chester County, Pa., among the Friends.

Terrible he rode alone,
 With his Yemen sword for aid;
 Ornament it carried none,
 But the notches on the blade.

*The Death Feud. An Arab War Song.*¹

Be the day short or never so long,
 At length it ringeth to even-song.

Quoted at the stake by George Tankerfield (1555). See Fox's *Martyrs*, vii. 346; Heywood's *Proverbs*.

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames; "play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."²

Black spirits and white,
 Red spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may! Middleton, *The Witch*, Act v. Sc. 2.

The first two lines are introduced into Macbeth. According to Steevens, "the song was, in all probability, a traditional one." Collier says, "Doubtless it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare." Dyce says, "There seems to be little doubt that *Macbeth* is of an earlier date than *The Witch*."

The King of France went up the hill,
 With twenty thousand men;
 The King of France came down the hill,
 And ne'er went up again.

In a tract called *Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North*, 4to, London, 1642, p. 3. This is called *Old Tarlton's Song*.

¹ The production of an age earlier than that of Mahomet.— Anonymous translation from *Tait's Magazine*, July, 1850.

² I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out.—2 *Esdras* xiv. 25.

Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

Ravenscroft's *Deuteromela*, Song No. 7 (1609). See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.

Begone, old Care. From Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1687.

Use three Physicians,
Still-first Dr. Quiet,
Next Dr. Mery-man
And Dr. Dyet.

From *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*, ed. 1607.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vii. 20; translated by Tate and Stonestreet, ed. Garth.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin
Might have seen a full fayre sight.

From Percy's *Reliques*. *Guy of Gisborne*.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme.¹ *Ibid.* *Sir Patrick Spens*.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Ibid. *The Friar of Orders Gray*.

¹ I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour.

From Percy's *Reliques*. *Sir Carline*.

We 'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we 'll be good.¹

Ibid. *Winifreda* (1726).

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted;
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.

Ibid.

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wolda.² *Ibid.* *The Baffled Knight*.

What we gave, we have ;
What we spent, we had ;
What we left, we lost.

Epitaph of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. From
Cleaveland's *Genealogical History of the Family of Courtenay*, p. 142.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman ?

Lines used by John Ball, in Wat Tyler's Rebellion. Hume's
History of England, Vol. i. Ch. 17, n. 8.

Now bething the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf, and Eve span.³

From a *MS. of the Fifteenth Century*, in the British Museum.

¹ Compare Tennyson. Page 547.

² He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay.

Heywood's *Proverbs* (1546); Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. iii. Sec. 2, Mem. 5, Subs. 5.

³ The same proverb existed in German:—

So Adam reutte, und Eva span;
Wer was da ein eddelman ?

Agricola, *Prov.*, No. 254.

For angling-rod, he took a sturdy oak ;
For line a cable, that in storm ne'er broke ;

His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. Chambers's *Book of Days*, Vol. i. p. 173; and Daniel's *Rural Sports, Supplement*, p. 57.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak ;
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke ;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.

In Chalmers's *British Poets* ascribed to William King (1663-1712). *Upon a Giant's Angling*.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.¹

Author unknown. From Staniford's *Art of Reading*, 3d ed., p. 27, Boston, 1803.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate,
but as an example to deter.

Letters of Junius. Letter xii. To the Duke of Grafton.

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct,
or the hand to execute.²

Letter xxxvii. City Address and the King's Answer.

¹ In the Preface to Mr. Nichol's work on *Autographs*, among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg, with Jacob Bobart's autograph, and the verses:—

"*Virtus sua gloria.*"

Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name. The verses are given as an early instance of their use.

² Compare Clarendon. Page 168.

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security ;
the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight ;
strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

Letters of Junius. Letter xlii. Affair of the Falkland Islands.

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.

From the Opera of La Sonnambula.

Happy am I, from care I'm free
Why ar' n't they all contented like me ?

From the Opera of La Bayadère.

It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

*Epitaph on a Child who died at the Age of Three Weeks.
(Cheltenham Churchyard.)*

Mater ait natæ, dic natæ, natam
Ut moneat natæ, plangere filiulam.¹

The mother to her daughter spake :
Daughter, said she, arise,
Thy daughter to her daughter take,
Whose daughter's daughter cries.¹

*A Distich, according to Zwinger, on a Lady of the Family
of the Dalburgs, who saw her descendants to the sixth
generation.*

A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done.

*From a Poem spoken by Mr. Eusden at a Cambridge Com-
mencement. It was the second time printed, London, 1714.*

¹ The mother said to her daughter, Daughter, bid thy daughter
tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter hath a daughter. —
Translated from the *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ*, Vol. iii., by George
Hakewill. *Apologie*, Book iii. Ch. v. Sec. 9.

In Adam's fall,
We sinned all. *New England Primer.*

My Book and Heart
Must never part. *Ibid.*

Young Obadiah,
David, Josias, —
All were pious. *Ibid.*

Peter denyed
His Lord, and cryed. *Ibid.*

Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly. *Ibid.*

Xerxes did die,
And so must I. *Ibid.*

Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see. *Ibid.*

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man. *Ibid.*

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take. *Ibid.*

His wife, with nine small children and one at the
breast, following him to the stake.

*Ibid. Martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers. Burnt at Smith-
field, Feb. 14, 1554.*

OLD TESTAMENT.

It is not good that the man should be alone.

Genesis ii. 18.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . .
For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

iii. 19.

The mother of all living.

iii. 20.

Am I my brother's keeper?

iv. 9.

My punishment is greater than I can bear.

iv. 13.

There were giants in the earth in those days.

vi. 4.

The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot.

viii. 9.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood
be shed.

ix. 6.

In a good old age.

xv. 15.

His hand will be against every man, and every man's
hand against him.

xvi. 12.

Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

xlii. 38.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

xliv. 4.

I have been a stranger in a strange land.

Exodus ii. 22.

A land flowing with milk and honey.

Exodus iii. 8; *Jeremiah* xxxii. 22.

Darkness which may be felt.

Exodus x. 21.

The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a
cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar
of fire.

xiii. 21.

When we sat by the fleshpots.

xvi. 3.

- Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy viii.* 3.
- The wife of thy bosom. *xiii.* 6.
- Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. *xix.* 21.
- Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. *xxviii.* 5.
- The secret things belong unto the Lord our God. *xxix.* 29.
- He kept him as the apple of his eye. *xxxii.* 10.
- As thy days, so shall thy strength be. *xxxiii.* 25.
- His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. *xxxiv.* 7.
- I am going the way of all the earth. *Joshua xxiii.* 14.
- I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges v.* 7.
- The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. *v.* 20.
- She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. *v.* 25.
- Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? *viii.* 2.
- He smote them hip and thigh. *xv.* 8.
- The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. *xvi.* 9.
- The people arose as one man. *xx.* 8.
- Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth i.* 16.
- Quit yourselves like men. *1 Samuel iv.* 9.
- Is Saul also among the prophets? *x.* 11.
- A man after his own heart. *xiii.* 14.

David therefore departed thence and escaped to the cave of Adullam. 1 Samuel xxii. 1.

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon. 2 Samuel i. 20.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. i. 23.

How are the mighty fallen! i. 25.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. i. 26.

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. x. 5.

Thou art the man. xii. 7.

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. xiv. 14.

The sweet psalmist of Israel. xxiii. 1.

So that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.¹ 1 Kings vi. 7.

A proverb and a byword. ix. 7.

An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse. xvii. 12.

How long halt ye between two opinions? xviii. 21.

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. xviii. 44.

A still, small voice. xix. 12.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. xx. 11.

¹ See Cowper. Page 363.

Death in the pot.

2 *Kings* iv. 40.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? viii. 13.

Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously. ix. 20.

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job* i. 1.

Satan came also. i. 6.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. i. 21.

All that a man hath will he give for his life. ii. 4.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. iii. 17.

Night, when deep sleep falleth on men. iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. v. 7.

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. v. 13.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. v. 26.

How forcible are right words! vi. 25.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. vii. 6.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.¹ vii. 10; cf. xvi. 22.

I would not live alway. vii. 16.

The land of darkness and the shadow of death. x. 21.

¹ The place thereof shall know it no more. — *Psalm* ciii. 16.

Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

- Wisdom shall die with you. *Job xii. 2.*
- Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *xiv. 1.*
- Miserable comforters are ye all. *xvi. 2.*
- The king of terrors. *xviii. 14.*
- I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *xix. 20.*
- Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *xix. 28.*
- Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue. *xx. 12.*
- The land of the living. *xxviii. 13.*
- The price of wisdom is above rubies. *xxviii. 18.*
- When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *xxix. 11.*
- I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *xxix. 13.*
- I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *xxix. 15.*
- The house appointed for all living. *xxx. 23.*
- My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book. *xxxi. 35.*
- Great men are not always wise. *xxxii. 9.*
- He multiplieth words without knowledge. *xxxv. 16.*
- Fair weather cometh out of the north. *xxxvii. 22.*
- Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *xxxviii. 2.*
- The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *xxxviii. 7.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *Job xxxviii. 11.*

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *xxxviii. 31.*

Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? *xxxviii. 32.*

He smelleth the battle afar off. *xxxix. 25.*

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? *xli. 1.*

Hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *xli. 24.*

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. *xli. 31.*

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *xlii. 5.*

His leaf also shall not wither. *Psalms i. 3.*

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. *viii. 2.*

Little lower than the angels. *viii. 5.*

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *xiv. 1; liii. 1.*

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *xv. 4.*

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. *xvi. 6.*

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *xvii. 8.*

The sorrows of death compassed me. *xviii. 4.*

Fly upon the wings of the wind. *xviii. 10.*

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. *xix. 1.*

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. *xix. 2.*

I may tell all my bones.

Psalm xxii. 17.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he
leadeth me beside the still waters.

xxiii. 2.

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

xxiii. 4.

My cup runneth over.

xxiii. 5.

From the strife of tongues.

xxxi. 20.

He fashioneth their hearts alike.

xxxiii. 15.

I have been young, and now am old ; yet have I not
seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

xxxvii. 25.

Spreading himself like a green bay-tree.

xxxvii. 35.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.

xxxvii. 37.

While I was musing the fire burned.

xxxix. 3.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure
of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am.

xxxix. 4.

Every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

xxxix. 5.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall
gather them.

xxxix. 6.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

xli. 1.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks.

xlii. 1.

Deep calleth unto deep.

xlii. 7.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

xlvi. 1.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is
Mount Zion, the city of the great King.

xlvi. 2.

Man being in honour abideth not ; he is like the
beasts that perish.

xlix. 12, 20.

The cattle upon a thousand hills. *Psalm* 1. 10.

Oh that I had wings like a dove! *lv.* 6.

We took sweet counsel together. *lv.* 14.

The words of his mouth were smother than butter,
but war was in his heart. *lv.* 21.

My heart is fixed. *lvii.* 7.

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;
which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charm-
ing never so wisely. *lviii.* 4, 5.

Vain is the help of man. *lx.* 11; *cviii.* 12.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.
lxxii. 6.

His enemies shall lick the dust. *lxxii.* 9.

As a dream when one awaketh. *lxxiii.* 20.

Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from
the west, nor from the south. *lxxv.* 6.

He putteth down one and setteth up another. *lxxv.* 7.

They go from strength to strength. *lxxxiv.* 7.

A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I
had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God
than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. *lxxxiv.* 10.

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness
and peace have kissed each other. *lxxxv.* 10.

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday
when it is past. *xc.* 4.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. *xc.* 9.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ;
and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
yet is their strength labour and sorrow ; for it is soon
cut off, and we fly away. *Psalm xc. 10.*

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply
our hearts unto wisdom. *xc. 12.*

The pestilence that walketh in darkness ; . . . the
destruction that wasteth at noonday. *xc. 6.*

The noise of many waters. *xciii. 4.*

As for man his days are as grass ; as a flower of the
field so he flourisheth. *ciii. 15.*

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the
place thereof shall know it no more. *ciii. 16.*

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *civ. 15.*

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour un-
til the evening. *civ. 23.*

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do busi-
ness in great waters. *cvii. 23.*

At their wit's end. *cvii. 27.*

I said in my haste, All men are liars. *cxvi. 11.*

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his
saints. *cxvi. 15.*

The stone which the builders refused is become the
head stone of the corner. *cxviii. 22.*

A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.
cxix. 105.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon
by night. *cxxi. 6.*

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. *Psalm cxxii. 7.*

He giveth his beloved sleep. *cxxvii. 2.*

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *cxxvii. 5.*

Thy children like olive plants round about thy table. *cxxviii. 3.*

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids. *Psalm cxxxii. 4; Proverbs vi. 4.*

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. *Psalm cxxxiii. 1.*

We hanged our harps upon the willows. *cxxxvii. 2.*

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *cxxxvii. 5.*

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. *cxxxix. 9.*

I am fearfully and wonderfully made. *cxxxix. 14.*

Put not your trust in princes. *cxlvi. 3.*

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. *Proverbs i. 20.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *iii. 17.*

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. *iv. 7.*

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *iv. 18.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. *vi. 6.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *Proverbs* vi. 10; *xxiv.* 33.

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. *vi.* 11.

As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *Proverbs* vii. 22; *Jeremiah* xi. 19.

Wisdom is better than rubies. *Proverbs* viii. 11.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. *ix.* 17.

He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. *ix.* 18.

A wise son maketh a glad father. *x.* 1.

The memory of the just is blessed. *x.* 7.

The destruction of the poor is their poverty. *x.* 15.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. *xi.* 14; *xxiv.* 6.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *xi.* 15.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *xii.* 10.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *xiii.* 12.

The way of transgressors is hard. *xiii.* 15.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son. *xiii.* 24.

Fools make a mock at sin. *xiv.* 9.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. *xiv.* 10.

The prudent man looketh well to his going. *xiv.* 15.

Righteousness exalteth a nation. *xiv.* 34.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. *Proverbs* xv. 1.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. xv. 13.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. xv. 17.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! xv. 23.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. xvi. 9.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. xvi. 18.

The hoary head is a crown of glory. xvi. 31.

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. xvii. 8.

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. xvii. 9.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words. xvii. 27.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. xvii. 28.

A wounded spirit who can bear? xviii. 14.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. xviii. 24.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. xix. 17.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. xx. 1.

Every fool will be meddling. xx. 3.

The hearing ear and the seeing eye. xx. 12.

It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. xxi. 9.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *Proverbs xxii. 1.*

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. *xxii. 6.*

The borrower is servant to the lender. *xxii. 7.*

Remove not the ancient landmark. *xxii. 28; xxiii. 10.*

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *xxii. 29.*

Riches certainly make themselves wings. *xxiii. 5.*

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. *xxiii. 7.*

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *xxiii. 21.*

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup; . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

xxiii. 31, 32.

A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. *xxiv. 5.*

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small. *xxiv. 10.*

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *xxv. 11.*

Heap coals of fire upon his head. *xxv. 22.*

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *xxv. 25.*

As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come. *xxvi. 2.*

Answer a fool according to his folly. *xxvi. 5.*

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him. *Proverbs xxvi. 12.*

There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *xxvi. 13.*

Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *xxvi. 16.*

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *xxvi. 27.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *xxvii. 1.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love. *xxvii. 5.*

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *xxvii. 6.*

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *xxvii. 15.*

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *xxvii. 17.*

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *xxvii. 22.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion. *xxviii. 1.*

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *xxviii. 20.*

Give me neither poverty nor riches. *xxx. 8.*

The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *xxx. 15.*

Her children arise up and call her blessed. *xxxi. 28.*

Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity. *Ecclesiastes i. 2; xii. 8.*

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. *Ecclesiastes i. 4.*

The eye is not satisfied with seeing. *i. 8.*

There is no new thing under the sun. *i. 9.*

Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us. *i. 10.*

All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *i. 14.*

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *i. 18.*

One event happeneth to them all. *ii. 14.*

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *iii. 1.*

A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *iv. 12.*

Let thy words be few. *v. 2.*

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *v. 5.*

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. *v. 12.*

A good name is better than precious ointment. *vii. 1.*

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting. *vii. 2.*

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. *vii. 6.*

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *vii. 14.*

Be not righteous overmuch. *vii. 16.*

One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found. *vii. 28.*

God hath made man upright; but they have sought
out many inventions. *Ecclesiastes vii. 29.*

There is no discharge in that war. *viii. 8.*

To eat, and to drink, and to be merry.
Ecclesiastes viii. 15; Luke xii. 19.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.
Ecclesiastes ix. 4.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy
might. *ix. 10.*

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the
strong. *ix. 11.*

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to
send forth a stinking savour. *x. 1.*

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that
which hath wings shall tell the matter. *x. 20.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find
it after many days. *xi. 1.*

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.
xi. 3.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he
that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *xi. 4.*

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening
withhold not thine hand. *xi. 6.*

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is
for the eyes to behold the sun. *xi. 7.*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *xi. 9.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
xii. 1.

The grinders cease because they are few. *xii. 3.*

The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *Ecclesiastes xii. 5.*

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *xii. 6.*

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *xii. 7.*

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. *xii. 11.*

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *xii. 12.*

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. *xii. 13.*

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. *The Song of Solomon, ii. 11, 12.*

The little foxes, that spoil the vines. *ii. 15.*

Terrible as an army with banners. *vi. 4, 10.*

Like the best wine, . . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. *vii. 9.*

Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave. *viii. 6.*

Many waters cannot quench love. *viii. 7.*

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. *Isaiah i. 3.*

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.

Isaiah i. 5.

As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.

i. 8.

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Isaiah ii. 4; Micah iv. 3.

In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . to the moles and to the bats.

Isaiah ii. 20.

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils.

ii. 22.

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water.

iii. 1.

Grind the faces of the poor.

iii. 15.

Walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go.

iii. 16.

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man.

iv. 1.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil.

v. 20.

I am a man of unclean lips.

vi. 5.

The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt.

vii. 18.

Wizards that peep and that mutter.

viii. 19.

To the law and to the testimony.

viii. 20.

The ancient and honorable.

ix. 15.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

xi. 6.

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming.

xiv. 9.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!
Isaiah xiv. 12.

Babylon is fallen, is fallen. *xxi. 9.*

Watchman, what of the night? *xxi. 11.*

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die.
xxii. 13.

Fasten him as a nail in a sure place. *xxii. 23.*

Whose merchants are princes. *xxiii. 8.*

A feast of fat things. *xxv. 6.*

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. *xxviii. 10.*

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. *xxviii. 15.*

Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book. *xxx. 8.*

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.
xxxv. 1.

Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed. *xxxvi. 6.*

Set thine house in order. *xxxviii. 1.*

All flesh is grass. *xl. 6.*

The nations are as a drop of a bucket. *xl. 15.*

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. *xlii. 3.*

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.
xlvi. 22.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. *liii. 7.*

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. *lv. 7.*

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *Isaiah* lx. 22.

Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Isaiah* lxi. 3.

I have trodden the wine-press alone. *Isaiah* lxiii. 3.

We all do fade as a leaf. *Isaiah* lxiv. 6.

Peace, peace; when there is no peace. *Jeremiah* vi. 14; viii. 11.

Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein. *Jeremiah* vi. 16.

Amend your ways and your doings. *Jeremiah* vii. 3; xxvi. 13.

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? *Jeremiah* viii. 22.

Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! *Jeremiah* ix. 2.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *Jeremiah* xiii. 23.

He shall be buried with the burial of an ass. *Jeremiah* xxii. 19.

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. *Ezekiel* x. 10.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

Ezekiel xviii. 2; cf. *Jeremiah* xxxi. 29.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Daniel* v. 27.

The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. *Daniel* vi. 12.

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hosea* viii. 7.

I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes. *Isaiah* xii. 10.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *Joel* ii. 28.

Multitudes in the valley of decision. *iii.* 14.

They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Micah* iv. 4.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Habakkuk* ii. 2.

Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever? *Zechariah* i. 5.

For who hath despised the day of small things? *iv.* 10.

Prisoners of hope. *ix.* 12.

I was wounded in the house of my friends. *xiii.* 6.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. *Malachi* iv. 2.

Great is truth, and mighty above all things.¹ *1 Esdras* iv. 41.

I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out. *2 Esdras* xiv. 25.

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered. *Wisdom of Solomon* ii. 8.

Wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. *iv.* 8.

Miss not the discourse of the elders. *Ecclesiasticus* viii. 9.

Forsake not an old friend: for the new is not comparable unto him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure. *ix.* 10.

¹ *Magna est veritas et prævalet.* — *The Vulgate.* Usually quoted, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*"

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

Ecclesiasticus xiii. 1.

He will laugh thee to scorn.

xiii. 7.

Whose talk is of bullocks.

xxxviii. 25.

Have left a name behind them.

xliv. 8.

These were honored in their generations, and were the glory of the times.

xliv. 7.

Nicanor lay dead in his harness. 2 *Maccabees* xv. 28.

If I have done well, and as is fitting, . . . it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto.

xv. 38.



NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

Matthew ii. 18; cf. *Jeremiah* xxxi. 15.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

Matthew iv. 4; cf. *Deuteronomy* viii. 3.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Matthew* v. 13.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

v. 14.

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

vi. 3.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

vi. 21.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

vi. 24.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin. *Matthew vi. 28.*

Take therefore no thought for the morrow ; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *vi. 34.*

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *vii. 6.*

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *vii. 7.*

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them : for this is the law and the prophets.¹ *vii. 12.*

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. *viii. 20.*

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *ix. 37.*

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *x. 16.*

The very hairs of your head are all numbered. *x. 30.*

Wisdom is justified of her children.

Matthew xi. 19 ; Luke vii. 35.

The tree is known by his fruit. *Matthew xii. 33.*

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *xii. 34.*

Pearl of great price. *xiii. 46.*

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house. *xiii. 57.*

Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid. *xiv. 27.*

¹ The "golden rule."

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

Matthew xv. 14.

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.

xv. 27.

When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather : for the sky is red.

xvi. 2.

The signs of the times.

xvi. 3.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

xvi. 23.

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

xvi. 26.

It is good for us to be here.

xvii. 4.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

xix. 6.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

xix. 24.

Borne the burden and heat of the day.

xx. 12.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?

xx. 15.

For many are called, but few are chosen.

xxii. 14.

They made light of it.

xxii. 5.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.

xxii. 21.

Woe unto you, . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cumín.

xxiii. 23.

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

xxiii. 24.

Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones.

Matthew xxiii. 27.

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.

xxiii. 37.

Wars and rumours of wars.

xxiv. 6.

The end is not yet.

Ibid.

Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

xxiv. 28.

Abomination of desolation.

Matthew xxiv. 15; *Mark* xiii. 14.

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Matthew xxv. 29.

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

xxvi. 41.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

Mark ii. 27.

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

iii. 25.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

iv. 9.

My name is Legion.

v. 9.

Clothed, and in his right mind.

Mark v. 15; *Luke* viii. 35.

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Mark ix. 44.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Luke ii. 14.

The axe is laid unto the root of the trees.

iii. 9.

Physician, heal thyself.

iv. 23.

The labourer is worthy of his hire.

Luke x. 7; 1 Timothy v. 18.

Go, and do thou likewise.

Luke x. 37.

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

x. 42.

He that is not with me is against me.

xi. 23.

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

xii. 19.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.

xii. 35.

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

xvi. 8.

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.

xvii. 2.

Remember Lot's wife.

xvii. 32.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

xix. 22.

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

xxiii. 31.

He was a good man, and a just.

xxiii. 50.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?

John i. 46.

The wind bloweth where it listeth.

iii. 8.

He was a burning and a shining light.

v. 35.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

vi. 12.

Judge not according to the appearance.

vii. 24.

The truth shall make you free.

viii. 32.

There is no truth in him.	<i>John</i> viii. 44.
The night cometh when no man can work.	ix. 4.
The poor always ye have with you.	xii. 8.
Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you.	xii. 35.
Let not your heart be troubled.	xiv. 1.
In my Father's house are many mansions.	xiv. 2.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.	xv. 13.
Thy money perish with thee.	<i>Acts</i> viii. 20.
It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.	ix. 5.
Lewd fellows of the baser sort.	xvii. 5.
Great is Diana of the Ephesians.	xix. 28.
The law is open.	xix. 38.
It is more blessed to give than to receive.	xx. 35.
Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel.	xxii. 3.
I appeal unto Cæsar.	xxv. 11.
Words of truth and soberness.	xxvi. 25.
For this thing was not done in a corner.	xxvi. 26.
There is no respect of persons with God.	<i>Romans</i> ii. 11.
Let us do evil, that good may come.	iii. 8.
Fear of God before their eyes.	iii. 18.
Who against hope believed in hope.	iv. 18.
Speak after the manner of men.	vi. 19.

The wages of sin is death. *Romans* vi. 23.

All things work together for good to them that love
God. *viii.* 28.

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *x.* 2.

Given to hospitality. *xii.* 13.

Be not wise in your own conceits. *xii.* 16.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give
him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire
on his head. *xii.* 20.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with
good. *xii.* 21.

The powers that be are ordained of God. *xiii.* 1.

Render therefore to all their dues. *xiii.* 7.

Owe no man anything, but to love one another.
xiii. 8.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *xiii.* 10.

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.
xiv. 5.

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the
increase. *1 Corinthians* iii. 6.

Every man's work shall be made manifest. *iii.* 13.

Not to think of men above that which is written.¹
iv. 6.

Absent in body, but present in spirit. *v.* 3.

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. *v.* 6.

The fashion of this world passeth away. *vii.* 31.

I am made all things to all men. *ix.* 22.

¹ Usually quoted, "To be wise above that which is written."

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Corinthians x. 12.

As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. xiii. 1.

When I was a child, I spake as a child. xiii. 11.

Now we see through a glass, darkly. xiii. 12.

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound. xiv. 8.

Let all things be done decently and in order. xiv. 40.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.¹ xv. 33.

The first man is of the earth, earthy. xv. 47.

In the twinkling of an eye. xv. 52.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? xv. 55.

Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. 2 Corinthians iii. 6.

We have such hope, we use great plainness of speech. iii. 12.

We walk by faith, not by sight. v. 7.

Now is the accepted time. vi. 2.

By evil report and good report. vi. 8.

Though I be rude in speech. xi. 6.

Forty stripes save one. xi. 24.

A thorn in the flesh. xii. 7.

Strength is made perfect in weakness. xii. 9.

¹ Φθείρουσιν ἡθὴ χρησθ' ὁμιλίας κακάι. — Menander. Dübner's edition of his *Fragments*, appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, p. 102, line 101.

The right hands of fellowship. *Galatians* ii. 9.

Weak and beggarly elements. iv. 9.

Every man shall bear his own burden. vi. 5.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.
vi. 7.

Middle wall of partition. *Ephesians* ii. 14.

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down
upon your wrath. iv. 26.

To live is Christ, and to die is gain. *Philippians* i. 21.

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in
their shame. iii. 19.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are
honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things
are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever
things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if
there be any praise, think on these things. iv. 8.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith
to be content. iv. 11.

Touch not; taste not; handle not. *Colossians* ii. 21.

Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with
salt. iv. 6.

Labour of love. *1 Thessalonians* i. 3.

Study to be quiet. iv. 11.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. v. 21.

The law is good, if a man use it lawfully.
1 Timothy i. 8.

Not greedy of filthy lucre. iii. 3.

Busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.

1 Timothy v. 13.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.

v. 23.

The love of money is the root of all evil.

vi. 10.

Fight the good fight.

vi. 12.

Rich in good works.

vi. 18.

Science falsely so called.

vi. 20.

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

2 Timothy ii. 15.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith.

iv. 7.

Unto the pure all things are pure.

Titus i. 15.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Hebrews xi. 1.

Of whom the world was not worthy.

xi. 38.

A cloud of witnesses.

xii. 1.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

xii. 6.

The spirits of just men made perfect.

xii. 23.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

xiii. 2.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

James i. 12.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth!

iii. 5.

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.¹

iii. 8.

¹ Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. *James* iv. 7.

Hope to the end. *1 Peter* i. 13.

Fear God. Honour the king. ii. 17.

Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. iii. 4.

Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. iii. 7.

Be ye all of one mind. iii. 8.

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. iv. 8.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. v. 8.

And the day star arise in your hearts. *2 Peter* i. 19.

The dog is turned to his own vomit again. ii. 22.

Bowels of compassion. *1 John* iii. 17.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. iv. 18.

Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation* ii. 10.

He shall rule them with a rod of iron. ii. 27.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. xxii. 13.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. *Morning Prayer.*

The noble army of martyrs. *Ibid.*

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate.

Prayer for all Conditions of Men.

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners. *The Litany.*

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. *Ibid.*

The world, the flesh, and the Devil. *Ibid.*

The kindly fruits of the earth. *Ibid.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.

Renounce the Devil and all his works.

Baptism of Infants.

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world.

Catechism.

To keep my hands from picking and stealing. *Ibid.*

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. *Ibid.*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. *Ibid.*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace. *Solemnization of Matrimony.*

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. *Ibid.*

To love, cherish, and to obey.

Solemnization of Marriage.

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship,
and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. *Ibid.*

In the midst of life we are in death.¹

The Burial Service.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure
and certain hope of the resurrection. *Ibid.*

Whose service is perfect freedom. *Collect for Peace.*

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and
mine own familiar friend. *The Psalter. Psalm lv. 14.*

Men to be of one mind in an house. *Psalm lxxviii. 6.*

The iron entered into his soul. *Psalm cv. 18.*

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.
Psalm cx. 3.



TATE AND BRADY.²

Untimely grave. *Psalm vii.*

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good. *Psalm xv. 5.*

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust. *Psalm cxii. 6.*

¹ This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon *De Morte*.

² Nahum Tate, 1652-1715; Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726.

APPENDIX.

Absolutism tempered by assassination.

Count Ernst Friedrich Münster, Hanoverian Envoy at St. Petersburg, discovered that Russian civilization is "merely artificial," and first published to Europe the short description of the Russian Constitution, that it is "absolutism tempered by assassination."

A Cadmean victory.

A Greek proverb.

Συμμισηγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκαί-
εῦσι ἐγένετο. — Herodotus, i. 166.

A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

Adding insult to injury.

A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man, who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the fly, jeeringly, "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

Quid facies tibi,

Injurix qui addideris contumeliam?

Phædrus, *The Bald Man and the Fly*, Book v. Fable 3.

A foreign nation is a contemporaneous posterity.

Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity. — Stanley, *or the Recollections of a Man of the World*, [Horace Binney Wallace,] Vol. ii. p. 89.

A happy accident.

Madame de Staël, *L'Allemagne*, Ch. xvi.

All is lost save honour.

It was from the imperial camp near Pavia, that Francis the First, before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvé." — Martin, *Histoire de France*, Tom. viii.

The correction of this expression was first made by Sismondi, Vol. xvi. pp. 241, 242. The letter itself is printed entire in Dulaure's *Histoire de Paris*: "Pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie, — qui est sauvé."

All the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.

From the inscription on the tomb of the Duchess of Newcastle in Westminster Abbey.

Am I not a man and a brother?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1768), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Antislavery Society of London.

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Insertit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis: quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philip-pum, inquit, sed sobrium. — Val. Maximus, *Lib. vi. c. 2.*

Architecture is frozen music.

Since it (architecture) is music in space, as it were a frozen music. . . . If architecture in general is frozen music. — Schelling, *Philosophie der Kunst*, pp. 576, 593.

La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée. — Madame de Staël, *Corinne*, Livre iv. Ch. 3.

Art and part.

A Scotch law phrase, — an accessory before and after the fact. A man is said to be art and part of a crime when he contrives the manner of the deed, and concurs with and encourages those who commit the crime, although he does not put his own hand to the actual execution of it. — Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather*, Ch. xxii., *Execution of Morton*.

Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Harlem, formerly occupied by Laurent Koster, or Coster, who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628:—

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
TYPOGRAPHIÆ
ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM
CONSERVATRIX.
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL

Before you could say Jack Robinson.

This current phrase is said to be derived from a humorous song by Hudson, a tobacconist in Shoe Lane, London. He was a professional song-writer and vocalist, who used to be engaged to sing at supper-rooms and theatrical houses.

A warke it ys as easie to be done

As tys to saye *Jacke! robys on.*

An old Play, cited by Halliwell, *Arch. Dictionary.*

Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii*; and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's *Topica*, viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is *The Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue*, &c. 1584.

Beginning of the end.

Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improvisateur Français*, a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Best of all possible worlds.

Que dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles, le château de monseigneur le baron était le plus beau des châteaux, et madame la meilleure des baronnes possibles. — Voltaire, *Candide*, Ch. i.

Better to wear out than to rust out.

When a friend told Bishop Cumberland (1632-1718) he would wear himself out by his incessant application, "It is better," replied the Bishop, "to wear out than to rust out." — Bishop Horne, *Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth*.
See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 18, note.

Beware of a man of one book.

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered, "By reading one book." The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. — Southey, *The Doctor*, p. 164.

Bitter end.

This phrase is nearly without meaning as it is used. The true phrase, "better end," is used properly to designate a crisis, or the moment of an extremity. When, in a gale, a vessel has paid out all her cable, her cable has run out to the "better end," — the end which is secured within the vessel and little used. Robinson Crusoe, in describing the terrible storm in Yarmouth Roads, says, "We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end."

Blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum. — Tertullian, *Apologet.*, c. 50.

In a note to this passage in Tertullian, ed. 1641, is the following quotation from St. Jerome: "Est sanguis martyrum seminarium Ecclesiarum."

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

Cæsar was asked why he had divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion." — Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*.

Call a spade a spade.

Plutarch, *Reg. et Imp. Apoph. Philip.*, xv.

Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων. — Aristophanes, as quoted in Lucian, *Quom. Hist. sit conscrib.*, 41.

Brought up like a rude Macedon, and taught to call a spade a spade. — Gosson, *Ephemerides of Phialo*. 1579.

Cohesive power of public plunder.

This phrase has grown out of words used by John C. Calhoun in a speech, May 27, 1836: "A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks."

Consistency, thou art a jewel.

This is one of those popular sayings, like "Be good, and you will be happy," or "Virtue is its own reward," that, like Topsy, "never *was* born, only jist growed." From the earliest times it has been the popular tendency to call this or that cardinal virtue, or bright and shining excellence, a jewel, by way of emphasis. For example, Iago says:—

"*Good name*, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate *jewel* of their souls."

Shakespeare elsewhere calls *experience* a *jewel*; Miranda says her *modesty* is the *jewel* in her dower; and in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Diana terms her *chastity* the *jewel* of her house. — R. A. Wight.

O discretion, thou art a jewel. — From *The Skylark, a Collection of well-chosen English Songs*. London, 1772.

Conspicuous by his absence.

Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur. — Tacitus, *Annals*, iii. 76.

Lord John Russell, alluding to an expression used by him in his address to the electors of the city of London, said, "It is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity."

Dead as Chelsea.

To get Chelsea; to obtain the benefit of that hospital. "Dead as Chelsea, by G—d!" an exclamation uttered by a grenadier at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball. — *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1758; quoted by Brady, *Var. of Lit.*, 1826.

Defend me from my friends.

The French *Ana* assign to Maréchal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV. this aphorism: "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, O, save me from the candid friend!

Canning, *The New Morality*.

Die in the last ditch.

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the Prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin,—*I will die in the last ditch.*" — Hume, *History of England*, 1672.

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Declared by Captain O'Kelley at Epsom, May 3, 1769. — *Annals of Sporting*, Vol. ii. p. 271.

Emerald Isle.

This expression was first used in a song called *Erin, to her own Tune*, by Dr. William Drennan (1754–1820).

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Author unknown.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ." — *Pseudo-Sallust. Epist. de Rep. Ordin.*, ii. 1.

Exceptions prove the rule.

This enigmatical phrase has not been traced to any source. "Prove" must mean *bring to the test*.

Fiat justitia ruat cælum.

Prynne's *Fresh Discovery of Prodigious New Wandering-Blazing Stars*, 2d ed., London, 1646. Ward's *Simple Cobler of Aggawam in America*, 1647. Fiat Justicia et ruat Mundus. *Egerton Papers*, 1552, p. 25. *Camden Soc.*, 1840. Aikin's *Court and Times of James I.*, Vol. ii. p. 500, 1625.

First in a village than second in Rome.

Cæsar said, "For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome." — Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*.

Gentle craft.

According to Brady (*Clavis Calendaria*), this designation arose from the fact, that, in an old romance, a prince of the name of

Crispin is made to exercise, in honour of his namesake, St. Crispin, the trade of shoemaking.

There is a tradition that King Edward IV., in one of his disguises, once drank with a party of shoemakers, and pledged them. The story is alluded to in the old play:—

Marry because you have drank with the King,
And the King hath so graciously pledged you
You shall no more be called shoemakers;
But you and yours, to the world's end,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

George a-Greene. 1599.

God always favours the heaviest battalions.

Deos fortioribus adesse.—Tacitus, *Hist.*, iv. 17.

Fortes Fortuna adjuvat.—Terence, *Phor.*, i. 4. 26.

Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits. — Bussy Rabutin, *Lettres*, iv. 91. Oct. 18, 1677.

Le nombre des sages sera toujours petit. Il est vrai qu'il est augmenté; mais ce n'est rien en comparaison des sots, et par malheur on dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons. — Voltaire to *M. le Riche*. Feb. 6, 1770.

La fortune est toujours pour les gros bataillons. — Sévigné, *Lettre à sa Fille*, 202.

Napoleon said, "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve."

Good as a play.

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration,—a common practice with him; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. — Macaulay, *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple*.

Nullo his mallem ludos spectasse.—Horace, *Sat.* ii. 8. 79.

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers. — Hutcheson's *Inquiry: Concerning Moral Good and Evil*, Sec. 3. 1720.

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth,—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. — Bentham's *Works*, Vol. x. p. 142.

The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments*. 1764.

Habit is second nature.

Montaigne, *Essays*, Book iii. *Ch.* x.

Half is more than the whole.

Νήπιοι· οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. — Hesiod, *Works and Days*, v. 40.

Hobson's choice.

Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice." — *Spectator*, No. 509.

I am the things that are, and those that are to be, and those that have been. No one ever lifted my skirts; the fruit which I bore was the Sun.

Inscription in the temple of Neith at Sais, in Egypt. — Proclus, *On Plato's Timæus*, p. 30 D. ' See also Plutarch, *Isis and Osiris*, § 9, p. 354.

I believe it, because it is impossible.

Certum est, quia impossibile est. — Tertullian, *De Carne Christi*, c. 5. Usually misquoted, Credo quia impossibile.

I came, I saw, I conquered.

Veni, vidi, vici. — The brief despatch in which Julius Cæsar announced to the Senate his victory over Pharnaces.

I too was born in Arcadia.

This is the motto which Goethe adopted for his *Travels in Italy*. It is said to be a saying of the painter Schidoni (or Schedone). 1560-1616.*

Leave no stone unturned.

Πάντα κινῆσαι πέτρον. — Euripides, *Heraclid.* 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Plataea. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, *Turn every stone*. — Leutsch and Schneidewin, *Corp. Paræmiogr. Græc.*, Vol. i. p. 146.

Man is a two-legged animal without feathers.

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, he (Diogenes) plucked a cock, and, bringing him into the school, said, "Here is Plato's man." From which there was added to the definition, "with broad flat nails." — Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* vi. c. ii. *Vit. Diog.*, Ch. vi. § 40.

Medicine for the soul.

Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. — Diodorus Siculus, i. 49. 3.

Men, women, and Herveys.

Lord Wharncliffe says, "The well-known sentence, almost a proverb, 'that this world consisted of men, women, and Herveys,' was originally Lady Montagu's." (Montagu's *Letters*, Vol. i. p. 64.) Wraxall says, it was a saying of the Dowager Viscountess Townsend, *Memoirs*, 2d Ser., Vol. ii. p. 117.

Months without an R.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster. — Butler, *Dyet's Dry Dinner*. 1599.

Nation of shopkeepers.

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed, London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4, Ludgate Hill.* MDCCLXXVI.

No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given. — Wells's *Life of Adams*.

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. — Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, Vol. ii. Book iv. Ch. vii. Part 3. 1775.

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation. — Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, *Tract*. 1766.

Let Pitt then boast of his victory to his nation of shopkeepers. — Bertrand Barère. June 11, 1794.

Nothing succeeds like success.

A French proverb.

No one is a hero to his valet.

This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but, on the authority of Madame Aisse, belongs to Madame Cornuel. — *Lettres édit. J. Ravenal*. 1853.

Few men are admired by their servants. — Montaigne, *Essays*, Book iii. Ch. 11.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios (the sun), "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this." — Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*, Ch. xxiv.

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things. — Melchior, *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o Sentencias*, etc., ii. 1. 20. Bacon, *Apothegms*, 97.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweet-heart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest. — John Webster (–1638), *Westward Hoe*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the preheminance of it in everything: in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. — Shackerley Marmion (1602–1639), *The Antiquary*.

I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. — Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i.

Order reigns in Warsaw.

General Sebastiani announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1831: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie." — Dumas, *Mémoires*, 2d Series, Vol. iv. Ch. iii.

Orthodoxy is my doxy, Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, — "orthodoxy is my doxy, — heterodoxy is another man's doxy." — Priestley's *Memoirs*, Vol. i. p. 572.

Paying through the nose.

Grimm says that Odin had a poll-tax which was called in Sweden a nose-tax; it was a penny per nose or poll. — *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*.

Reading between the lines.

The sagacious reader, who is capable of reading between these lines what does not stand written, or is only implied. — Goethe, *Autobiography*, Book xviii., edited by Park Godwin.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica. — Stiles's *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations. — Randall's *Life of Jefferson*, Vol. iii. p. 585.

Ridicule the test of truth.

We have, oftener than once, endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works, that *ridicule is the test of truth*. — Carlyle, *Miscellanies: Voltaire*.

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule? — Shaftesbury, *Characteristics: A Letter concerning Enthusiasm*, Sec. 2.

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself. — Shaftesbury, *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour*, Sec. 1.

'T was the saying of an ancient sage (Gorgias Leontinus, *apud Arist. Rhetor.*, Lib. iii. c. 18), that humour was the only test of gravity; and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. — *Ibid.*, Sec. 5.

Rowland for an Oliver.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from

thence arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. — Thomas Warburton.

Sardonic smile.

The island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes or of mountains, has, from the earliest period to the present, been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil, and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants gave rise to the expression of sardonic smile, which is as old as Homer (*Odyssey*, xx. 302). — Mahon, *History of England*, Vol. i. p. 287.

See how these Christians love one another.

Vide, inquit, ut invicem se diligant. — Tertullian, *Apologet.*, c. 39.

Sinews of war.

Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.*, c. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression ὑποτέτμηται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων, "the sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Bion (*Lib.* iv. c. 7, § 3), represents that philosopher as saying τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων, "that riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring, perhaps, to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his Life of Cleomenes (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to war." Accordingly, we find money called expressly τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, *Orat.* xlvi. (Vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the Scholiast on Pindar, *Olymp.*, i. 4 (comp. Photius, *Lex.* s. v. Μεγάνορος πλούτου). So Cicero, *Philipp.*, v. 2, "nervos belli, infinitam pecuniam."

Smell of the lamp.

Plutarch, *Life of Demosthenes*.

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées. — Voltaire, *Dialogue* xiv. 1763.

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the *Nain Jaune* the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." — Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*. See Young, *ante*, p. 266.

Strike, but hear.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he was going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike if you will, but hear." — Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles*.

Style is a man's own.

Le style est l'homme même. — Buffon, *Œuvres Complètes*, Vol. xxv. p. 269.

Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly.

A placard of Aldus on the door of his printing-office. — Dibdin's *Introduction*, Vol. i. p. 436.

Tempest in a teapot.

C'est une tempête dans une verre d'eau. — This was said of the insurrectionary movement in Geneva. It is attributed to Paul, Grand-Duc de Russie, and also to Linguet.

The empire, it is peace.

An exclamation of Napoleon III. at a public banquet at Bordeaux, Oct. 9, 1852.

The Guard dies, but never surrenders.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*. — Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

The King is dead! Long live the King!

The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body-guard from the window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and, throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice, *Le Roi est mort!* then, taking another staff, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, *Vive le Roi!*

"There is no other royal path which leads to geometry," said Euclid to Ptolemy I.

Proclus, *Commentary on Euclid's Elements*, Book ii. Ch. 4.

We have changed all that.

Molière, *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, Act ii. Sc. 6.

We are dancing on a volcano.

In the midst of a fête given by the Duke of Orleans to the King of Naples, in 1830, a few days before the events of the three days of July, M. de Salvandy said to the Duke, "Nous dansons sur un volcano,"

When at Rome, do as the Romans do.

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this: "When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato: quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato." — St. Augustine, *Epistle xxxvi. to Casulanus*.

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done. — Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sec. 4, Mem. 2, Subs. 1.

When in doubt, win the trick.

Hoyle, *Twenty-four Rules for Learners*, Rule 12.

Where the shoe pinches.

Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person, being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. Yet, added he, none of you can tell where it pinches me." — Plutarch, *Life of Æmilius Paulus*.

Wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast at Mardock's, — "One man's wit, and all men's wisdom." — *Memoirs of Mackintosh*, Vol. ii. p. 473.

Wooden walls of England.

The credite of the Realme, by defending the same with our Wodden Walles, as Themistocles called the Ship of Athens. — *Preface to the English translation of Linschoten*. London, 1598.

You carry Cæsar and his fortunes.

Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*.

PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS,

FOUND IN THE WORKS OF ENGLISH WRITERS, WHICH
ARE OF COMMON ORIGIN.

A brown study.

It seemes to me . . . that you are in some brown study. —
Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580, Arber's reprint, p. 80.

A curtain lecture.

Part of the title of a volume printed in 1637.

A day after the fair.

John Heywood, *Works*, Ch. viii., 1562; Thomas Heywood, *If you know not me, etc.*, 1605; Tarlton's *Jests*, 1611.

All is fish that cometh to net.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*; Gascoigne's *Steele Glas*, 1575.

All that glisters is not gold.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 7; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*; Googe's *Eglogs*, *Epitaphs*, etc., 1563.

All is not gold that glisteneth.

Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, Act v. Sc. 1.

But all thing which that shineth as the gold

Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.¹

Chaucer, *The Chanones Yemannes Tale*, Line 16430.

¹ Tyrwhitt says this is taken from the *Parabolæ* of Alanus de Insulis, who died in 1294:—

“Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet et aurum.”

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.

Lydgate, *On the Mutability of Human Affairs*.

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book ii. Canto viii. St. 14.

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

Dryden, *The Hind and Panther*.

Que tout n'est pas ors c'on voit luire.

Li Diz de freire Denise Cordelier, circa 1300.

Another, yet the same.

Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iii.; Tickell, *From a Lady in England*;
Johnson, *Life of Dryden*; Darwin, *Botanic Garden*, Part i.
Canto iv. Line 380; Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, Book ix.;
Scott, *The Abbot*, Ch. i.; Horace, *Carm. Sec.*, Line 10.

Anything for a Quiet Life.

Title of a play by Middleton.

As cold as a cucumber.

Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, 1615.

As the case stands.

Middleton, *The Old Law*, Act i. Sc. 1; Henry's *Commentaries*,
Psalm cxix.

At my finger's end.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, Act i.
Sc. 3.

At six and seven.

Heywood's *Proverbs*; Middleton, *The Widow*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Beat the bush.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Pettowe's *Philochasander and Elanira*, 1599.

Beggars should [must] be no choosers.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Scornful Lady*, Act v. Sc. 3.

Better day the better deed.

Ray's *Proverbs*, 1670; Sir John Holt (1642-1709), *Sir W. Moore's Case*, 2 Ld. Raym. 1028.

Better day the worse deed.

Matthew Henry, *Commentaries*, *Genesis* iii.

Better late than never.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*; Murphy, *The School for Guardians*.

Between two stools.

A proverb found in a French MS. of the fourteenth century.

Entre deux arçours chet cul à terre.

Les Proverbes des Vilain, MS. Bodleian, circa 1300; Rabelais, *Gargantua*, *Liv. i. Ch. ii.*

By hook or by crook.

Wycliffe's *Controversial Tracts*, circa 1370; Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, *Book* iii. *Canto* i. *St.* 17; Skelton, *Colin Clout*, 1520; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Du Bartas, *The Map of Man*; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

This phrase derives its origin from the custom of certain manors where tenants are authorized to take fire-bote *by hook or by crook*; that is, so much of the underwood as may be cut with a crook, and so much of the loose timber as may be collected from the boughs by means of a hook.

Candle to the sun.

Selden, *Preface to Mare Clausum*; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Part* iii. *Sec.* 2; Surrey, *A Praise of Love*; Sidney, *Discourses on Government*, *Vol.* i. *Ch.* ii. *Sec.* 23; Young, *Love of Fame*, *Satire* vii. *Line* 97.

Carpet knights.

Du Bartas, 1621, p. 311; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Part* i. *Sec.* 2.

Castles in the air.

Sterling, *Sonnets*, No. 6; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *The Author's Abstract*; Sidney, *Defence of Poesy*; Massinger, *A Very Woman*; Sir Thomas Browne, *Letter to a Friend*; Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Victory*; Herbert, *The Synagogue*; Swift, *Duke Grafton's Answer*; Broome, *Poverty and Poetry*; Fielding, *Epistle to Walpole*; Cibber, *Non Juror*, *Act* ii.; Churchill, *Epistle to Lloyd*; Shenstone, *On Taste*, *Part* ii.; Lloyd, *Epistle to Colman*.

Chip of the old block.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Burke, *ante*, p. 352.

Coast was clear.

Drayton, *Nymphidia*; Somerville, *The Night Walker*.

Compare great things with small.

Virgil, *Eclogues*, i. 24; *Georgics*, iv. 176; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book ii. Line 921; Cowley, *The Motto*; Dryden, *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book i. Line 727; Tickell, *Poem on Hunting*; Pope, *Windsor Forest*.

Comparisons are odious.

Fortescue, *De Laudibus Leg. Angliæ*, Ch. xix., 1394-1484; *Don Quixote*, Part ii. Ch. i., ed. Lockhart; Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580; Marlowe, *Lust's Dominion*, Act iii. Sc. 4; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sec. 3; Heywood, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, Act i. Sc. 1; Donne, *Elegy* viii.; Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*; Grange, *Golden Aphroditis*.

Comparisons are odorous.

Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Dark as pitch.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part i.; Gay, *The Shepherd's Week*, Wednesday.

Deeds, not words.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto i. Line 867.

Devil take the hindmost.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, Act iv. Sc. 3; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto ii. Line 633; Prior, *Ode on taking Nemur*; Pope, *Dunciad*, Book ii. Line 60; Burns, *To a Haggis*.

Diamonds cut diamonds.

Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Discretion is the better part of valour.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part i. Act v. Sc. 4; Churchill, *The Ghost*, Book i. Line 232.

Discretion the best part of valour.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King and no King*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639; Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

My hour is eight o'clock, though it is an infallible
Rule, "Sanat, santificat, et ditat, surgere mane."

A Health to the Gentl. Prof. of Servingmen, 1598, reprinted
in Roxburghe Library, p. 121.

Eat thy cake and have it too.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Herbert, *The Sizer*; Bickerstaff,
Thomas and Sally.

Enough is good as a feast.

Dives and Pauper, 1493; Gascoigne's *Memories*, 1575; Ray's
Proverbs; Fielding, *Covent Garden Tragedy*, Act vi.; Bick-
erstaff, *Love in a Village*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*; Macklin, *The
Man of the World*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Every why hath a wherefore.

Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2; Butler, *Hudibras*,
Part i. Canto i. Line 132.

Facts are stubborn things.

Smollett, *Translation of Gil Blas*, Book x. Ch. i.; Elliot, *Essay
on Field Husbandry*, p. 35, note, 1747.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Britain's *Ida*, Canto v. St. 1; George a-Greene; *Ballad* by W.
Elderton, 1569; *Rock of Regard*, 1576; King, *Orpheus and
Eurydice*; Burns, *To Dr. Blacklock*; Colman, *Love Laughs
at Locksmiths*, Act i.

Fast and loose.

Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1; Clarke's *Paræ-
miologia*, 1639.

Fast bind, fast find.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*,
Act ii. Sc. 5; *Jests of Scogin*, 1565.

Fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Sir H. Sheers, *Satyr on the Sea Officers*; Tom Brown, *Æneus Sylvius's Letter*; Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

Fret and fume.

Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Frieth in her own grease.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546.

In his own grees I made him frie.

Chaucer, *Wif of Bathes Prologue*.

Give an inch, he 'll take an ell.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; John Webster, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*; Hobbes, *Liberty and Necessity*, No. iii.

Give ruffles to a man who wants a shirt.

Sorbière, 1610-1670; Tom Brown, *Laconics*; Goldsmith, *The Haunch of Venison*.

Give the Devil his due.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV. Part i. Act i. Sc. 2*; Nash, *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596; Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

God helps those who help themselves.

Sidney, *Discourses concerning Government*, Vol. i. Ch. ii. Sec. 23; Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

Sophocles, *Fragment 288*, Plumptre's translation.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Aide toi et le ciel t'aidera.

La Fontaine, *Book vi. Fable 18*.

God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Thoms, *English Prose Romance*, 85; Taylor, *Works*, 1630, Vol. ii. p. 85; Garrick, *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation*.

Golden mean.

Horace, *Book ii. Ode x. 5*; *My Mind to me a Kingdom is*;
Du Bartas, *Map of Man*; Massinger, *The Great Duke of
Florence, Act i. Sc. 1*; Pope, *Moral Essays, Epistle iii. Line
246*; Rowe, *The Golden Verses*.

Happy mean.

Du Bartas, *Map of Man*.

Good to be merry and wise.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Eastward Hoe*, 1605; Burns, *Here's
a health to them that's awa'*.

Gray mare will prove the better horse.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Pryde and Abuse of Women*, 1550;
The Marriage of True Wit and Science; Butler, *Hudibras*,
Part ii. Canto ii. Line 698; Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*,
Act ii. Sc. 4; Prior, *Epilogue to Lucius*.

Mr. Macaulay thinks that this proverb originated in the prefer-
ence generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the
finest coach-horses of England. — *History of England, Vol. i.
Ch. 3*. Macaulay is writing of the latter half of the seven-
teenth century, while the proverb was used a century earlier.

Great cry and little wool.

Fortescue, *Treatise on Monarchy*; Ray's *Proverbs*; Butler,
Hudibras, Part i. Canto i. Line 852.

Great [good] wits will jump.

Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*; Byrom, *The Nimmers*; Cougham,
Camden Society's Publications, p. 20; Duke of Buckingham,
The Chances, Act v. Sc. 1.

Hail fellow, well met.

Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580; Ray's *Proverbs*; Rowland, *Knave of
Harts*, 1612; Tom Brown, *Amusement*, viii.; Swift, *My
Lady's Lamentation*.

He knew what 's what.

Skelton, *Why come ye not to courte?* *Line 1106*; Butler, *Hudi-
bras, Part i. Canto i. Line 149*.

He must go that the Devil drives.

Heywood's *Johan Johan the Husbande, etc.*, 1533; Peele,
Edward I.; Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well, Act i.
Sc. 3*; Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil.

Chaucer, *The Squire's Tale*, Part ii. Line 10916; Heywood's *Proverbs*; Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, Act iii. Sc. 5; Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 3; *Apilus and Virginia*.

Hold a candle.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 6; *Beware of Pickpockets*; Byrom, *Feuds between Handel and Bononcini*.

Honesty is the best policy.

Don Quixote, Part ii. Ch. xxxiii.; Matthew Henry, *Commentaries*, Job viii.; Byrom, *The Nimmers*; North's *Life of Lord Keeper Guilford*, 1740; Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

How we apples swim.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Mallet, *Tyburn*; Swift, *Brother Protestants*.

I don't see it.

Cibber, *The Careless Husband*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part iii. Act ii. Sc. 5.

Ill wind turns none to good.

Tusser, *Moral Reflections on the Wind*.

Ill wind which blows no man good.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part ii. Act v. Sc. 3; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, circa 1570.

I name no parties.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at several Weapons*, Act ii. Sc. 3. The use of party in the sense of person occurs in the Book of Common Prayer, More's *Utopia*, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fuller's *A Pisgah Sight*, and other old English writers.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion.

Jeremy Taylor, *Letter to a Person newly converted*; Dryden, *The Maiden Queen*, Act i. Sc. 2; Hume, *Natural History of Religion*.

In spite of my [thy] teeth.

Middleton, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, Act i. Sc. 2; Southorne, *Sir Anthony Love*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Fielding, *Eurydice Hissed*; Garrick, *The Country Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

It was no chylden's game.

Pilkington, *Tournament of Tottenham*, 1631.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

Eastward Hoe, 1605, by Chapman, Marston, and Jonson;
Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

Labour for his pains.

Edward Moore, *The Boy and the Rainbow*; *Preface to Don Quixote*, Lockhart's edition.

Let the world slide.

Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Induction*, *Sc.* 1;
John Heywood, *Be merry, Friends*; Beaumont and Fletcher,
Wit without Money.

Let us do or die.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Island Princess*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4:
Burns, *Bannockburn*; Campbell, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Part*
iii. *St.* 37.

Scott says, "This expression is a kind of common property,
being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." — *Review*
of Gertrude, *Scott's Miscellanies*, *Vol.* i. p. 153.

Look a gift horse in the mouth.

Rabelais, *Book* i. *Ch.* xi.; *Vulgaria Stambrigi*, circa 1510;
Butler, *Hudibras*, *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 490; also quoted by
St. Jerome.

Look before you ere you leap.

Butler, *Hudibras*, *Part* ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 502.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557; Tusser,
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, *Ch.* lvii.

Love me little, love me long.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, *Act* iv.;
Bacon's *Formularies*; Herrick, *Song*.

Love me, love my dog.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Chapman, *Widow's Tears*.

This was a proverb in the time of Saint Bernard: "Dicitur certe
vulgari quodam proverbio: Qui me amat, amet et canem
meum." — *In Festo S. Michaelis, Sermo Primus*.

Lucid interval.

Bacon, *Henry VII.*; Sidney, *On Government*, Vol. i. Ch. ii. Sec. 24; Fuller, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, Book iv. Ch. ii.; South, *Sermon*, Vol. viii. p. 403; Dryden, *MacFlecknoe*; Matthew Henry, *Commentaries*, Psalm lxxxviii.; Johnson, *Life of Lyttelton*; Burke, *On the French Revolution*.

Nisi suadeat intervallis.

Bracton, fol. 1243, and fol. 420 b; *Register Original*, 267 a, 1270.

Mad as a March hare.

Skelton, *Replycation against certayne Young Scholers*, 1520; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546.

Made no more bones.

Du Bartas, *The Maiden Blush*.

Main chance.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part ii. Act i. Sc. 1; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part ii. Canto ii.; Dryden, *Persius*, Satire vi.

Many-headed monster.

Daniel, *Civil Wars*, Book ii.; Du Bartas, *Paradox against Libertie*; Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, Act iii. Sc. 2; Voltaire, *Merope*, Act i. Sc. 4; Pope, *Epistle i.* Book ii. Line 305; Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v. St. 30.

Midnight oil.

Gay, *Shepherd and Philosopher*; Shenstone, *Elegy xi.*; Cowper, *Retirement*; Lloyd, *On Rhyme*.

Mince the matter.

King, 1663-1712, *Ulysses and Tiresias*.

Mine ease in mine inn.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part i. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Moon is made of green cheese.

Jack Jugler, p. 46; Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi.*; Blacklock's *Hatchet of Heresies*, 1565; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part ii. Canto iii. Line 263.

More goodness [wîť] in his little finger than you have in your whole body.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Swift, *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter*.

More the merrier.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Gascoigne's *Posies*, 1575; Title of a *Book of Epigrams*, 1608; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady*, Act i. Sc. 1; *The Sea Voyage*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Much water goeth by the mill,
That the miller knoweth not of.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Mother-wit.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book iv. Canto x. St. 21; Marlowe, *Prologue to Tamberlaine the Great*, Part i.; Middleton, *Your Five Gallants*, Act i. Sc. 1; Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Music of the spheres.

Montaigne, *Essays*, Book i. Ch. xxii.; Shakespeare, *Pericles*, Act v. Sc. 1; Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 1; *Antony Brewer*, Act iii. Sc. 7; Milton, *Hymn on Christ's Nativity*; Donne's *Devotions*; Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*; Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, Part ii. Sec. 9; Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i. Line 202.

Necessity the mother of invention.

Franck's *Northern Memoirs*, Writ in the Year 1658, printed 1694; Wycherly, *Love in a Wood*, Act iii. Sc. 3, 1672; Farquhar, *Twin Rivals*, Act i., 1705.

Magister artis ingenique largitor venter.

Persius, *Prolog.*, Line 10.

Nine days' wonder.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*; Ascham's *Schoolmaster*; Heywood's *Proverbs*; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, Act iii. Sc. 4; Quarles, *Emblems*, Book i. viii.

No better than you should be.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, Act iv. Sc. 3; Fielding, *The Temple Beau*, Sc. 3.

No love lost between us.

Middleton, *The Witch*, Sc. 3; Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act iv.; Garrick, *Correspondence*, 1759; Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*, Act i. Sc. 4.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, Book ii. Line 470.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, Book ii. Ch. xii.; Hooker's *Polity*, Book v. Ch. lxxxii.

Of two evils I have chose the least.

Prior, *Imitation of Horace*.

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.

Erasmus, *Adages*; Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 1.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Don Quixote*, ed. Lockhart, Part i. Book iii. Ch. iv.

On his last legs.

Middleton, *The Old Law*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Outrun the constable.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto iii. Line 1145.

Over the hills and far away.

D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*; Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, *Jockey's Lamentation*, from *Wit's Mirth*, Vol. iv.; Gay, *Beggar's Opera*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Paradise of fools. Fools' paradise.

William Bullein's *Dialogue*, p. 28, 1573; *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584, Arber's reprint, 1878; John Day, *Humour out of Breath*, 1608; Middleton, *The Family of Love*, Act i. Sc. 1; Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iii. Line 496; Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iii.; Fielding, *The Modern Husband*, Act i. Sc. 9; Crabbe, *The Borough*, Letter xii.; Quevedo, *Visions*, iv., L'Estrange's Translation; Murphy, *All in the Wrong*, Act i.

Picked up his crumbs.

Murphy, *The Upholsterer*, Act i.

Plain as a pike-staff.

Terence in English, 1641; Duke of Buckingham, *Speech in the House of Lords*, 1675; Smollett, *Translation of Gil Blas*, Book xii. Ch. viii.

Remedy worse than the disease.

Publius Syrus, *Maxim* 301; Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles*; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, Act iii. Sc. 2; Quarles, *Judgment and Mercy*; Suckling's *Letters*, *A Dissuasion from Love*; Dryden's *Juvenal*, *Satire xvi*.

Rhyme nor reason.

Pierre Patelin, quoted by Tyndale, 1530; *Farce du Vendeur des Lieures*, sixteenth century; Spenser, *On his Promised Pension*; Peele, *Edward I.*; Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 2; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 5; *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Sir Thomas More advised an author, who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Rolling stone gathers no moss.

Publius Syrus, *Maxim* 524; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*; Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*; Marston, *The Fawn*.

Rule the rost.

Skelton, *Colyn Cloute*, circa 1518; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part ii. Act i. Sc. 1; Thomas Heywood, *History of Women*.

Set my ten commandments in your face.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part ii. Act i. Sc. 3; *Selimus*, *Emperor of the Turks*, 1594; *Westward Hoe*, 1607; Erasmus, *Apophthegms*.

Silence gives consent.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Fuller, *Wise Sentences*; Goldsmith, *The Good-Natured Man*, Act ii.

Sleveless errand.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Addison, *Spectator*.

The origin of the word "sleveless," in the sense of unprofitable, has defied the most careful research. It is frequently found allied to other substantives. Bishop Hall speaks of the "sleveless tale of transubstantiation," and Milton writes of a "sleveless reason." Chaucer uses it in the *Testament of Love*.—Sharman.

Smell a rat.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Middleton, *The Family of Love*, Act iv. Sc. 2;
Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, Act iv. Sc. 3; Butler, *Hudibras*,
Part i. Canto i. Line 281; Farquhar, *Love and a Bottle*.

Sober as a judge.

Fielding, *Don Quixote in England*, Sc. 14; Lamb, *Letter to Mr.
and Mrs. Moxon*.

Spare the rod, and spoil the child.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Butler, *Hudibras*, *Part ii. Canto i. Line 844*.

Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; Speech is human,
Silence is divine.

A German proverb.

Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad,
whereby the imagery doth appear in figure;
whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles*; from Bacon, *Essays, On
Friendship*.

Spick and span new.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Middleton, *The Family of Love*, Act v. Sc. 3;
Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Sc. 1; Farquhar, *Pref-
ace to his Works*.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Rabelais, *Book ii. Ch. xxxi.*; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; John
Webster, *Westward Hoe*, Act ii. Sc. 1, 1607; Tom A Lincolne;
Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

Tell truth, and shame the Devil.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, *Part i. Act iii. Sc. 1*; Beaumont and
Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act iv. Sc. 1; Swift, *Mary the
Cookmaid's Letter*.

That is a stinger.

Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

This is a sure card.

Thersytes, circa 1550.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*; Fuller, *On Expecting Preferment*.

They laugh that win.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, Act v. Sc. 1; Lockhart's *Translation of Don Quixote*, Part ii. Ch. i.

This story will not go down.

Fielding, *Tumble Down Dick*.

Though I say it that should not say it.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at several Weapons*, Act ii. Sc. 2; Fielding, *The Miser*, Act iii. Sc. 2; Cibber, *The Rival Fools*, Act ii.; *The Fall of British Tyranny*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

Through thick and thin.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book iii. Canto i. St. 17; Drayton, *Nymphidia*; Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 2; Kemp, *Nine Days' Wonder*; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto ii. Line 369; Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part ii. Line 414; Pope, *Dunciad*, Book ii.; Cowper, *John Gilpin*.

To be in the wrong box.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Fox, *Book of Martyrs*, vi.

To make a virtue of necessity.

Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi.*; Chaucer, *Knightes Tale*, Line 3044; Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. Sc. 2; Matthew Henry, *Commentaries*, Psalm xxxvii.; Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*.

In the additions of Hadrianus Junius to the *Adages* of Erasmus, he remarks, under the head of *Necessitatem edere*, that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, viz. "*Necessitatem in virtutem commutare.*"

Laudem virtutis necessitate damus.

Quintilian, *Inst. Orat.*, i. 8. 14.

Too much of a good thing.

Don Quixote, Part i. Book i. Ch. vi.; Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

To run with the hare and hold with the hound.

Humphrey Robert, *Complaynt for Reformation*, 1572; Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580, Arber's reprint, p. 107.

To see and to be seen.

Chaucer, *Wif of Bathes Prologue*, Line 552; Ben Jonson, *Epithalamion*, St. iii. Line 4; Dryden, *Ovid's Art of Love*, Book i. Line 109; Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*, Letter 71.

Turn over a new leaf.

Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Act iii. Sc. 3; *A Health to the Gentl. Prof. of Servingmen*, 1598; Burke, *Letter to Mrs. Haviland*.

Twinkling of a bed-post.

Shadwell, *Virtuoso*, 1676; Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*; Colman, *Heir at Law*.

Two of a trade seldom agree.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Gay, *The Old Hen and the Cock*; Murphy, *The Apprentice*, Act iii.

Two strings to his bow.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Letter of Queen Elizabeth to James VI.*, June, 1585; Hooker's *Polity*, Book v. Ch. lxxx.; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part iii. Canto i. Line 1; Churchill, *The Ghost*, Book iv.; Fielding, *Love in Several Masques*, Sc. 13.

Up to the times, clever fellows.

Sidney, *Discourses on Government*, Vol. i. Ch. ii.

Virtue a reward to itself.

Walton, *Angler*, Part i. Ch. 1.

Virtue is her own reward.

Dryden, *Tyrannic Love*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Virtue is to herself the best reward.

Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict*.

Virtue is its own reward.

Prior, *Imitations of Horace*, Book iii. Ode 2; Gay, *Epistle to Methuen*; Home, *Douglas*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Ipsa quidem Virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.

Silius Italicus, *Punica*, Lib. xiii. Line 663.

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sec. iv.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there.

De Foe, *The True-born Englishman*, Part i. Line 1.

God never had a church but there, men say,
 The Devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.
 I doubted of this saw, till on a day
 I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.
 Drummond, *Posthumous Poems*.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds
 a chapel hard by.
 George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Whistle and she 'll come to you.
 Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act iv. Sc. 4.

What the dickens.
 Heywood, *King Edward IV.*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Shakespeare,
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. Sc. 2.

Will for the deed.
 Cibber, *Rival Fools*, Act iii.

Within one of her.
 Cibber, *Rival Fools*, Act v.

Wrong sow by the ear.
 Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his
 Humour*, Act ii. Sc. 7; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part ii. Canto iii.
 Line 580; Colman, *Heir at Law*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Word and a blow.
 Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Dryden, *Amphi-
 tryon*, Act i. Sc. 1; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part i.

But me no buts.
 Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, Act ii. Sc. 2; Aaron Hill, *Snake in
 the Grass*, Sc. 1.

Cause me no causes.
 Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Clerk me no clerks.
 Scott, *Ivanhoe*, Ch. xx.

Diamond me no diamonds! prize me no prizes.
 Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*, *Elaine*.

End me no ends.

Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Fool me no fools.

Bulwer, *Last Days of Pompeii*, Book iii. Ch. vi.

Front me no fronts.

Ford, *The Lady's Trial*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Madam me no madam.

Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Map me no maps.

Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, Act i. Sc. 5.

Midas me no Midas.

Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

O me no O's.

Ben Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Parish me no parishes.

Peele, *The Old Wive's Tale*.

Petition me no petitions.

Fielding, *Tom Thumb*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Play me no plays.

Foote, *The Knight*, Act ii.

Plot me no plots.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act ii. Sc. 5.

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no pouds.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Virgin me no virgins.

Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

Vow me no vows.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act iv. Sc. 4.

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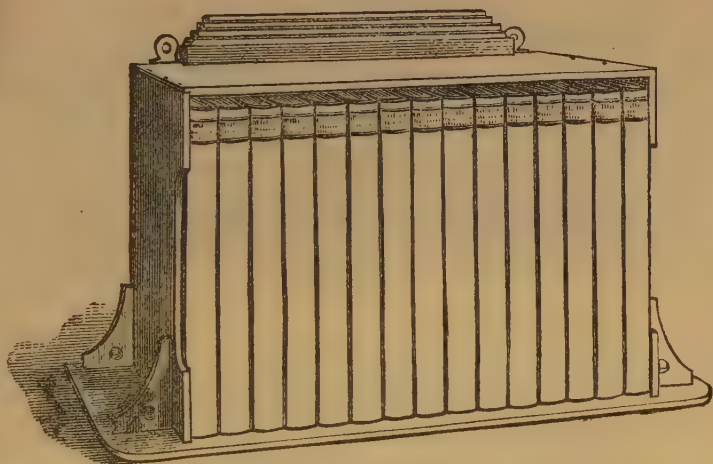
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